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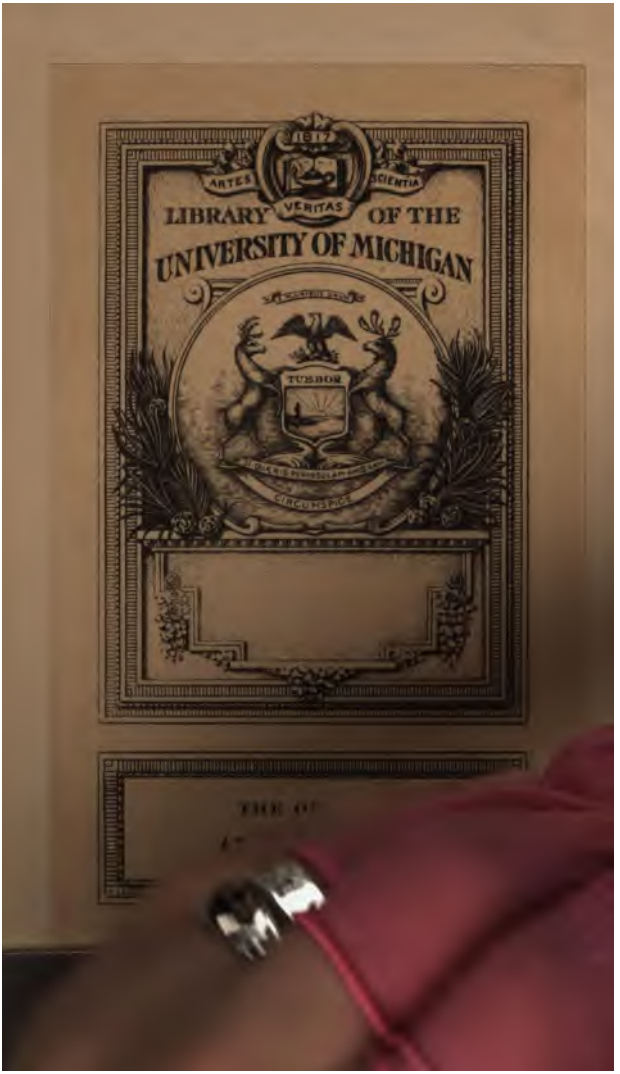
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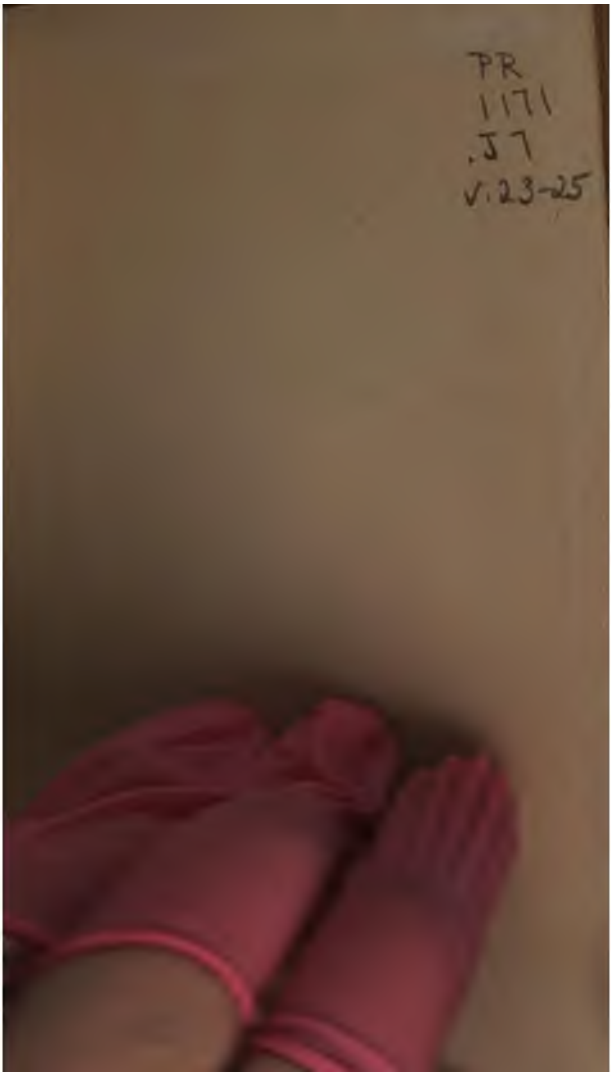

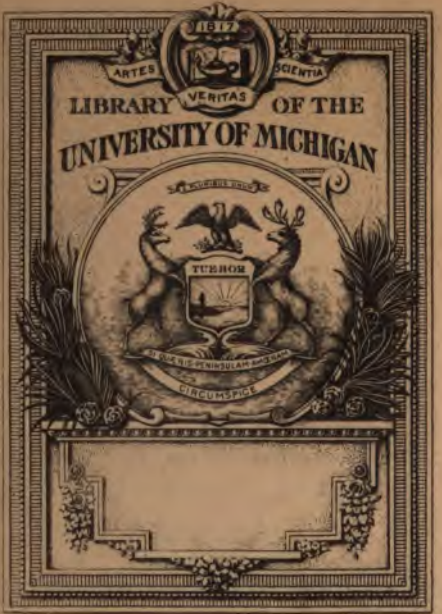

THE GIFT OF

Albert Greene

John Dickinson

1786

ADDISON.
G. Kneller pinxit
F. Bartolozzi sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

REFACES,

GRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

Y SAMUEL JOHNSON.

OLUME THE TWENTY-THIRD.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

[illegible] R.K.L.
Gift
Albert Greene
1-15-192[illegible]

THE POEMS OF ADDISON.

THE POEMS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

HIS MAJESTY's PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wiſh that any of my writings ſhould laſt longer than the memory of our friendſhip and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable inſtances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little diſadvantage as poſſible, I have left the care of them to one*, whom, by the experience of ſome years, I know well qualified to anſwer my intentions. He has already the honour and happineſs of being under your protection; and, as he will very much ſtand in need of it, I cannot wiſh him better, than that he may continue to deſerve the favour and countenance of ſuch a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming ſuch compliments, as would but ill ſuit that familiarity between us, which was once my greateſt pleaſure, and will be my greateſt honour hereafter. Inſtead of them, accept of my hearty wiſhes, that the great reputation you have acquired ſo early, may increaſe more and more: and that you may long ſerve your country with thoſe excellent talents,

* Mr. Tickell.

and unblemiſhed integrity, which have ſo powerfully recommended you to the moſt gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankneſs and generoſity of your ſpirit continue to ſoften and ſubdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if poſſible, as ſincere as yourſelf. When you have found ſuch, they cannot wiſh you more true happineſs than I, who am, with the greateſt zeal,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt entirely affectionate friend,

and faithful obedient ſervant,

June 4, 1719. J. ADDISON.

POEMS

BY

MR. ADDISON.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought:
Penſive and ſad, his drooping Muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle;
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright original.

Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the woods.

O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs, interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams;
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2, 1693.
The Author's age 22.

A POEM

A POEM TO HIS MAJESTY*.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS.

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,

1695.

IF yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the preſent of a Muſe unknown:
A Muſe that, in adventurous numbers, ſings
The rout of armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels, and by Naſſau's ſword.
To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;
To you the hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal ſtrains,
Deſcribe his conduct, and reward his pains:

* King William.

But, ſince the ſtate has all your cares ingroſs'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is loſt,
Attend to what a leſſer Muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgement muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy, or miſguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I 'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what you write, is what you praiſe.

TO

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the buſineſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,
When every diſmal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auſpicious prince; and let the Muſe
In humble accents milder thoughts infuſe.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers ſkill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muſe expecting on the Britiſh ſtrand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has ſeen thee preſſing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durſt not in heroic ſtrains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd, her voice:
She ſaw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the ſhore;
She ſaw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her Hero through the duſty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the foes, now loſt in clouds of ſmoke.
O that ſome Muſe, renown'd for lofty verſe,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearſe!
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day ſweats, and mid-night cares!
But ſtill the God-like man, by ſome hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;

Too

Too late the verſe the mighty act ſucceeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thouſand years in full ſucceſſion ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and ſung the man
Who, driven by ſtreſs of fate, ſuch dangers bore
On ſtormy ſeas, and a diſaſtrous ſhore,
Before he ſettled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muſter'd up their troops in verſe;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' luſt,
And laid the labour of the gods in duſt,
Before the towering Muſe began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or ſlaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That ſhall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age,
Hibernian fields ſhall here thy conqueſts ſhow,
And Boyne be ſung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours ſhall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe ſhall wear another name.
Our late poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleaſure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs bullet on thy ſhoulder glanc'd.
The race of Naſſau was by Heaven deſign'd
To curb the proud oppreſſors of mankind.

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cauſe,
The world's great patriots; they for juſtice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms riſe or fall,
Our Britiſh youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careleſs of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inſpir'd by thee, with freſh delight,
Their ſwords they brandiſh, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conqueſts on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was ſtrow'd
With Gallic corps, and Creſſi ſwam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage moſt, and loudeſt engines play.
Namur's late terrors and deſtruction ſhow,
What William, warm'd with juſt revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded ſpires, and glitter'd in the ſky,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of duſt is found,
And all the pile lies ſmoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends deſign'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:

Oppreſt

Oppreſt Religion gives the firſt alarms,
And injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his arms;
His conqueſts freedom to the world afford,
And nations bleſs the labours of his ſword.
Thus when the forming Muſe would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She ſets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monſters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt angry gods conſpire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on ſeas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a terror through the haughty Eaſt:
Algiers and Tunis from their ſultry ſhore
With horror hear the Britiſh engines roar,
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill nearer to the ſun.
The Gallic ſhips are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of ſea and wind,
Nor dare again the Britiſh ſtrength engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive rage
Which lately made their trembling hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the noiſe, and wrapt in ſmoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiſcuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that periſh'd on our coaſt,
Could ſcarce a longer line of battle boaſt;
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the waves in reſtleſs errors roll,
The ſea lies open now to either pole:

Now may we ſafely uſe the northern gales,
And in the polar circle ſpread our ſails:
Or, deep in ſouthern climes, ſecure from wars,
New lands explore, and ſail by other ſtars:
Fetch uncontrol'd each labour of the ſun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives intruſted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Naſſau through the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtol'n, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to every blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd, and the treaty ſeal'd)
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole power of France ſtood looking on.

But

But ſtop not here: behold where Berkeley ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling towers;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round them where they break,
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with aſhes, and the earth with ſmoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.

Now does the ſailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondering mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood.

Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my Muſe require;
And, would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.

But

But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſperſt on every ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's God-like acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford Muſe?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight.
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's loſs more light.
But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear:
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and as his fleet draws near,

The

The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of Britain, come!
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtruck
Through Gallic hoſts: but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL's FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETherеal ſweets ſhall next my Muſe engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place,
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing graſs:
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the ſwallow harbour near.
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills, run trickling through the grass;
Let bubbling olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soke the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop;
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores;
For this they hoard up grew, whose clinging drops
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements [illegible]
And work in subterraneous [illegible]

At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees through woods and foreſts take their flight.
They riſe every flower, and lightly ſkim
Thy cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream:
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
ut when on high you ſee the bees repair,
me on the wind, through diſtant tracts of air,
d view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
ile ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chuſe,
oil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
zen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
ake the cymbals of the goddeſs round
l with [illegible] fill

Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills, run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt them from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind,
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſavory ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoke the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop:
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;

At

At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd———
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees through woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle every flower, and lightly ſkim
Thy cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream:
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſlimy ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chuſe,
Milfoil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;

Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpet's harſh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At laſt, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul:
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different: one of better note,
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:

The

The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſom and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt———
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind
No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why roſy Pæſtum bluſhes twice a year:
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;

[redacted]

What with a chearful green does parſly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted
graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellowbloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſavory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tendereſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingering weſtern breeze:
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſt,

As

As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I 'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees confer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurſt kindly under-ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Through fields, and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte every bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabrick on its glewy baſe.
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;

Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion every part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On lavender and ſaffron-buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed:

From

From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and riſle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt.
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then all ruſh out, their different taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are nigh,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,
But make ſmall journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of every blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe them in their flight,
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chooſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;

Then

Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their childrens children reign.
No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty Prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.
Some from such instances as these have taught,
" The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
" The universe alive, and that a soul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
" And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
" The deep of heaven;
" That this first kindled life in man and beast,
" Life that again flows into this at last.

" That

" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky."

When-e'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A lothſome cloud of ſmoke amidſt their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies:
And once when haſtening from the watery ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound,
Their venom'd ſting produces aking pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.

When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.

When

When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and centaury join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.
Beſides there grows a flower in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flower itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:

The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I 'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have bred,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With strainten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that 's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.

With

III.

For ever conſecrate the day,
To muſic and Cecilia;
Muſic, the greateſt good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Muſic can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unſuſpected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with ſecret art.
When Orpheus ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
The ſtreams ſtand ſtill, the ſtones admire;
The liſtening ſavages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward meaſures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a ſhade.

IV.

Muſic religious heats inſpires,
It wakes the ſoul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with ſublime deſires,
And fits it to beſpeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty liſtens to a tuneful tongue,
And ſeems well-pleas'd and courted with a ſong.
Soft moving ſounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
And all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Muſic ſhall then exert its power,
And ſound ſurvive the ruins of the world:

Then

Then ſaints and angels ſhall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven ſhall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himſelf with pleaſure ſee
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Conſecrate the place and day,
To muſic and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely ſhake the tuneful air,
Nor ſpoil the fleeting ſounds.
Nor mournful ſigh nor groan be heard,
But gladneſs dwell on every tongue;
Whilſt all, with voice and ſtrings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious ſong.
And imitate the bleſt above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO

MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, deareſt Harry, you will needs requeſt
A ſhort account of all the Muſe-poſſeſt,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have ſpent their noble rage in Britiſh rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To ſpeak the undertaker's want of ſtrength,
I 'll try to make their ſeveral beauties known,
And ſhow their verſes worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers ſlept ſupine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer firſt, a merry bard, aroſe,
And many a ſtory told in rhyme and proſe.
But age has ruſted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obſcur'd his wit:
In vain he jeſts in his unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenſer next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;

An

An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, purſued
Through pathleſs fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the myſtic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an underſtanding age no more;
The long-ſpun allegories fulſome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at diſtance all the ſights,
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damſels in diſtreſs, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the ſhades decay,
And all the pleaſing landſkip fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and laviſh of his thought:
His turns too cloſely on the reader preſs:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us leſs,
One glittering thought no ſooner ſtrikes our eyes,
With ſilent wonder, but new wonders riſe.
As in the milky-way a ſhining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a ſingle ſtar can ſhew his rays,
Whilſt jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verſe with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its exceſs:
But wit like thine in any ſhape will pleaſe.
What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain?

Well-pleas'd in thee he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.

Bleſt man! whoſe ſpotleſs life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praiſe;
Bleſt man! who now ſhall be for ever known,
In Sprat's ſucceſsful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd in majeſtic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe engage;
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upwards ſprings, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What e'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt every verſe, array'd in majeſty,
Bold and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's out-ſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſound of brazen wheels, what thunder, ſcare,
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the ſeraphs ſunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcenes of Paradiſe;
What tongue, what words of rapture can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs!

Oh

Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men;
His other works might have deſerv'd applauſe!
But now the language can't ſupport the cauſe;
While the clean current, though ſerene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the ſight.

But now, my Muſe, a ſofter ſtrain rehearſe,
Turn every line with art, and ſmooth thy verſe;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muſe, tune thy verſe, with art, to Waller's praiſe.
While tender airs and lovely dames inſpire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate deſire:
So long ſhall Waller's ſtrains our paſſion move,
And Sacchariſſa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verſe, harmonious bard, and flattering ſong,
Can make the vanquiſh'd great, the coward ſtrong.
Thy verſe can ſhow ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the ſtorm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy Muſe not come an age too ſoon,
But ſeen great Naſſau on the Britiſh throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What ſcenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldſt rehearſe,
In ſmoother numbers and a ſofter verſe;
Thy pen had well deſcrib'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have ſeem'd more fair.

Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:

Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.
I 'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;

How

How Naſſau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's higheſt themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their ſtreams.
But now, to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I 've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The laſt poor preſent that my Muſe can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I 'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and Muſe, farewel.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

" Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
" Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
" Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes."
VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhyme.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields incompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the Muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And every ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!

To

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource,
To ſee the Mincio draw his watery ſtore,
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs Muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,

Where'e

Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh could the Muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome God, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,

Where

Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wandering Muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſued,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I 'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muſe.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,

With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.

Oh Liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

Thee, goddeſs, Thee, Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud-aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I 've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S

MILTON's STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhowers of aſhes hovering in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Incenſt, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid, that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots through all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,

And

And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chac'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature ſtood diſclos'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpriz'd:
But ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd; "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every God that ſits inthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
"So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
"'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the Gods in duſt;
"For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuſe of tears
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet;
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,

And

And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
I'm one, ſays he, of poor deſcent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who, whilſt he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke them on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd

With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dextrouſly apply'd,
Which, in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft ſeen them as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er in her obſcure ſojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,

A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean; while the topmaſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſtood
Amaz'd, be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, uſing all the force of winds and oars,
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his out-ſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In diſtant echos anſwer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work every one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM,

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

1705.

" ——Rheni pacator & Iſtri.
" Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
" Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque ſenator,
" Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

" Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſuâ impenſâ, ſuo
" labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum.
" Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis ho-
" minibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet.
" Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum in-
" juſtum imperium ſit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, po-
" tentiſſima ſint." Liv. Hiſt. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
Accept, great leader, what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
Ten thouſand wonders opening to my view

Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdued,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To ſit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;

On

On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy tyes:
Their ſovereign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By ſhowers of bleſſings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud them moſt.
Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,
Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream, had nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,

Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The ſultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That chearfully his labours paſt forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs),
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire every breaſt, and boil in every vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares intruſt the cauſe of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harraſs'd troops the hero's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed, they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtanch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unraveling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are paſt;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at laſt:

Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal paſs,
Threatening deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.

The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſt of foes
Were never to behold that evening cloſe!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,
Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With ſhowers of bullets and with ſtorms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before,

(O fatal

(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence.
Plunging through ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long-diſputed paſs they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,

[illegible] his country round
[illegible] in oceans drown'd.
[illegible] few surviving foes dispersed in flight,
[illegible] of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
[illegible] very rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
[illegible] the dark cope of night with kind embrace
[illegible] friends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness croft,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loft,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own?
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compaſſion joi
Tempering each other in the victor's min
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd, th fills his hand
With ſword and fire, ages the land,
A thouſand villages to urns,
In crackling flames a t harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowi rds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords mmon ſhade partake,
And cries of infants ſ every brake:
The liſtening ſoldier fix orrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.

The

The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt;
Though fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous ſound
The victors ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.

'Twas

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee the haughty houſhold-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a General's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave,
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.

O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mixt,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mixt tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,

Thine

nly ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
in his blood, and gaſping on the grou
in bondage by the victor kept!
ef, the father, and the captive, wept.
liſh Muſe is touch'd with generous wo
th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
diſtreſt! they loud complaints forbear,
ot the turns of fate, and chance of w
y brave foes their due r bluſh to own
al field by ſuch great leaders won.
d whence fam'd Euge
e ſecond honours of
floods of gore that fr
rſhes ſtagnate, and th
ins of ſlain lie heap'd the ground,
ſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
captive hoſts the conqueror detains
ful bondage, and inglorious chains;
oſe who 'ſcape the fetters and the ſword,
k the fortunes of a happier lord,
raging King diſhonours, to compleat
rough's great work, and finiſh the defeat.
n Memminghen's high domes, and Augſburg's walls,
iſtant battle drives th' inſulting Gauls;
by the terror of the victor's name
ſcued States his great protection claim;
: Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
ongs to open her obſequious gates.
: hero's breaſt ſtill ſwells with great deſigns,
ry thought the towering genius ſhines:

If

If to the foe his dreadful courſe he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If ſieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an army ſtorm'd;
If to the fight his active ſoul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What diſtant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious ſword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the ſeries of his toils compleat?
Where the ſwoln Rhine ruſhing with all its force
Divides the hoſtile nations in its courſe,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's ſide a mighty bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, ſince the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its ſide;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long ſummer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-ſtar had its courſe begun,
Carries his arms ſtill nearer to the ſun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of ſeaſons, and increaſe of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger ſhow,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,

But

But ſoon as the victorious hoſt he ſpies,
From hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream he flies:
Such dire impreſſions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's ſword, and Hochſtet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beſets
Their ſhady coverts, and obſcure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Auſtria's young monarch, whoſe imperial ſway
Sceptres and thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great ſupporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleaſing wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch fire with ſo much ſweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſy greatneſs, ſuch a graceful port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus ſhone but in the ſecond place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely fluſht with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath beſtow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's preſence charm'd,
Taught by his counſels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Diſcharges all his thunder on its walls,

O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.
The Britiſh chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conqueſts crown'd,
To Belgian coaſts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine purſues,
Clearing its borders from uſurping foes,
And bleſt by reſcued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations ſhake,
While Marlborough preſſes to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And ſhows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirſt of univerſal ſway,
And ſcarce can teach his ſubjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race deſtroy'd,
The works of ages ſunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions ſacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereſoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of ſea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Iſter's ſtates are free,
And taſte the ſweets of Engliſh liberty:
But who can tell the joys of thoſe that lie
Beneath the conſtant influence of her eye!

Whilſt

Whilſt in diffuſive ſhowers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and deſcend on all,
Secure the happy, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Make every ſubject glad, and a whole people bleſt.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth records of a faithful verſe;
That, if ſuch numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell poſterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in factions from the ſkies,
And rivers from their oozy beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the truth with ſpurious rays,
And round the hero caſt a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who paint them trueſt praiſe them moſt.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

FROM life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil diſcharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this ſhed,
To every worldly intereſt dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent;
To fortune's goods a foe profeſt,
And hating wealth by all careſt.
'Tis true he 's dead; for oh! how ſmall
A ſpot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wiſh that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the ſhort-liv'd roſes bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And ſweets around the poet ſtrow,
Whilſt yet with life his aſhes glow.

POEMATA.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI*.

Tityrus. HIC inter corylos, umbroſa cacumina, denſas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopſe, ſolemus)
Tempora tranſibunt ſic læta canentibus, & nunc
Dic age, quos noſtro celebrari carmine ſumes.

Mopſus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera laudum,
Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum reſonent encomia ſylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas.

T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique cicutæ;
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluiſſe ſat eſſe;
Ipſe tuas, Gulielme, canam laudeſque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo ſejungere debet.

M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Muſæque favete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.

T. Aſt ego nec Phoebum curo, Phœbive ſorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.

* Theſe verſes occaſioned Mr. Addiſon's being elected into Magdalen College.

M Sint licet illuſtri proavorum ſtemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.
T. Si Rex eſt regit immanes qui pectoris æſtus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!
M. Inclytus hic Mavors, ſapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat ille armis, forma ſed vulnerat illa.
T. Quando vias Pelagi tentârunt, mole ſuperbum
Suſtulit ad nubes mare ſe, faſtuque tumebat.
M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Pani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.
T. Tunc iterum totus reſonat modulamine campus,
Miſcent paſtores iterum nymphæque choreas.
M. Lætus gramineis luſit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hœdi inſiluere petulci.
T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit corda, hoſtes vicit, vicitque ſeipſum!
M. Participat ſponſi virtutem & regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, & tanto digna Marito.
T. Primus hic imperio, nulli eſt virtute ſecundus,
Sic ſol, quam ſtellæ, majori luce refulget.
M. Sed qualis ſtellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta eſt ſociis, Regina videtur.
T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecoriſque dedere magiſtris?
M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, quietem!
T. Et ſero cœlos exornet ſidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, Commenſalis è *Coll. Reg.*

HONO-

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE ARMIGERO,

SCACCARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI À SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præſtant Britanni, recens ex rebus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt quos nuper in lucem emiſimus verſiculi. Quod ſi CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornaſſet, vix tanti eſſet ipſe pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditiſſimis poetis tam miſere decantata. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias allaturus ſum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis ſuis carminibus attulerunt; niſi quod inter ipſos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poema patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Mizd. Coll. Oxon. 1697.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POstquam ingens clamorque virûm, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula ridet
Vere novo; inſuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque ſoli, et turgentem a ſanguine meſſem.
Aſpicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum inviſens ſedem, et confuſa ruinis
Oppida, et everſos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, triſtemque laborum
Inquirit ſeriem, attonitis ut ſpectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famoſoſque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi ſaxa jacent diſperſo infecta cerebro,

Atque

Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparſa fuerit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique ſaxis
Mœnia diſcedunt, ſcopuliſque immane minantur
Deſuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent!

Hic peſtem occultam, & fœcundas ſulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
Fumanteſque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulſam terræ faciem, ingenteſque ruinas
Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque ſaxa
Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbraſque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla ſecutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
Germanuſque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;

Quique

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Quique truci Boreae, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore peruſto
Decolor admoti prodit veſtigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conſcripta per orbem
Agmina, Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortiſſime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populique encomia ſera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non jubar Arctoüm, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum † qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus

* Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.
† Moſcoviæ Imperator.

inibus tacitis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
nia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
lia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
rgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
eſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore!
c olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
atus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
ndri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
i peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
um pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, campoſque cruentos
ipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
la micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
une, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
uis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
ovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
ere remigibus, ſubitiſque albeſcere velis.
lia ſolve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
ovi ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
picere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, truceſque
rgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
tus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
icitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
filia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
apoſuit vultum, hætoſque afflavit honores.
t denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
glomerat lateri! ut patriam vetereſque penates
picit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes

Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata ſerenas
Ridet Hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam.
Infundunt puero! ut mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.

Ille

* Celſiſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis.

Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi

Impune

Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Caneri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Naſſovo abducite veſtro
Fida ſatellitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibuſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas gazas, nummoſque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu,
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapſans ſe colligit orbes.
Incertum qua ſit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat

Argentum

Argentum male coctum, divitiaſque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno ſe jactat nobilis uſu;
Nec Deus effulſit magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant

Particulas,

Particulas, raruſque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuenſque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus.
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΤΤΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, Muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit et æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Geſta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)

Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et ſecuro crepitat grus improba nido:
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, ſi quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet ſe credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, ſumptiſque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humeriſque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæſoque epulatur in hoſte.
Sæpe improviſas mactabat, ſæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulciſci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa conſtruxerat arte,
Aut uteri poſuiſſet onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu ſpirans immane minaci
Omnia vaſtaret miles, fœtuſque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hoſtis in ovo.
Hinc cauſæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commiſſa ſtrages, confuſaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam ſublimi carmine vates
Luſit; ubi totam ſtrepituque armiſque paludem
Miſcuit: hic (viſu miſerabile!) corpora murum
Sparſa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco

Rana dolet, pedibuſque abſciſſo poplite ternis
Reptat humi, ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæſi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras
Grus ſtomachans; omneſque ſimul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cäyſtri
Prata tenent, adſunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro.
Strageſque immenſas et vulnera cogitat abſens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et roſtrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, ſuſpenſus in alto
Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis,
Terræque immenſos tractus, ſemotaque longe
Æquora deſpiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et aſſiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceſſit
Impiger, inſtituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibuſque frequens, et marte inſtructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majeſtate verendus
Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpſerat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta

Roſtrorum ſigna, et crudos in pectore morſus.
Immortali odio, æterniique exercuit iris
Alitum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confiſus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus diſtrinxerat enſem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abſtulit hoſti:
Quot fecit ſtrages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul ſonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Proſpectant nubem bellumque hoſteſque ferentem.
Crebreſcit tandem, atque oculis ſe plurimus offert
Ordinibus ſtructus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motiſque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, ſpecieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et denſa in nubibus haeret:
Nunc denſa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi, et lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum ſperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.

Æſtuat

Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alae,
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.
Pygmæadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus
Alituum; fruſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes ſaevit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in coelum Briareus, ſolioque torquentem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmæa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem

Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certae gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Saepe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa

Pande

Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futurae
Subſtravit pictor tabulae, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat aether;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat femina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terrae diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſam funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis oceliis,
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto.
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus

Deſpexit

Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, et palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſfacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æthêr
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia ſuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,

Ut

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? Quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et ſero in lacrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris

Defecat,

Deſecat, exiguam radens a ceſpite meſſem
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit he
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotunc
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque mover
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globoru ı,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo [illegible] tollo
Vertitur in gyros, et ir
Quin alii diverſa placet
Plumbea vis, motuque
Poſtquam ideo in pa [illegible] quas
Conſilium, aut ſors; q [illegible] accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua [illegible] futurum
Deſignat; jactique lege [illegible], primam,
Qui certamen init, ſpha [illegible]tit, at illa
Leniter effuſa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec ſenſim primo impete feſſo
Subſiſtat: ſubito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparſa per orbiculum, ſtipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter ſeſe inſinuat revolubile lignum.
At ſi forte globum, qui miſit, ſpectat inertem
Serpere, et impreſſum ſubito langueſcere motum,
Pone urget ſphæræ veſtigia, et anxius inſtat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut ſegnis honos dextræ ſervetur, iniquam
Incuſat terram, ac ſurgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Fergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram diapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbrae
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuoſis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam ſeu ſolutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, ſeu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis ſolicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula poſtules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat ſitim
Miniſter ingens, imperiſque
Præſidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem triſte negotium
Graveſque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipſe tuam minuas ſalutem,
Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Fruſtra

Fruſtra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error ſanguinis, et vigor
Lanatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animae) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgetque curas
Sponte ſua ſatis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICÈ

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium ſpectacu'a rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum ſine mente popellum;
Quem, non ſurreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua riſu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Hiſtrio, delectatque inhiantem ſcommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ ſtudio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congreſſi permiſſa ſedilia complent,
Nec confuſus honos; nummo ſubſellia cedunt
Diverſo, et varii ad pretium ſtat copia ſcamni.
Tandem ubi ſubtrahitur velamen, lumina paſſim
Anguſtos penetrant aditus, qua plurima viſum
Fila ſecant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore feneſtra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox ſtridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia ſquallido fuco.
Hic humiles inter ſcenas, anguſtaque clauſtra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concurſus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce ſtrepens; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.

Hic

Proten-

Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſenectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
nduit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
lunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
ıppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
cpediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
ıgit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
›geniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
ıra ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
nembris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
ıc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
ıt onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
:it occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
ructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
dit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
ue emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

NON uſitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poſcis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnae.
Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, ſollicitus parum
Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.
Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbæ
Relliquiae fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingeni!

Ut

Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem
Coget refingens, in
Mox iterum redit
Nimbis rubentem ſulph
Cernas; ut udis ſævit
Incendiis, commune
Et populis medita
Nudus liquentes plorat
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe
Fundit cacumen, du
Saxa fluunt reſolu
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio perituro mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, Book III. Ode III.

Auguſtus had a deſign to rebuild Troy and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having cloſeted ſeveral ſenators on the project: Horace is ſuppoſed to have written the following ode on this occaſion.

THE man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms,
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd.
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.

Such

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Auguſtus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe:
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the laſh, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
Troy, ſays the goddeſs, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and ſoft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
Sad ſolitary haunts and ſilent deſerts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmoleſted lioneſs
Her brinded whelps ſecurely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful ſlumbers waſte the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol ſhall riſe;
Th' illuſtrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the ſea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd world in two:
Through Afric's ſands their triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long train of victories purſue
To Nile's yet undiſcover'd head.
Riches the hardy ſoldiers ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on gold with un-deſiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden ore;
Thoſe glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt bounds that nature ſets,
The piercing colds and ſultry heats,
The godlike race ſhall ſpread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till ſtorms and tempeſts their purſuits confine;
Now ſweat for conqueſt underneath the line.
This only law the victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe conditions ſhall he reign;

If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a ſecond Troy,
If none the raſh deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curſe there cleaves to the devoted place,
That ſhall the new foundations raſe;
Greece ſhall in mutual leagues conſpire
To ſtorm the riſing town with fire,
And at their armies head myſelf will ſhow
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
Thrice ſhould Apollo's ſelf the city raiſe
And line it round with walls of braſs,
Thrice ſhould my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the ſhining fabric to the ground:
Thrice ſhould her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead ſons and ſlaughter'd huſbands mourn.
But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the ſecrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy preſumptuous verſe
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty ſtrains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majeſty, and loſe their ſound.

THE

THE VESTAL

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, Lib. III. El. 1.

" Blanda quies victis furtim ſubrepit ocellis, &c."

AS the fair Veſtal to the fountain came,
(Let none be ſtartled at a Veſtal's name:)
Tir'd with the walk, ſhe laid her down to reſt,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breaſt,
To take the freſhneſs of the morning-air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus ſhe reſted, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the ſhade,
And purling ſtreams that through the meadow ſtray'd,
In drowſy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The God of War beheld the virgin lie,
The God beheld her with a lover's eye;
And, by ſo tempting an occaſion preſs'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, poſſeſs'd:
Conceiving as ſhe ſlept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with *the Founder of immortal* Rome.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE ſun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a ſilver light,
And with a milder gleam refreſh'd the ſight;
Of poliſh'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the ſculptor's thought,
For in the portal was diſplay'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious ſky;
A waving ſea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale beſtrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving God),
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd main,
While ſome on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And ſome on fiſhes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the ſiſters grace,
A ſiſter's likeneſs was in every face.
On earth a different landſkip courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beaſts, in diſtant proſpects riſe,
And nymphs, and ſtreams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image ſhines;
On either gate were ſix engraven ſigns.

Here

Here Phaeton, ſtill gaining on th' aſ[illegible]
To his ſuſpected father's palace went,
Till preſſing forward through the bright abode,
He ſaw at diſtance the illuſtrious God:
He ſaw at diſtance, or the dazzling light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking ſight.
The God ſits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, w[illegible]rple garments on;
The hours in order [illegible] on either hand,
And days, and mon[illegible]nd years, and ages, ſtand.
Here ſpring appears [illegible]owery chaplets bound;
Here ſummer in her [illegible]ten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the ric[illegible]den grapes beſmear;
And hoary winter ſh[illegible] in the rear.
Phœbus beheld th[illegible]th from off his throne;
That eye, which loo[illegible] all, was fix'd on one.
He ſaw the boy's co[illegible] in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my ſon? For know
"My ſon thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illuſtrious parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The parent's name, ſome certain token give,
"That I may Clymenè's proud boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe reproaches grieve."
The tender Sire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My ſon (ſaid he)
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my ſon.

"As

" As a ſure proof, make ſome requeſt, and I,
" Whate'er it be, with that requeſt comply;
" By Styx I ſwear, whoſe waves are hid in night,
" And roll impervious to my piercing ſight."
The youth, tranſported, aſks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguiſh thrice his radiant head he ſhook:
" My ſon (ſays he) ſome other proof require;
" Raſh was my promiſe, raſh is thy deſire.
" I 'd fain deny this wiſh which thou haſt made,
" Or, what I can't deny, would fain diſſuade.
" Too vaſt and hazardous the taſk appears,
" Nor ſuited to thy ſtrength, nor to thy years.
" Thy lot is mortal, but thy wiſhes fly
" Beyond the province of mortality:
" There is not one of all the Gods that dares
" (However ſkill'd in other great affairs)
" To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
" Not Jove himſelf, the ruler of the ſky,
" That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
" Dares try his ſtrength; yet who ſo ſtrong as Jove?
" The ſteeds climb up the firſt aſcent with pain;
" And when the middle firmament they gain,
" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
" And ſee the earth and ocean hang below,
" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with horror and affright,
" And my own heart miſgives me at the ſight.
" A mighty downfall ſteeps the evening ſtage,
" And ſteddy reins muſt curb the horſes' rage.

" Tethys herſelf has fear'd to ſee me driven
" Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous force
" Turns ſtars and planets in a different courſe:
" I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
" Borne back by all the current of the ſky.
" But how could you reſiſt the orbs that roll
" In adverſe whirls, and ſtem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing woods,
" And ſtately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;
" While through a thouſand ſnares your progreſs lies,
" Where forms of ſtarry monſters ſtock the ſkies:
" For, ſhould you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The Bull with ſtooping horns ſtands oppoſite;
" Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is ſtrung;
" And next, the Lion's grinning viſage hung:
" The Scorpion's claws here claſp a wide extent,
" And here the Crab's in leſſer claſps are bent.
" Nor would you find it eaſy to compoſe
" The mettled ſteeds, when from their noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their head-ſtrong fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtiff to the rein.
" Let not my ſon a fatal gift require,
" But, O! in time, recal your raſh deſire;
" You aſk a gift that may your parent tell,
" Let theſe my fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a father from a father's care;
" Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you 'd read the father there.

" Chooſe

" Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
" For open to your wish all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal task,
" For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
" You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
" I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
" Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
'Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
'The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
'The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
'The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
'The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd
'The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the God of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat;

Then

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep fore-boding ſigh, and ſaid.
" Take this at leaſt, this laſt advice, my ſon:
" Keep a ſtiff rein, and move but gently on:
" The courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
" Your art muſt be to moderate their haſte.
" Drive them not on directly through the ſkies,
" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
" Along the midmoſt Zone; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant ſouth, nor ſtormy north.
" The horſes' hoofs a beaten track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid-way, the middle way is beſt.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
" Direct your courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
" Shun both extremes; the reſt let fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thyſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
" I 'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my chariot, but my counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view."
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.

Mean

Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before them lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th' unbalaſt veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſports of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the *Seven Stars* firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes too, that fain
Thou wouldſt have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now

Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and prayer.
What could he do? His eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them tight:
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way,
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in fumes, the wondering moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below,
But theſe are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd in ſnow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,

Which

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hovering in the ſmoke,
He flew where-e'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.
Then Libya firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Bœotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymonè fails.
The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt:
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was loſt;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
In thickening fumes, and darken half the ſkies.
In flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The ſwans, that on Cäyſter often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſeven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd, ſeven gaping trenches lie.

"See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
"See my ſing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
"And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
"And does the plough for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
"Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
"But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from heaven?
"If I nor he your pity can provoke,
"See your own heavens, the heavens begin to ſmoke!
"Should once the ſparkles catch thoſe bright abodes,
"Deſtruction ſeizes on the heavens and gods;
"Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
"And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
"If heaven, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
"All muſt again into their chaos turn.
"Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
"And ſuccour nature, ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs every power above,
And ev'n the God, whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Straight he aſcends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,

storms he us'd to pour,
storm nor ſhower.
with lifted hand,
the forky brand,
Thus th' Almighty fire
the fires with fire.
he and from the chariot driven,
thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
with a ſudden bound,
and chariot to the ground:
horſes from their necks they broke;
wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
the beam and axle torn away;
o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments lay.
Phaeton, with flaming hair,
the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
ſummer's evening from the top
drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilſt yet ſmoking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe:
"Here he who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;
"His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
"But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for gri
And, if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to ru
From morn to wonted eve, without a ſu
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that ſtill did nature's face diſcloſe:
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inſpires, her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevel'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where-e'er his body might be caſt;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn;)
And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldeſt, Phaethuſa, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf withheld, and rooted to the ground:

A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies, ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves:
And from the verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to ſay,
"Forbear, miſtaken parent, oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mix'd in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,

In

In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſued through a long-extended neck;
His hair tranſforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a ſwan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembering how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſun-ſhine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and overcaſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.

Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er ſince the birth of time, ſaid he, I 've borne
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
"The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning car,

"Or,

" Or, if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate."

The gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Jove too himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harnaſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies them with the laſh, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his ſon.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was ſettled in its courſe; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe: the earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every different coaſt,
And every land; but on Arcadia moſt.
Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blaſted face
With running fountains, and with ſpringing graſs.
No tracts of heaven's deſtructive fire remain;
The fields and woods revive, and nature ſmiles again.

But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.

The

The nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.
The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove ſaw the charming huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am ſafe, he cries, from Juno's eye;
"Or ſhould my jealous queen the theft deſcry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And ſtand her rage for ſuch, for ſuch a bliſs!"
Diana's ſhape and habit ſtraight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and ſmooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent ſpoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chace?"
To whom the virgin, ſtarting from the graſs,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
"To Jove himſelf, though Jove himſelf were here."
The god was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.

He

He then ſalutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere ſhe half had told the morning chace,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliſs,
Smother'd her words, and ſtop'd her with a kiſs;
His kiſſes with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's ſhape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd
(Sure Juno muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd);
With all her might againſt his force ſhe ſtrove:
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!

Poſſeſt at length of what his heart deſir'd,
Back to his heavens th' inſulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntreſs, riſing from the graſs,
With down-caſt eyes, and with a bluſhing face,
By ſhame confounded, and by fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty ſhade,
And almoſt, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and ſhafts behind.

But now Diana, with a ſprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph? The nymph began to fear
A ſecond fraud, a Jove diſguis'd in her;
But, when ſhe ſaw the ſiſter nymphs, ſuppreſs'd
Her riſing fears, and mingled with the reſt.

How in the look does conſcious guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and ſullen was her mien,
That ſure the virgin goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a virgin) muſt the guilt have ſeen.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid the nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd [illegible]:
And now the moon had nine times loſt he[illegible]
When Dian fainting, in the mid-day hea[illegible]
Found a cool covert, and refreſhing ſtreams,
That in ſoft murmurs through the foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth bed of ſhining gravel ſhow'd.

A covert ſo obſcure, and ſtreams ſo clear,
The goddeſs prais'd: "And now no ſpies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gent[illegible]e maids, and waſh," ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the motio[illegible] every maid complies;
Only the bluſhing hun[illegible]ſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd delays, a[illegible] her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her [illegible]lows round her preſs'd,
And the reluctant nym[illegible] by force undreſs'd.
The naked huntreſs al[illegible] ſhame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the [illegible]g.ant womb conceal'd;
"Begone! the godde[illegible]ries with ſtern diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd ſtream to ſtain;"
She fled, for-ever baniſh'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To puniſh the deteſted rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely-boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddeſs caſt a furious look, and cry'd,
"It is enough! I'm fully ſatisfy'd!
"This boy ſhall ſtand a living mark, to prove
"My husband's baſeneſs, and the ſtrumpet's love:
"But vengeance ſhall awake thoſe guilty charms,
"That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer ſhall their wonted force retain,
"Nor pleaſe the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This

This ſaid, her hand within her hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground;
The proſtrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are ſharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, ſhe was depriv'd of ſpeech:
Her ſurly voice through a hoarſe paſſage came
In ſavage ſounds: her mind was ſtill the ſame.
The furry monſter fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unweildy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her hounds the frighted huntreſs flew!
How did ſhe fear her fellow brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy bear, though now herſelf was one!
How from the ſight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her ſire!
But now her ſon had fifteen ſummers told,
Fierce at the chace, and in the foreſt bold;
[illegible] the woods in queſt of prey,
[illegible] mother where ſhe lay.
[illegible] him in her ſight,
[illegible] was in a fright,
And

And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breaſt;
And would have ſlain his mother in the beaſt;
But Jove forbad, and ſnatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a luſtre to the northern ſkies.

When Juno ſaw the rival in her height,
Spangled with ſtars, and circled round with light,
She ſought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They aſk what brings her there. "Ne'er aſk, ſays ſhe,
"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
"You 'll ſee, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's ſtarry baſtard and triumphant whore
"Uſurp the heavens; you 'll ſee them proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
"When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
"Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
"But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
"And, as he acted after Io's rape,
"Reſtore th' adultereſs to her former ſhape;
"Then may he caſt his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
"And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
"Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."

The

The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the ſwan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The falſe-one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teazing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew,
The daw gave honeſt counſel, though deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.

"Stay

" Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd talk refuse,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you discern
" What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
" My foolish honesty was all my crime;
" Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
" The two-shap'd Erichthonius had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
" The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
" To guard the chest, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I stood to see
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
" The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
" The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
" A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
" But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
" I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
" But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
" The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
" And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
" But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
" Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny;

[illegible] you view,
[illegible] the ſtory 's true)
[illegible] a king's daughter too.
[illegible] d my beauty's charms;
[illegible] the cauſe of all my harms;
[illegible] his ſhores I went to rove,
[illegible] my walks, and fell in love.
[illegible] courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
[illegible] force when all his arts were vain;
[illegible] purſued: I ran along the ſtrand,
[illegible] ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
[illegible] k'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
[illegible] gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
For, as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I,
Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore;
Till, riſing on my wings, I was prefer'd
To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell
(In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell);
And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,

That

ſcious of her fhame, avoids the light,
the gloomy covering of the night;
where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
ig wretch, and drive her from the day."
ung'd by ſuch impertinence,
ite, it ſeems, and took offence,
harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew:
her injur'd patron flew,
m out, and told the fatal truth
ſwand the favour'd youth.
as wroth; the colour left his look,
is head, the harp his hand forſook;
and feather'd ſhafts he took,
n arrow in the tender breaſt,
ften to his own been preſt.
wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
s arrow reeking from the wound;
g in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
od! though I have juſtly dy'd,
alas! my unborn infant done,
ould fall, and two expire in one?"
agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
ſolves in pity at her death;
ird that made her falſehood known,
ıſelf for what himſelf had done;
ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
ıand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
compaſs of his art in vain.
the lovely nymph expire,
ready, and the kindling fire,

With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heavenly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORM'D TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy,
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore,
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great phyſician of the world, all hail;
"Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
"Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.
"Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:

"T

" Then ſhalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.
" And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
" To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toſs, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou ſhalt feel, inrag'd with inward pains,
" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
" The gods in pity ſhall contract thy date;
" And give thee over to the power of fate."
Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice, ſays ſhe, is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails;
" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart?
" What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on graſs;
" I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
" And in his upper parts preſerves the man."
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees, accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.

Her ſtooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in her flowing tail ſhe friſks her train.
The mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove that ſeparate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke;
"Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
"Go, ſtranger, cries the clown, ſecurely on,
"That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;" and ſhow'd a ſtone.

The

The god withdrew, but ſtraight return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain;
And cried out, "Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
"Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way?
"In the recovery of my cattle join,
"A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine."
The peaſant quick replies, "You 'll find them there
"In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd:
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſmil'd;
"And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me?
"Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?" ſays he.
Then to a *Touch-ſtone* turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORM'D INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er;
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them; as the ſpreading kite,

That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye!
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury ſlung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhow'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the ſleep-procuring wand:
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
The midmoſt by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,

And

And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his
And what his buſineſs was, and whence h
" I come, reply'd the god, from heaven t
" Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
" My name is Mercury, my buſineſs love;
" Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart."
She ſtar'd him in th n looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on Mine
And aſks a mighty tre
And, till he brings it, ces th
Minerva griev'd to ſee ymph
And now remembring late impious
When, diſobedient to ſtrict comman
She touch'd the cheſt v n unhallow'd hand;
In big-ſwoln ſighs her d rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing gs on her breaſt;
Then ſought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholeſome ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poiſonous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,

Came

Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung,
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep.
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormenter in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: "To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
"On curſt Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
"And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart."
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And, mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe a mighty blaſt appears,

Mildew-

Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She stroke the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

Oft did ſhe call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her ſiſter's wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awful father what had paſt:
At length before the door herſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the ground with ſullen pride,
A paſſage to the love-ſick god deny'd.
The god careſs'd, and for admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my ſeat, and never riſe."
"Then keep thy ſeat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her trunk too heavy to forſake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilneſs to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till, hardening every where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a ſtone.
But ſtill her envious hue and ſullen mien
Are in the ſedentary figure ſeen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the ſtubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the ſkies.

Jove

Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the croud of G
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from th
And in ſoft whiſpers thus his will expreſt:
" My truſty Hermes, by whoſe ready aid
" Thy Sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
" Reſume thy wings, exert their utmoſt force,
" And to the walls of Sidon ſpeed thy courſe;
" There find a herd o [illegible] wa[illegible]ng o'er
" The neighbouring [illegible] [illegible]ri[illegible] [illegible]n to the ſhore."
Thus ſpoke the Go[illegible] lin[illegible]
The truſty Hermes on [illegible]
And found the herd o[illegible] [illegible]ers wa[illegible]
A neighbouring hill, [illegible] rove them to the ſhore;
Where the King's da[illegible] [illegible] with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, w[illegible] ing on the plain.
The dignity of emp[illegible] aſide
(For love but ill agre[illegible] [illegible] kingly pride);
The ruler of the ſkies, the thundering God,
Who ſhakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his ſhoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His ſkin was whiter than the ſnow that lies
Unſully'd by the breath of ſouthern ſkies;
Small ſhining horns on his curl'd forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
[illegible] gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle light.

His

His every look was peaceful, and expreſt
The ſoftneſs of the lover in the beaſt.
Agenor's royal daughter, as ſhe play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs body with delight,
And at a diſtance kept him in her ſight.
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing flowers, and fed
The gentle beaſt, and fondly ſtrok'd his head.
He ſtood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring ſtrand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow ſand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly brow, and gently ſtoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dreſt
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breaſt.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt the thunderer,
She plac'd herſelf upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, ſeated on the God.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the ſeas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the ſhore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other graſps a horn:

Her

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divineſt form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter loſt;
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more.
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry ſire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome;
There aſks the God what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give:
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
"Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
"Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
"There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
"And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
"In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand."
No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic God,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude;
Her gently at a diſtance he purſued;

And,

And, as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great power whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs'd thy ſilver brook;
When to the heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.
Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie;
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grove
For living ſtreams, a ſacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes:
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:

[illegible]

[illegible] their endeavours and their hopes are vain,
[illegible] entangled in the winding train;
[illegible] death,
[illegible] with shafts of pestilential breath.
[illegible] in vain mounted high,
[illegible]
[illegible] for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
[illegible] the woods [illegible] impatient chief prepares.
[illegible] around his waist he wore,
[illegible] javelin to the field he bore
[illegible] the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his [illegible] breathless on the grass;
[illegible] their corpse he view'd,
Basking [illegible], and feasting in their blood.

Such

"Such friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer date:
"But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate."
Then heav'd a ſtone, and, riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.
With more ſucceſs the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters caſt:
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſterous courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;

The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy oak;
Till, ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
"Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
"Inſulting man! what thou thyſelf ſhalt be?"
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;

Then

Then tells the youth how to his wonde[illegible] es
Embattled armies from the field ſhould [illegible]
He ſows the teeth at Pallas's commar[illegible]
And flings the future people from his h[illegible]
The clods grow warm, and crumble wl[illegible] he ſows:
And now the pointed ſpears advance in [illegible]ws;
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts:
O'er all the field the [illegible] ha[illegible] t ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a c[illegible]
So through the par[illegible]
Its body up, and lim[illegible]
By juſt degrees; till [illegible] he ma[illegible]
And in his full prop[illegible] ikes the eyes.
Cadmus, ſurpriz'd [illegible] rtled at the ſight
Of his new foes, pre[illegible] mſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, [illegible] ear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a bli[illegible] promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;

" The ſun is high advanc'd, and downw[illegible]ds
" His burning beams directly on our he[illegible]
" Then by conſent abſtain from further
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the t[illegible];
" And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace."
They all conſent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph fro[illegible]ilt
Down in a vale wit[illegible]n [illegible]d,
Refreſh'd with gentle [illegible]as, a[illegible]ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's pr[illegible]e hau[illegible],
Full in the center of [illegible]darkſome w[illegible]
A ſpacious grotto, all[illegible]l o'er-grow[illegible]
With hoary moſs, an[illegible]with pumice-ſtone:
From out its rocky cl[illegible]e waters flow,
And trickling ſwell in[illegible]ke below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſt;
While Crocalè, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] nymphs [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] adorn

[illegible]

[illegible] hide.

[illegible] from aside.

[illegible] her bow,

[illegible] bow.

[illegible]

[illegible] the spoke:

[illegible] fight disclose.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] grown.

[illegible]

[illegible] hasse.

[illegible]

[illegible] neighbouring brook,

[illegible] cook.

Wretched [illegible]

I to speak, but only gave a groan;

And

And as he wept, within the watery glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops, with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſculk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart aſſails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs.
He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the ſad huntſman groveling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.

His

" Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
" 'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
" If I 'm indeed the miſtreſs of the ſky;
" If rightly ſtyl'd among the powers above
" The wife and ſiſter of the thundering Jove
" (And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny);
" It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
" And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I 'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele ſhe ſtood.
Old Beroë's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſter-child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, if all be true that 's ſaid.
" But truſt me, child, I 'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning maid
" Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd.

" But

" But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th' ethereal ſky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he ſought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chooſe;
" Fear not, replied the God, that I 'll refuſe
" Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm my voice,
" Chooſe what you will, and you ſhall have your choice.
" Then, ſays the nymph, when next you ſeek my arms
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms
" With which your Juno's boſom you inflame,
" And fill with tranſport heaven's immortal dame."
The God ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopp'd her voice:
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.
To keep his promiſe, he aſcends, and ſhrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt lightning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
Twas of a leſſer mold, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a ſecond rate,

For

the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious God, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her foſter-child;
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with milk the thriving God.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'TWAS now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth, ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,)
"The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
"More dull and dead, than what you females ſhare."

Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke,
But, after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
"And if, ſays he, ſuch virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your ſlimy folds untye
"Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I 'll try."
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But Jove (for ſo it is in heaven decreed,
That no one God repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;

his nymph the God Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Naiad got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſolicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe.
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a love-ſick maid her flame confeſs'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The love-ſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once, in the woods, as he purſued the chace,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers ſlipp'd away.
The Goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy crime,
"Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little uſe." Hence

Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This love-ſick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, haraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every ſound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

THUS did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy:
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;

Untroubled

Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,

Its empty being on thyſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding grove,
"Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
"Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lie
"A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I!
"I who before me ſee the charming fair,
"Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
"In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
"And yet no bulwark'd town, nor diſtant coaſt,
"Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
"No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
"A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
"And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
"That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
"Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
"My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtain'd
"O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
"But why ſhould I deſpair? I 'm ſure he burns
"With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
"When-e'er I ſtoop, he offers at a kiſs;
"And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
"His eye with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
"He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he weeps.

"Wh

" When-e'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
" It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom ſhould I court? How utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from myſelf remove!
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But, oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine."
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries Narciſſus, doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, though I 'm no further bleſt."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:

Its empty [illegible]
Step thou afid[illegible]
Still o'er th[illegible]
Mindless of [illegible]
Still view'd [illegible]
At length [illegible]
To ven[illegible]
" You [illegible]
" Who [illegible]
" Tell [illegible]
" A[illegible]
" I[illegible]
" [illegible] the grieved to see.
" [illegible]
[illegible] to every groan;
" [illegible] Na[illegible]ilus cries;
[illegible] nymph replies.
[illegible] sound scarce fell
[illegible] Farewel."
[illegible] lies.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE

E STORY OF PENTHEU

event gave blind Tireſias fame,
eece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
low'd Pentheus only durſt deride
people, and their eyeleſs guide.
e prophet in his fury ſaid,
hoary honours of his head;
ll, preſumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
rt eyeleſs too, and blind, like me:
ne comes, nay, 'tis already here,
young god's ſolemnities appear;
thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
us carcaſe, into pieces torn,
the woods, and hang on every thorn.
n, remember what I now foretel,
he blind Tireſias ſaw too well."
ſcorns him, and derides his ſkill;
all the prophet's threats fulfil.
ugh proſtrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
ng matrons celebrate the god.
l ſexes to his Orgies ran,
the pomps, and fill the train.
us thus his wicked rage expreſs'd;
neſs, Thebans, has your ſoul poſſeſs'd?
timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
wd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
your courage? Can the weak alarm
s yell thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,

His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
The ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted Echo ſued in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpite of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narciſſus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewel," ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, "Farewel."
Then on th' unwholſome earth he gaſping lies,
Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

THE

In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce withheld his hands, while thus he ſpoke:
"Vile ſlave whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall purſue,
"And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew:
"Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
"And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies, tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
"From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
"Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
"My ſire was meanly born; no [illegible] plough'd
"His fruitful fields [illegible] low'd.
"His whole [illegible]
"With [illegible]

" Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
" Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
" But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
" The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the Thebans periſh with renown:
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;
" Whom nor the prancing ſteed, nor ponderous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts, and flowery garland pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his godhead, and confeſs the cheat.
" Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
" This boaſted power; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;

In

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In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
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The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
"From high Meonia's rocky ſhores I came,
"Of poor deſcent, Acœtes is my name:
"My ſire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
"His fruitful fields, nor in his paſtures low'd.
"His whole eſtate within the waters lay;
"With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey;
"His art was all his livelihood; which he
"Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:

" In ſtreams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
" There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native ſky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Obſerv'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the ſhining Bears,
" With all the ſailor's catalogue of ſtars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I deſign'd,
" My veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong guſt of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek: aſhore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios ſpent.
" When morning roſe, I ſent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighbouring ſpring,
" Whilſt I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then ſummon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my ſummons, and with joy
" Brought to the ſhore a ſoft and lovely boy,
" With more than female ſweetneſs in his look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with ſleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And ſaw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who, ſaid I, this god ſhould be;
" But that he is a god I plainly ſee:
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuſe the force
" Theſe men have us'd, and oh befriend our courſe!

" Pray

" Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
" Dictys, that could the main-top-maſt beſtride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour ſlide.
" To the ſame purpoſe old Epopeus ſpoke,
" Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the ſtroke;
" The ſame the pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious avarice their ſouls poſſeſt.
" Nay, heaven forbid that I ſhould bear away
" Within my veſſel ſo divine a prey,
" Said I; and ſtood to hinder their intent:
" When Lycabas, a wretch for murder ſent
" From Tuſcany, to ſuffer baniſhment,
" With his clench'd fiſt had ſtruck me over-board,
" Had not my hands in falling graſp'd a cord.
" His baſe confederates the fact approve;
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noiſe and clamours which they rais'd;
" And ſhook his drowſy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
" What means this noiſe? he cries; am I betray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
" Fear not, ſaid Proteus, child, but tell us where
" You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly care.
" To Naxos then direct your courſe, ſays he;
" Naxos a hoſpitable port ſhall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God, that rules the ſea or ſky,
" The perjur'd villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the ſhip.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedleſs of the fraud, for Naxos ſtand:
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the hand.

" And

" And give me ſigns, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and ſteer another way.
" Then let ſome other to my poſt ſucceed,
" Said I, I 'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a deed.
" What, ſays Ethalion, muſt the ſhip's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?
" And ſtraight himſelf he ſeated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another ſhore.
" The beauteous youth now found himſelf betray'd,
" And from the deck the riſing waves ſurvey'd
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
" And do you thus my eaſy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native iſle?
" Will ſuch a multitude of men employ
" Their ſtrength againſt a weak defenceleſs boy?
" In vain did I the Godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
" And now, by all the Gods in heaven that hear
" This ſolemn oath, by Bacchus' ſelf, I ſwear,
" The mighty miracle that did enſue,
" Although it ſeems beyond belief, is true.
" The veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows ſtood.
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With ſails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the maſt, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The ſails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvas ſeen.
" Amidſt the waves a ſudden foreſt rears
" Its verdant head, and a new ſpring appears.

" The god we now behold with open eyes;
" A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
" And now himself he views with like surprize.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
" But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd, around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
" A shole of nineteen dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the Chian shore,
" And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging slave, says Pentheus, would prevail
" O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale;

" Go,

" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
" The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
" And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;

He

He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
"And this, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be Agave's ſhare."
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

THE

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling ſtreams,
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurſt an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.

A nymph prefides, nor practis'd in the cha
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the mai
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry,
" Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy,
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe."
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of h
But oft would bathe
Oft with a comb her
Now in the limpid ſtr he viev
And dreſt her image i floating
On beds of leaves ſhe epos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers w about her ſtreams;
And then by chance ring, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and what ſhe view'd.
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy features prove
" A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
" But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt:
" Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt;
" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy bride,
" Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
" If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The

The boy knew nought of love, and touch't with ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myſelf alone,
"You rude uncivil nymph, or I 'll be gone."
"Fair ſtranger then," ſays ſhe, "it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threat, ſhe feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:

His

His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs,
" He 's mine, he 's all my own," the Naïad cries;
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy reſiſt d was coy,
The more ſhe clapt, an e ſtruggling boy.
So when the wriggling ſnatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and h he ſky,
Around the foe his twi il he flings,
And twiſts her legs, ar ies about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy ſtill y ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſti love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe k intwin'd,
" And why, coy youth , why thus unkind?
" Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
" Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.

The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent gods, whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon, the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTI

NOTES

ON SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE ſtory of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majeſty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the moſt important ſubject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the firſt book;

" Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
" Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret;"

(though the learned apply thoſe verſes to the future burning of the world) for it fully anſwers that deſcription, if the

" ——Cœli miſerere tui, circumſpice utrumque,
" Fumat uterque polus——"

" Fumat uterque polus"—comes up to " correptaque " Regia cœli"—Beſides, it is Ovid's cuſtom to prepare the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.

P. 106. l. 7. For in the portal, &c.] We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little.

" —Balænarumque prementem
" Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis."

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

" —Facies non omnibus una,
" Nec diverſa tamen : qualem decet eſſe ſororem."

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhowed their affinity.

" Terra virос, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, feraſque,
" Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris."

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the painters call a groupe.

" —Circum caput omne micantes
" Depoſuit radios ; propiuſque accedere juſſit."

P. 107. l. 27. And flung the blaze, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a diſtance, and not able to approach him until he had lain aſide the circle of rays that caſt ſuch glory about his head. And indeed we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftineſs in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not conſidered by them who run down Ovid in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more ſimple and unadorned, than his deſcription of Enceladus in the ſixth book ?

" Nititur

"Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque refurgere fœpe,
"Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Pelœro,
"Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
"Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
"Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus."

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies; and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call

them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by Italian characters. The beſt of Ovid's expoſitors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a tranſlator: which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.

P. 108. l. 8. My ſon, ſays he, &c.] Phœbus's ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the "Terque quaterque "concutiens illuſtre caput"—and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the repreſenting them juſt as a father would to his young ſon;

"Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua tauri,
"Hæmonioſque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
"Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
"Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia cancrum."

for

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way,

" —Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,
" Qui ſæva terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
" Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?"
" Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
" Non honor eſt. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poſcis."

And in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender parent.

" —Patrio pater eſſe metu probor; aſpice vultus
" Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
" Inſerere, & patrias intus deprendere curas! &c."

P. 110. l. 13. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully eaſy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the tranſition to Argenteus, in the deſcription of the chariot, give theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty:

" Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
" Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo."

P. 111. l. 7. Drive them not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the ſun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the ſun did not paſs through all the ſigns he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may anſwer for what Phœbus ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it can-

far from what it had in him, where he is actually giving [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] in imitation of the following lines.

"Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
"Effuge australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton,"

stretches the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 111. l. 19. And not my chariot, &c.] "Ovid's verse is, Consiliis non curribus utere nostris." This way of making two such different ideas as chariot and counsels to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—"Pariterque, animaque, rotisque expulit aurigam," where he makes a forced piece of Latin ("animæ expulit aurigam") that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 112. l. 17. The youth was in a maze, &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. "Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ."

Ibid. l. 20. Then the seven stars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation,

tion, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 114. l. 12. Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the Engliſh reader, I have left out ſome of them that make no figure in the deſcription, and inverted the order of the reſt according as the ſmoothneſs of my verſe required.

P. 115. l. 7. 'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only Metamorphoſis in all this long ſtory, which, contrary to cuſtom, is inſerted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excurſion in him who propoſes it as his whole deſign to let us know the changes of things. I dare ſay that, if Ovid had not religiouſly obſerved the reports of the ancient Mythologiſts, we ſhould have ſeen Phaeton turned into ſome creature or other that hates the light of the ſun; or perhaps into an eagle, that ſtill takes pleaſure to gaze on it.

P. 115. l. 28. The frighted Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleaſant images towards the latter end of this ſtory. His verſes on the Nile,

" Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
" Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: oſtia ſeptem
" Pulverulenta vacant, ſeptem ſine flumine valles."

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the ſea afterwards,

" Mare

" Mare contrahitur, ſiccæque eſt campus arenæ," becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

" —Quos altum texerat æquor
" Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent."

but to tell us that the ſwans grew warm in Cäyſter,

" —Medio volucres caluere Cäyſtro,"

and that the Dolphins durſt not leap,

" Ne ſe ſuper æquora curvi
" Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras,"

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

P. 116. l. 19. The earth at length, &c.] We have here a ſpeech of the Earth, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an Engliſh reader. It is I believe the boldeſt Proſopopœia of any in the old Poets; or, if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE.

P. 141. l. 17. The dignity of empire, &c.] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

" Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
" Majeſtas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c."

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 142. l. 27. The frighted nymph looks, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of Europa,

" —Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri

" Europen

" Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
" Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
" Et comites clamare ſuos, tactumque vereri
" Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas,"

is better deſcribed in Arachne's picture in the Sixth Book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius's Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the Latin Poets (who had more art and reflexion than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itſelf; becauſe in the deſcription of a picture you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture itſelf, or what is repreſented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK.

FAB. I.

THERE is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtiles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed ſhows himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſy and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem. In the preſent fable, the ſerpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined; the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language

language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow:

P. 146. l. 8. Spire above Spire, &c.] Ovid, to make his ſerpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body, he over-looked a tall foreſt of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the ſerpent in the ſkies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. Virgil is not aſhamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formidable foe, where he gives us the deſcription of Polyphemus, in the Third Book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we ſhould certainly have ſeen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way: or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

" —Phœnicas, ſive illi tela parabant,
" Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
" Occupat:—"

Ibid. l. 15. In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic ſtile: he has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the

the behaviour of the Tyrians at the ſight of the ſerpent:

" —Tegimen direptu leoni
" Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti lancea ferro,
" Et jaculum; teloque animus præſtantior omni."

and in a few lines after lets drop the majeſty of his verſe, for the ſake of one of his little turns. How does he languiſh in that which ſeems a laboured line!

" Triſtia ſanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ."

And what pains does he take to expreſs the ſerpent's breaking the force of the ſtroke, by ſhrinking back from it!

" Sed leve vulnus erat, quia ſe retrahebat ab ictu,
" Luſaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque ſedere
" Credendo fecit, nec longiùs ire ſinebat."

P. 149. l. 4. And ſings the future, &c.] The deſcription of the men riſing out of the ground is as beautiful a paſſage as any in Ovid. It ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; we ſee their motion in the firſt part of it, and their multitude in the "Meſſis "virorum" at laſt.

Ibid. l. 9. The breathing harveſt, &c.] "Meſſis "clypeata virorum." The beauty in theſe words would have been greater, had only "Meſſis virorum" been expreſſed without "clypeata;" for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two ſuch different ideas compounded together, but can ſcarce attend to ſuch a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great ſurprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be ſufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is deſcribed. The

Latin Poets are very full of it, eſpecially the worſt of them; for the more correct uſe it but ſparingly, as indeed the nature of things will ſeldom afford a juſt occaſion for it. When any thing we deſcribe has accidentally in it ſome quality that ſeems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that ſpecies, ſuch a compounded image as we are now ſpeaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we deſcribe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of cryſtal with water in the midſt of it for his ſubject, takes the advantage of conſidering the cryſtal as hard, ſtony, precious water, and the water as ſoft, fluid, imperfect cryſtal; and thus ſports off above a dozen Epigrams, in ſetting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himſelf up ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſily know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſubject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them that he many times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's Golden Bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certainly have ſeen the yellow bark, golden ſprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raiſed between words of ſuch different natures: when we ſee Virgil contented with his "Auri frondentis;" and what is the ſame, though much finer expreſſed,—"Frondeſcit virga metallo." This compoſition of different ideas is often met with

in

in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happily reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin Poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their deſcriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoſes, and the like; where they bring together two ſuch thwarting ideas, by making one part of their deſcriptions relate to the repreſentation, and the other to the thing that is repreſented. Of this nature is that verſe, which, perhaps, is the wittieſt in Virgil; "Attollens humeris "famamque et fata nepotum," Æn. viii. where he deſcribes Æneas carrying on his ſhoulders the reputation and fortunes of his poſterity; which, though very odd and ſurprizing, is plainly made out, when we conſider how theſe diſagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his poſterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the ſhield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where ſhe had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he ſays—"Rupit cœleſtia crimina." I ſhall conclude this tedious reflexion with an excellent ſtroke of this nature out of Mr. Montague's * Poem to the King; where he tells us, how the King of France would have been celebrated by his ſubjects, if he had ever gained ſuch an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne.

"His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax.

FAB.

F A B. II.

P. 150. l. 3. Here Cadmus reign'd.] This is a pretty ſolemn tranſition to the ſtory of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddeſs and her maids undreſſing her, are deſcribed with diverting circumſtances. Actæon's flight, confuſion, and griefs, are paſſionately repreſented; but it is pity the whole narration ſhould be ſo careleſly cloſed up.

" —Ut abeſſe queruntur,
" Nec capere oblatæ ſegnem ſpectacula prædæ.
" Vellet abeſſe quidem, ſed adeſt, velletque videre,
" Non etiam ſentire, canum fera facta ſuorum."

P. 153. l. 10. A generous pack, &c.] I have not here troubled myſelf to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verſe; and the Greek names Ovid uſes would ſound a great deal worſe. He cloſes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jeſt on it: " Quoſque referre mora eſt"—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other ſerious parts of this ſtory.

This way of inſerting catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the Latins took from the Greeks; but have made them more pleaſing than thoſe they imitate, by adapting ſo many delightful characters to their perſons names; in which part Ovid's copiouſneſs of invention, and great inſight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The ſmoothneſs of our Engliſh verſe

with is not much loſt by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwiſe very natural, and abſolutely neceſſary in ſome caſes; as before a battle to raiſe in our minds an anſwerable expectation of the events, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thouſand of each ſide, our imagination could not poſſibly have been ſo affected, as when we ſee every leader fingled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

F A B. III.

P. 154. l. 25. How Semele, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finiſhed ſtories. The tranſition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two ſpeeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a reſenting goddeſs and a tattling nurſe: Jupiter makes a very majeſtic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is ſtill ſuch a one as ſhews who drew it; for who does not plainly diſcover Ovid's hand in the

" Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
" Nec, quo centimanum dejiceret igne Typhœa,
" Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
" Eſt aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum,
" Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ;
" Tela ſecunda vocant ſuperi."—

P. 155. l. 26. 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddeſſes in the Fifth Æneid; but if we compare the ſpeech ſhe there makes

with that of her name-ſake in this ſtory, we may find the genius of each Poet diſcovering itſelf in the language of the nurſe: Virgil's Iris could not have ſpoken more majeſtically in her own ſhape; but Juno is ſo much altered from herſelf in Ovid, that the goddeſs is quite loſt in the old woman.

F A B. V.

P. 160. l. 9. She can't begin, &c.] If playing on words be excuſable in any Poem, it is in this, where Echo is a ſpeaker; but it is ſo mean a kind of wit, that, if it deſerves excuſe, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Eſſay of Human Underſtanding, has given us the beſt account of wit in ſhort that can any where be met with. "Wit, ſays he, lies in "the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together "with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found "any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up "pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author obſerves, generally conſiſt in the likeneſs of ideas, and is more or leſs wit, as this likeneſs in ideas is more ſurprizing and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing elſe but a ſimilitude in ideas, ſo is falſe wit the ſimilitude in words, whether it lies in the likeneſs of letters only, as in Anagram and Acroſtic; or of Syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or whole words, as Puns, Echoes, and the like. Beſide theſe two kinds of falſe and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has ſomething of both in it—when in

two

two ideas that have ſome reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies fire, to expreſs love by (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they once have called Love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire; and, as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the Greek Epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. In ſhort, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding inſtances, he finds any circumſtance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it ſurprizes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in Ovid, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixt wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Ho-

race, and the greateſt Poets, ſcorned it; as indeed it is only fit for Epigram, and little copies of verſes: one would wonder therefore how ſo ſublime a genius as Milton could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an Epic Poem. But we muſt attribute it to his humouring the vicious taſte of the age he lived in, and the falſe judgment of our unlearned Engliſh readers in general, who have few of them a reliſh of the more maſculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

F A B. VI.

Ovid ſeems particularly pleaſed with the ſubject of this ſtory, but has notoriouſly fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has ſaid enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twiſted that one thought of Narciſſus's being the perſon beloved, and the lover too?

" Cunctaque miratur quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe.
" —Qui probat, ipſe probatur.
" Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,
" Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
" Perque oculos perit ipſe ſuos—
" Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque feroque, &c."

But we cannot meet with a better inſtance of the extravagance and wantonneſs of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumſtance at the end of the ſtory, of Narciſſus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The deſign was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himſelf here on earth; but to torture him with the ſame paſſion after death, and not

to

[illegible] ghoſt reſt in quiet, was intolerably cruel and [illegible]ritable.

P. 161. l. 8. But whilſt within, &c.] "Dumque ſitim ſedare cupit ſitis altera crevit." We have here [illegible] of that mixed wit I have before ſpoken of; but [illegible] the meaſure of pun in it out-weighs the true [illegible]; for if we expreſs the thought in other words the [illegible] is almoſt loſt. This paſſage of Narciſſus proba- gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though [illegible] her ſurprize, at the ſight of her own face in the [illegible], far more juſt and natural than this of Narciſ- . She was a raw unexperienced being, juſt created, [illegible] therefore might eaſily be ſubject to the deluſion; [illegible] Narciſſus had been in the world ſixteen years, was [illegible]ther and ſon to the water-nymphs, and therefore to ſuppoſed converſant with fountains long before this [illegible]al miſtake.

P. 162. l. 8. You trees, ſays he, &c.] Ovid is y juſtly celebrated for the paſſionate ſpeeches of his [illegible]m. They have generally abundance of nature in [illegible]m, but I leave it to better judgments to conſider [illegible]ether they are not often too witty and too tedious. [illegible]e Poet never cares for ſmothering a good thought [illegible]t comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw [illegible]rs enough from his reader: by which means our [illegible]ef is either diverted or ſpent before we come to his [illegible]cluſion; for we cannot at the ſame time be delight- with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the [illegible]ſon that ſpeaks it; and a great Critic has admirably [illegible]ll obſerved, "Lamentationes debent eſſe breves et

" conciſæ, nam lacryma ſubitò excreſcit, et difficile " eſt Auditorem vel Lectorem in ſummo animi affectu " diu tenere." Would any one in Narciſſus's condition have cry'd out——" Inopem me copia fecit?" Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflexion?

" O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!

" Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus,
" abeſſet."

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment; and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

F A B. VII.

P. 165. l. 22. When Pentheus thus] There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in this ſpeech of Pentheus, but I believe none beſide Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the ſerpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

" Eſte, precor, memores, quâ ſitis ſtirpe creati,
" Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
" Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
" Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtrâ.
" Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
" Et patrium revocate decus."

F A B.

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant; and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good ſimilies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former ſtory, and to a war-horſe in the preſent.

AN ESSAY ON VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the firſt who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greateſt maſters of Greece: Theocritus and Homer have ſtill diſputed for the advantage over him in Paſtoral and Heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Heſiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the ſweetneſs and ruſticity of a Paſtoral cannot be ſo well expreſſed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majeſty of an heroic poem any where appear ſo well as in this language, which has a natural greatneſs in it, and can be often rendered more deep and ſonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle ſtyle, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we ſee how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the ſame way with him.

There has been abundance of criticiſm ſpent on Virgil's Paſtorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a ſubject which none of the critics have ſufficiently taken into their conſideration; moſt of them paſſing it over in ſilence, or caſting it under the ſame head with Paſtoral; a diviſion by no means proper, unleſs we ſuppoſe the ſtyle of a huſbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a ſhepherd is in a Paſtoral. But though

though the ſcope of both theſe poems lies in the ſame place; the ſpeakers in them are of quite a different character, ſince the precepts of huſbandry are not to be delivered with the ſimplicity of a ploughman, but with the addreſs of a poet. No rules therefore, that relate to Paſtoral, can any way affect the Georgics, ſince they fall under that claſs of poetry, which conſiſts in giving plain and direct inſtructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as thoſe of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philoſophical ſpeculations, as thoſe of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as thoſe of Heſiod and Virgil. Among theſe different kind of ſubjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meaneſt and leaſt improving, but the moſt pleaſing and delightful. Precepts of morality, beſides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averſe to them, are ſo abſtracted from ideas of ſenſe, that they ſeldom give an opportunity for thoſe beautiful deſcriptions and images which are the ſpirit and life of poetry. Natural philoſophy has indeed ſenſible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its diſputes. But this kind of poetry I am now ſpeaking of, addreſſes itſelf wholly to the imagination: It is altogether converſant among the fields and woods, and has the moſt delightful part of nature for its province. It raiſes in our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſkips, whilſt it teaches us; and makes the dryeſt of its precepts look like a deſcription. "A "Georgic therefore is ſome part of the ſcience of huſ-

"bandry

" handry put into a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all " the beauties and embelliſhments of poetry." Now ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhews his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. Virgil was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt Georgic, he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety, without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner; for there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chooſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe

proſe writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one ſets out, as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics where the reader may ſee the different ways Virgil has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

"Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
"Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
"Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
"—— Steriles platani malos geſſere valentes,
"Caſtaneæ fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
"Flore pyri: glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis.
"—— Nec longum tempus: & ingens
"Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
"Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma."

Here we ſee the Poet conſidered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurprize, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing

[illegible] part [illegible] the [illegible] that enters [illegible] an idea [illegible] the mind, [illegible] discoveries, [illegible] seem to work [illegible] faculties.

[illegible] present will [illegible] meets with [illegible] not to [illegible] but some- [illegible] [illegible] of the original [illegible] of a coun- try life, [illegible] which are not brought in by force,

ſcale, but naturally riſe out of the pricipal argument and deſign of the poem. I know no one digreſſion in the Georgics that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the firſt book, where the Poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battle of Pharſalia, and the actions of Auguſtus: but it is worth while to conſider how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in thoſe inimitable lines;

" Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
" Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
" Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila:
" Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
" Grandiſque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris."

And afterwards, ſpeaking of Auguſtus's actions, he ſtill remembers that Agriculture ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

" —Non ullus aratro
" Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
" Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem."

We now come to a ſtyle which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent itſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtyle, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion; but every where to keep up his verſe in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think

[illegible]

[illegible] omitted [illegible] from the [illegible] of the expression, [illegible] a [illegible] of familiarity [illegible] the new phrases and terms of art, that are [illegible] in husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgics, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and [illegible] of husbandry, but in the [illegible] that poetry can [illegible] in it. Thus Virgil, to [illegible] from the common form of words, would not [illegible] the [illegible] of tempers but [illegible] in his [illegible], and every where [illegible] abounds with Metaphors, [illegible], and [illegible], to give his verse the grateful pomp, and [illegible] from sinking into a [illegible] style. And [illegible] consult Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the Poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether

together in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandiſe, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in deſcribing month after month, with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurprize and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather; and may before-hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of January, "The wild beaſts, ſays he, "run ſhivering through the woods with their heads "ſtooping to the ground, and their tails clapt be-"tween their legs; the goats and oxen are almoſt "ſtead with cold; but it is not ſo bad with the ſheep, "becauſe they have a thick coat of wool about them. "The old men too are bitterly pinched with the "weather; but the young girls feel nothing of it, "who ſit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-"ſide." Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a juſt poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn

more

more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us; which are grown ſo very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but, if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures, reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two Books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject, with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflexions, that, if we look on both Poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman; and in the other, ſomething of ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has picked out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The Second Book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The First, with great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this Book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the Poet's climax in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

"O qui me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

and is every where mentioning, among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The Third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague; and

[illegible] endeavour to [illegible] But though [illegible] that are not [illegible] not presume to name [illegible] my own judgment, than I [illegible] which lay [illegible] and [illegible] put

put to it. The firſt Georgic was probably burleſqed in the author's lifetime; for we ſtill find in the ſcholiaſts a verſe that ridicules part of a line tranſlated from Heſiod, "Nudus ara, ſere nudus"—And we may eaſily gueſs at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his cenſuring this particular precept. We may be ſure Virgil would not have tranſlated it from Heſiod, had he not diſcovered ſome beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before obſerved to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept ſo indirectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtance of ſowing and plowing naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe employments are proper only in the hot ſeaſon of the year.

I ſhall not here compare the ſtyle of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may ſee already done in the preface to the ſecond volume of Miſcellany Poems*; but ſhall conclude this Poem to be the moſt complete, elaborate, and finiſhed piece of all antiquity. The Æneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but thoſe of the Georgic are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greateſt Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

* The Collection publiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLE

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurprize
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their ſovereign, through his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily ſince his courſe begun
Rejoic'd the metal to [illegible]ine,
And ripen'd the Peru[illegible]n mine.
Thou, Kneller, lon[illegible] with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy a[illegible] haſt vy'd
With nature in a gene[illegible] ſtrife,
And touch'd the canv[illegible]to life.
Thy pencil has, by [illegible]archs ſought,
From reign to reign i[illegible]mine wrought,
And, in the robes of [illegible]e array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was diſgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Though heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!

With Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish't rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chace the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

SPOKEN BY Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by no[illegible] and through the gamut rage;
In ſongs and airs exp[illegible] their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and [illegible] fuge expire:
While, lull'd by ſou[illegible] and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you [illegible]ently ſit,
And, from the dull [illegible] of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fid[illegible]epartee:
Our home-ſpun auth[illegible] muſt forſake the field,
And Shakeſpeare to [illegible]oft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte [illegible] poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, muſically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd joy:
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

PROLOGUE

TO STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Droles of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every ſhire;
Of every faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the Park,
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleaſure or of place invites;
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.

Howe'er,

Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crouded houſe to-night:
——Here 's ſtill encouragement for thoſe [illegible] write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day
Stocks with variety of fools his play:
And that there may be [illegible] ew,
Two ladies-errant has [illegible]
The firſt a damſel, tra[illegible]
The t'other more refin[illegible]
Reſcue, like courteous [illegible]s, the nym[illegible]ger,
And kindly treat, like [illegible]red men, [illegible]nger.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſtening foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand;
The deſert ſmiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſkip mixt,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continued ſhow:
But, as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, though the place ſtands ſtill;
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wandering eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert your ſight.

AN

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILI[illegible]AY.

SET TO MUSICK BY MR. DANIEL [illegible]

PERFORMED AT OXFORD 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd ſtrain, my Muſe,
Thy ſofteſt ſounds and ſweeteſt num[illegible]rs chuſe;
The bright Cecilia's [illegible]
In warbling words, [illegible]
That ſmoothly run i[illegible]
And gently die away [illegible]

II.

Firſt let the ſprightly [illegible]
The joyful melody b[illegible]
And none of all h[illegible]e mute,
While the ſharp ſoun[illegible]ler lay
In ſweet harmonious [illegible]ecay,
Soften and mellow'd by the flute.
* "The flute that ſweetly can complain,
"Diſſolve the frozen nymph's diſdain;
"Panting ſympathy impart,
"Till ſhe partake her lover's ſmart."

C H O R U S.

III.

Next, let the ſolemn organ join
Religious airs, and ſtrains divine,
Such as may lift us to the ſkies,
And ſet all heaven before our eyes:

"Such

* The four laſt lines of the ſecond and third ſtanza's were added by Mr. Tate.

" Such as may lift us to the ſkies;
" So far at leaſt till they
" Deſcend with kind ſurprize,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing ſound
Our raviſh'd ears with pleaſure wound:
The ſoul o'er-powering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A ſtreak of lightning clears the day,
And flaſhes on the ſight.
Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring ſtrain
Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that ſacred heats inſpir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-ſick youth, that long ſuppreſs'd
His ſmother'd paſſion in his breaſt,
No ſooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the ſecret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.
With raviſh'd ſoul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;

Nor

Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

AND now the choir compleat rejoices,
With trembling strings
The tuneful ferment
And works with min
Quick divisions run the
A thousand trills and q ng sounds
In airy circles o'er us
Till, wafted by a gentle
They faint and languish
And at a distance die

AN ODE.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay;
And publiſhes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the liſtening earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor ſound,
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I 'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt;
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence theſe comforts flow'd.

VI. When

VI.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Haſt doubled all my ſtore.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI. Through

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I 'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and day and nigh
Divide thy works no more.
My ever-grateful h
Thy mercy ſhall

Through all eternit hee,
A joyful ſong I e;
For, oh! eternity
To utter all thy

AN ODE.

I.

HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made every region pleaſe;
The hoary Alpine-hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene ſeas.

IV.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors riſe.

V.

Confuſion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
Whilſt, in the confidence of prayer,
My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore;
And praiſe Thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to Thee.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker face to face;
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul;
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled ſoul,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy Only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon ſure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering ſteps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall *murmur all* around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE*.

WHERE gentle Thames through ſtately channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabrick does the ſight invade,
And ſtretches o'er the waves a pompous ſhade;
Whence ſudden ſhouts the neighbourhood ſurprize,
And thundering claps and dreadful hiſſings riſe.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant ſcenes,
And rakes the ſtews for goddeſſes and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and ſcepters grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majeſtic caſt;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of ſuppliant ſlaves, like Sancho, ſtarve and reign.
But enter in, my Muſe; the Stage ſurvey,
And all its pomp and pageantry diſplay;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompaſs it around:
On either ſide maim'd Temples fill our eyes,
And intermixt with Brothel-houſes riſe;
Disjointed Palaces in order ſtand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'erſhade the Stage, and flouriſh at command.
A ſtamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion ſtruck the vocal lyre,

He

* *See Sedley's Miſcellanies*, 8vo. p. 202.

He ſaw the ſpacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and riſing cities crown'd.
But next the tiring-room ſurvey, and ſee
Falſe titles, and promiſcuous quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm, from heroes and from queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they chuſe with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and ſwaggering belly make an hoſt,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghoſt;
From careful brows and heavy down-caſt eyes,
Dull cits and thick-ſcull'd aldermen ariſe:
The comic tone, inſpir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applauſe:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.
Above the reſt, the prince with haughty ſtalks
Magnificent in purple buſkins walks:
The royal robes his awful ſhoulders grace,
Profuſe of ſpangles and of copper-lace:
Officious raſcals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltleſs of blood, th' unpointed weapon tye:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with braſs, and ſtarr'd with Briſtol ſtone.
His royal conſort next conſults her glaſs,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening firſt her ghaſtly looks beſmears,
All pale and wan th' unfiniſh'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the bluſhing purple glows,
And a falſe virgin-modeſty beſtows.

Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion tyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance compleat, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers; and, spight of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the Stage in state;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait:
There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse:
His subjects tremble; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight,
Of public business and affairs of state:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some prudeful brandy-shop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays;
The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and washes dies:
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before:

So the fam'd ſpear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the Stage;
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important poſt,
And riſes every other night a ghoſt;
Through the cleft Stage, his mealy face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others, with ſwords and ſhields, the ſoldier's pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide,
And in a thouſand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus ſeveral perſons ſeveral parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and bluſtering heroes ſtorm.
The ſtern exaſperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poiſon clears the Stage.
Then honours vaniſh, and diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undreſs.
Heroes no more their fading laurels boaſt,
And mighty kings in private men are loſt.
He, whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquiſh'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters ſtinks again.

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks, an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confuſion in their looks they ſhow'd;
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

CATO.

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

" **Ecce ſpectaculum dignum, ad quod reſpiciat, in-**
" **tentus operi ſuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum,**
" **vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus!** Non
" **video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pul-**
" **chrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut**
" **ſpectet Catonem, jam partibus non ſemel fractis,**
" **nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.**"

SEN. de Divin. Prov.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While envy is itſelf in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend:
And joins th' applauſe which all the learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * light ſcenes I once inſcrib'd your name,
And impotently ſtrove to borrow fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,
And raiſe the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To ſhew how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring,
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;

With

* Tender Huſband, dedicated to Mr. Addiſon.

With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapt, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the four critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept;
When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, *I'm satisfy'd.*

See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Cato's heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.

Virg

Virgil began in English dreſs to ſhine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur, ſtill divine:
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlborough, was your darling ſong.
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as ſwiftly you purſue.
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conqueſts you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundleſs raptures here the Muſe could ſwell,
And on your Roſamond for ever dwell:
There opening ſweets and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant ſmile, a never-fading bower!
Next, human follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from numbers, but not ſink in proſe:
Whether in viſionary ſcenes you play,
Refine our taſtes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buſkin'd Muſe you ſhine confeſt,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breaſt.
Such energy of ſenſe might pleaſure raiſe,
Though unembelliſh'd with the charms of phraſe:
Such charms of phraſe would with ſucceſs be crown'd,
Though nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious ſound.
The chaſteſt virgin needs no bluſhes fear,
The learn'd themſelves not uninſtructed hear.
The libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roll,
And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

Where-e'er you traverſe vaſt Numidia's plains,
What ſluggiſh Briton in his iſle remains!
When Juba ſeeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
By the deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling eaſt wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the ſtream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,
We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruin hear.
When royal robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve;
When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
We know not which to paſs, or which to taſte.
The ſhining incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole new ſcenes of tranſport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems ſurprize.
Here ſapphires, here the Sardian ſtone is ſeen,
The topaz yellow, and the jaſper green.
The coſtly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous ſurfaces darts trembling light:

The

The diſtinct colours mingle in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand ways.

Trinity College, Cambridge. L. EUSDEN.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour firſt I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued,
That ſcene of death ſo terrible appears,
My ſoul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with ſuch wondrous art your ſkilful hand
Does all the paſſions of the ſoul command,
That ev'n my grief to praiſe and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which firſt I mourn'd.

What pen, but yours, could draw the doubtful ſtrife
Of honour ſtruggling with the love of life?
Deſcribe the patriot, obſtinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he ſtood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing ſight, and heaven the diſtant ſhore.
Secure of endleſs bliſs, with fearful eyes,
He graſps the dagger, and its point defies,
And ruſhes out of life to ſnatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How juſt her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's in the Britiſh youth.

Their generous ſouls, when he reſigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death:
And when her conquering ſword Britannia draws,
Reſolves to periſh, or defend her cauſe.
Now firſt on Albion's theatre we ſee
A perfect image of what man ſhould be;
The glorious character is now expreſt,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breaſt:
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's ſoul, as in her heaven ſhe ſhines.

All-Souls-College, Oxon. DIGBY COTES.

LEFT

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

NOW we may ſpeak, ſince Cato ſpeaks no more:
'Tis praiſe at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Io's rung
Sent to the ſkies, from whence thy genius ſprung;
Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was loſt,
And factions ſtrove but to applaud thee moſt;
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taſte,
But every night was dearer than the laſt.

As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of ſome returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead diſcharg'd,
For fame, for treaſure, and her bounds enlarg'd;
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate paſſions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and ſhouts from every tongue;
So in the pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleaſure, we ſurvey
A theme ſo ſcanty wrought into a play;
So vaſt a pile on ſuch foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waſte:
Behold its glowing paint! its eaſy weight!
Its nice proportions! and ſtupendous height!

How chaste the conduct! How divine the rage!
A Roman worthy, on a Grecian stage!
  But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn'd, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns;
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his panting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
  O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

UPON

UPON MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the Tragic Muſe forgot to weep,
By modern Operas quite lull'd aſleep:
No matter what the lines, the voice was clear,
Thus ſenſe was ſacrific'd to pleaſe the ear.
At laſt, * One Wit ſtood up in our defence,
And dar'd (O impudence!) to publiſh—ſenſe.
Soon then as next the juſt tragedian ſpoke,
The ladies ſigh'd again, the beaux awoke.
Thoſe heads that us'd moſt indolent to move
To ſing-ſong, ballad, and ſonata love,
Began their buried ſenſes to explore,
And found they now had paſſions as before:
The power of nature in their boſoms felt,
In ſpite of prejudice compell'd to melt.

When Cato's firm, all hope of ſuccour paſt,
Holding his ſtubborn virtue to the laſt,
I view, with joy and conſcious tranſport fir'd,
The ſoul of Rome in one great man retir'd:
In him, as if ſhe by confinement gain'd,
Her powers and energy are higher ſtrain'd
Than when in crowds of ſenators ſhe reign'd!
Cato well ſcorn'd the life that Cæſar gave,
When fear and weakneſs only bid him ſave:
But when a virtue like his own revives
The hero's conſtancy—with joy he lives.

Obſerve the juſtneſs of the poet's thoughts
Whoſe ſmalleſt excellence is want of faults:

* The Spectator.

Without affected pomp and noiſe he warms;
Without the gaudy dreſs of beauty charms.
Love, the old ſubject of the buſkin'd Muſe,
Returns, but ſuch as Roman virgins uſe.
A virtuous love, chaſtis'd by pureſt thought,
Not from the fancy, but from nature wrought.
Britons, with leſſen'd wonder, now behold
Your former wits, and all your bards of old;
Jonſon out-vy'd in his own way confeſs;
And own that Shakeſpeare's ſelf now pleaſes leſs.
While Phoebus binds the laurel on his brow,
Riſe up, ye Muſes; and, ye Poets, bow:
Superior worth with admiration greet,
And place him neareſt to his Phoebus' ſeat.

ON CATO:

OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF THAT NAME.

BY MR. COPPING.

HIS ancient Rome by party-factions rent,
Long ſince the generous Cato did lament;
Himſelf united with his country's cauſe,
Bravely refus'd to live, 'midſt dying laws.
Pleas'd with returning liberty to come,
With joy the hero riſes from his tomb;
And in Britannia finds a ſecond Rome.
Till by repeated rage, and civil fires,
Th' unhappy patriot again expires;
Weeps o'er her fate, and to the gods retires.

*** The verſes of Dr. YOUNG, Mr. TICKELL, and Mr. HUGHES, on this tragedy, are among the poems of their reſpective authors.

PRO-

PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heaven itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate:
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?

Ev'n

Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of v
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'er-caſt,
The triumph ceas'd—tears guſh'd from every eye;
The world's great victor paſt unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dej[illegible]D
And honour'd Cæſar's [illegible]
Britons, attend: be [illegible]
And ſhow you have th[illegible]te
With honeſt ſcorn the [illegible]tam'd Cato view
Rome learning arts fr[illegible]ece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
Our ſcene precariouſly [illegible]too long
On French tranſlation, [illegible]talian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe you [illegible]s; aſſert the ſtage;
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

DRAMATIS

PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. BOOTH.
Mr. KEEN.
Mr. MILLS.
Mr. WILKS.
Mr. CIBBER.
Mr. POWEL.
Mr. [illegible].
Mr. BOWMAN.

[illegible] &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. OLDFIELD.
Mrs. PORTER.

[illegible] Prince of Tyre.

CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' import[illegible] day; big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rom[illegible]—Our father's death
Would fill up all the [illegible]ilt of civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of [illegible]lood. Already Cæſar
Has ravag'd more tha[illegible]alf the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin [illegible] deſtructive ſword:
Should he go further, [illegible]umbers would be wanting,
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye Gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy ſteddy temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæſar,
In the calm lights of mild philoſophy;
I 'm tortur'd, ev'n to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he 's nam'd
Pharſalia riſes to my view—I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His horſe's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.

Oh

Oh Portius, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſufferings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Againſt a world, a baſe degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:

The

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces them in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

MARCUS.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe:
Oh Portius, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou could'ſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpity'd and ſucceſsleſs love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

PORTIUS.

Thou ſee'ſt not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue 's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy Cato's ſon.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt

In

In high ambition, and a thirſt of greatneſs;
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulſe.
I feel it here: my reſolution melts—

PORTIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What! ſhall an African, ſhall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's ſon, and ſhow the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman ſoul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind them
When-e'er did Juba, or did Portius, ſhow
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtrait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's ſufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

en knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
hilſt I ſpeak.—Do they not ſwim in tears?
ut my heart as naked to thy view,
would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

r then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
d condoling cares and friendly ſorrow?

PORTIUS.

arcus, did I know the way to eaſe
oubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

a beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
a weak diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
udden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
ort of paſſions—But Sempronius comes:
ſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS.

piracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
xecuted. What means Portius here?
ot that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
eak a language foreign to my heart.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

d morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
nore embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.

To-

To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a wave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun, 's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman Senate
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her Senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life 's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I 'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhows thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conſpicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingering here
On this important hour—I 'll ſtrait away;
And while the fathers of the Senate meet
In cloſe debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I 'll animate the ſoldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I 'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouze up all that 's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deſerve it.
[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on the ſtripling! How he apes his ſire!
Ambitiouſly ſententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well diſpos'd to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the courſe.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cauſe
Are bars to my ambition. Cæſar's favour,
That ſhowers down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To Rome's firſt honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But, Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

—Sempronius, all is ready.
I 've founded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there 's no time to waſte;
Ev'n whilſt we ſpeak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cæſar's active ſoul,
With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppoſe his paſſage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans ſink before him;
Through winds, and waves, and ſtorms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will ſet the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That ſtill would recommend thee more to Cæſar,
And challenge better terms—

SYPHAX.

—Alas! he 's loſt,
He 's loſt, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I 'll try once more

(Fo

(For every inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be ſure to preſs upon him every motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæſar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning Zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they 're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I 'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion, ('tis the ſureſt way);
I 'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæſar till I ſhake the Senate.
Your cold hypocriſy 's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldſt thou be thought in earne
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou 'rt able to inſtruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be ſure to try thy ſkill on Juba;
Mean while I 'll haſten to my Roman ſoldiers,

Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh! tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on every word we ſpeak,
On every thought, till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

I 'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head-ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at Cato.
The time is ſhort, Cæſar comes ruſhing on us—
But hold! young Juba ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,

When

When difficulties lie heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the lords and ſovereigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidſt our barren rocks and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where 's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my Prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

JUBA.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
And lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and liberal arts;

Th' embelliſhments of life: virtues like theſe
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heavens!—Excuſe an old man's wrath.
What are theſe wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break-off all its commerce with the tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

JUBA.

To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thine eyes to Cato!
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He 's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, there 's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſerts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.

Coarſe

Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens, with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the Romans call it Stoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's ſands, diſfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why do'ſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What would'ſt thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon Cato.

JUBA.

Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there 's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I 've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I 'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he 's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewell?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear ſad remembrance,

At

At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!—his grief
Swell'd up ſo high he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty, which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer-ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou would'ſt; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.

JUBA.

My father ſcorn'd to do't.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,

Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather ſay your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
But eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces fluſht with more exalted charms.
The ſun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the North.

JUBA.

'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. Cato's ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles

Dwell

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you would conſider—

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hah! Syphax, is 't not ſhe!—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thouſand curſes faſten on them both!
Now will this woman with a ſingle glance
Undo, what I 've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming maid, how does thy beauty ſmooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror ſmile!
At ſight of thee my heart ſhakes off its ſorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæſar.

MARCIA.

I ſhould be griev'd, young prince, to think my preſence
Unbent your thoughts, and ſlacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

JUBA.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wiſhes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add ſtrength and weight to my deſcending ſword,
And drive it in a tempeſt on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wiſhes always ſhall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cauſe of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA.

That Juba may deſerve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I ſhine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll haſten to my troops,
And fire their languid ſouls with Cato's virtue;
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war ſhall ſtand ranged in its juſt array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhou'd grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you 're too ſevere:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honeſt ſoul,
Speak all ſo movingly in his behalf,
I dare not truſt myſelf to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a paſſion,
And ſteel your heart to ſuch a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, Lucia! would'ſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing dreams, and loſe myſelf in love,
When every moment Cato's life 's at ſtake?
Cæſar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the ſad occaſion ſwallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this conſtancy of mind,
Who have ſo many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her ſofteſt mould,
Enfeebled all my ſoul with tender paſſions,
And ſunk me ev'n below my own weak ſex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppreſs my heart.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

Lucia, diſburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retir'd diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this conflict in thee.

LUCIA.

I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They 're Marcia's brothers, and the ſons of Cato.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their ſiſter's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their paſſion to me.
But tell me, whoſe addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it Marcia wiſhes for?

MARCIA.

For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal ſhare
In Marcia's wiſhes, and divide their ſiſter:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my eſteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt, it is a blind and fooliſh paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what.

MARCIA.

O Lucia, I 'm perplex'd: O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppoſe 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!

With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart 's in flames,
He ſends out all his ſoul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence—

LUCIA.

You ſeem to plead
Againſt your brother Portius——

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unſucceſsful lover,
The ſame compaſſion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love diſtreſt like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,

Nor

Nor ſhow which way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how eaſily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in deſpair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myſelf involv'd
In endleſs griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And ſow diſſention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my ſoul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our ſorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, diſcolour'd with our preſent woes,
May ſtill grow bright, and ſmile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
Work's itſelf clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till by degrees the floating mirrour ſhines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair boſom ſhows. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled ſenate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him Rome; Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoak with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they ſtill fixt

To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods, can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chuſe, ſlavery or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him;
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate: the corps of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits,
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,

All elſe is towering phrenſy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence, entruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what 's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of providence,
And not to reſt in heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhown our love to Rome:
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſmooth diſcourſe and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whiſpers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aſide to* Cato.

CATO.

Let us appear not raſh nor diffident:
Immoderate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun them both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
Whilſt there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods;
But wait at leaſt till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and ſpin it to the laſt.
So ſhall we gain ſtill one day's liberty;
And let me periſh, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd

From

From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

CATO.

By your permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* MARCUS.

Decius was once my friend; but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter DECIUS.

DECIUS.

Cæſar ſends health to Cato—

CATO.

Could he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

DECIUS.

My buſineſs is with Cato: Cæſar ſees
The ſtreights to which you 're driv'n; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for his life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he ſave Cato? bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato,
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her generals and her conſuls are no more,

Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

CATO.

Thoſe very reaſons, thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours.
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—

CATO.

CATO.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the Roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A ſtile like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a ſtile like this becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæſar, he 's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Conſider, Cato, you're in Utica;
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

CATO.

Let him conſider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou 'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;

But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

DECIUS.

Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

CATO.

His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæſar ſhow the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten power
By ſheltering men much better than himſelf.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
That you 're a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction:
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty:
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

LUCIUS.

The ſenate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius

Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In Cæſar's boſom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, Sempronius:
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide,
By our diviſions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrific'd to Rome—I ſtand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinc'd the ſenate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

SEM-

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the ſenate's.

CATO.

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our councils.

[*Ex.* SEN

Enter JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the Roman ſenate has reſolv'd,
Till time give better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæſar.

JUBA.

The reſolution fits a Roman ſenate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas! I thought not then his death ſo near!)
Wept o'er me, preſs'd me in his aged arms,
And as his griefs gave way, My ſon, ſaid he,
Whatever fortune ſhall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great

And

And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou 'lt shun misfortunes, or thou 'lt learn to bear them.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

O

JUBA.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?

Did

Did they know Cato, our remoteſt kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of Cæſar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, that ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons, and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I 'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from Cæſar.

JUBA.

The beſt good-fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole ſucceſs at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on Cato.

CATO.

What does Juba ſay?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wiſh, young prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba aſk
That Cato will refuſe!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

CATO.

What wouldst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if you stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

SY-

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chace! I've seen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, nomore!

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

JUBA.

What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we 'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour 's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

JUBA.

Would'ſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds

All

All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipio's, Cæſar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's
(Theſe gods on earth) are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince; you want to know the world,
You have not read mankind: your youth admires
The throws and ſwellings of a Roman ſoul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd! thou 'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aſide.*

JUBA.

Cato ſhall know the baſeneſs of thy ſoul.

SYPHAX.

I muſt appeaſe this ſtorm, or periſh in it. [*Aſide.*
Young prince, behold theſe locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

What greater inſtance can I give? I 've offer'd
To do an action which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou miſtak'ſt; I did not call thee ſo.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my Prince; you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you 'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your ſervice?

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'ſt me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour 's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not:
It ought not to be ſported with.

SYPHAX.

By heavens
I 'm raviſh'd when you talk thus, though you chide me.
Alas, I 've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my king

The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people who preſerve their honour
By the ſame duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now beginn'ſt to ſpeak thyſelf.
Numidia 's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we 'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by Cato's lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we 'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age:
Thy prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſcepter comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burthenſome, I ſha'n't ſupport it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell. I 'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion that may ſet me right

In Cato's thoughts. I 'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

Young men ſoon give, and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both—a falſe old traitor!
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear:
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæſar, I 'm wholly thine—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's Senate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a meſſenger from Cæſar.
Should they ſubmit, ere our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in a general undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how ſtands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou haſt ſeen Mount Atlas:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

Such is that haughty man; his towering ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and look down on Cæſar.

SYPHAX.

But what 's this meſſenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I 've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

SYPHAX.

Yes, but it is to Cato.
I 've try'd the force of every reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and careſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,
Laid ſafety, life, and intereſt, in his ſight;
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we ſhall do without him.
He 'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou haſt forſook
Thy Juba's cauſe, and wiſheſt Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.

May ſhe be thine as faſt as thou wouldſt have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curſe
Her and myſelf, yet, ſpight of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Make Cato ſure, and give up Utica:
Cæſar will ne'er refuſe thee ſuch a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers.
They count their toilſome marches, long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings; and will bear no more
This medley of philoſophy and war.
Within an hour they 'll ſtorm the Senate-houſe.

SYPHAX.

Mean while I 'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the ſquare, to exerciſe their arms,
And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken Cato
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus from every ſide.
So, where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurprize,
Sees the dry deſert all around him riſe,
And, ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my ſtars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her ſecret force,
To love thy perſon, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was inſtinct, grew up into friendſhip.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs;
Then pr'ythee ſpare me on its tender ſide,
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.

PORTIUS.

When love 's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Alas! thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a ſoul,
That pants and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet when I behold the charming maid
I 'm ten-times more undone; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, riſe up at once,
And with variety of pain diſtract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'ſt the fair-one's preſence:
Then undertake my cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the ſtrength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her thy brother languiſhes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his ſleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyleſs to him:
Deſcribe his anxious days and reſtleſs nights,
And all the torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That ſuits with me ſo ill. Thou know'ſt my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me ſinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raiſe me from amidſt this plunge of ſorrows?

PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canſt not aſk what I 'd refuſe.
But here believe me I 've a thouſand reaſons—

MARCUS.

I know thou 'lt ſay, my paſſion 's out of ſeaſon,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conſpire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what 's all this to one who loves like me?
Oh Portius, Portius, from my ſoul I wiſh
Thou didſt but know thyſelf what 'tis to love!
Then would'ſt thou pity and aſſiſt thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What ſhould I do! If I diſcloſe my paſſion,
Our friendſhip 's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me falſe to a friend and brother.
[*Aſide.*

MARCUS.

But ſee where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! obſerve her, Portius!
That face, that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Obſerve her well, and blame me if thou canſt.

PORTIUS.

She ſees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I 'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Did not I ſee your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and ſhun my preſence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to ſhow
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His paſſions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere poſſible for love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul!
Oh, Lucia, I 'm diſtreſs'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy preſence,
A ſecret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I 'm unhappy, though thou ſmil'ſt upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the ſhock
Of love and friendſhip? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might enſure
Our mutual bliſs, would raiſe to ſuch a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what doſt thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undeſigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to ſolicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his ſoul

With

With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us—

LUCIA.

No, Portius, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,
Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I ſwear, to heaven I ſwear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchiefs hangs about us:
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What haſt thou ſaid! I 'm thunder-ſtruck!—Recal
Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already paſs'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
[*After a pauſe.*

PORTIUS.

Fix'd in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I 've acted my ſevereſt part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,

And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I 'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh, ſtop thoſe ſounds,
Thoſe killing ſounds! Why doſt thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'ſt its force.
I 've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliſs. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition 's in thy preſence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
And loveliеſt of thy ſex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They ſhut not out ſociety in death.—
But, ah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her

That

That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I ſay? My half-recover'd ſenſe
Forgets the vow in which my ſoul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! we muſt part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

LUCIA.

What would'ſt thou have me do? Conſider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful ſire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia anſwer?
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow?

PORTIUS.

To my confuſion and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me.
The miſt that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Loveliеſt of women! heaven is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

stius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
: my resolves, and turn me all to love.
r are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
rheaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
stens me too much.—Farewell, my Portius;
well, though death is in the word, for-ever!

PORTIUS.

ay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For-ever!

LUCIA.

ave I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
t throw the brother on his fate, farewell,
how shall I repeat the word for-ever!

PORTIUS.

hus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
gs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
hou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
can't get loose.

LUCIA.

If the firm Portius shake
hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

PORTIUS.

'is true; unruffled and serene I 've met
: common accidents of life but here:
h an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
eats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
must not part.

LUCIA.

What dost thou say? Not part?
thou forgot the vow that I have made?

Are

Are there not heavens and gods and thunder o'er us?
—But ſee thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [*Exit.*

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? How ſtands ſhe? Am I doom'd
To life, or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

MARCUS.

What means this penſive poſture? Thou appear'ſt
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

PORTIUS.

I 've reaſon.

MARCUS.

Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I aſk not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

PORTIUS.

I 'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What? Does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS.

Away! you 're too ſuſpicious in your griefs;
Lucia,

Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chooſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhetorick, didſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty ? She pities me!
To one that aſks the eturns of love,
Compaſſion 's cruelty, icorn, 'tis death—

P TIUS.

Marcus, no more! I deſerv'd this treatment?

M US.

What have I ſaid! s, O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſperated in out
With every thing, its itſelf—But ha!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me! thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand ſure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with the* LEADERS *of the Mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has ſpent itſelf on Cato's head.
Mean while I 'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

FIRST LEADER.

We all are ſafe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt:
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

CATO.

Where are theſe bold intrepid ſons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general ſend a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on their daſtard ſouls, they ſtand aſtoniſh'd! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus diſhonour
Your paſt exploits, and ſully all your wars?

Do

Do you confeſs 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirſt of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to ſhare the ſpoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with ſuch motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæſar's banners.
Why did I 'ſcape th' invenom'd aſpic's rage,
And all the fiery monſters of the deſart,
To ſee this day? Wh— ould not Cato fall
Without your guilt? ld, ungrateful men,
Behold my boſom nal your ſwords,
And let the man that jur'd ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all fu – that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers g ls than Cato?
Am I diſtinguiſh'd fr but by toils,
Superior toils, and h ght of cares!
Painful pre-eminence

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens, they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did not he daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day ſun,
And clouds of duſt? Did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthleſs men! hence! and complain to Cæſar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, Cato, ſee th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honeſt men; give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let them hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the ſun.

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'ſt thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius!—See they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degenerate age requires
Severity and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

CATO.

Mean-while we 'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,

And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*

SEMPRONIUS *and the* LEADERS *of the Mutiny.*

FIRST LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourſelf,
One would have thought you had been half in earneſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, ſtand off! baſe groveling worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They 're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They 're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag them forth
To ſudden death.

Enter GUARDS.

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, ſince it comes to this—

SEMPRONIUS.

Diſpatch them quick; but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

[*Exeunt* GUARDS *with the* LEADERS.

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Our firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcower the deſart:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We 'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppoſe our paſſage.
A day will bring us into Cæſar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my purpoſe.
Marcia, the charming Marcia 's left behind!

SYPHAX.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's ſlave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the ſoft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderneſs of love.
Syphax, I long to claſp that haughty maid,
And bend her ſtubborn virtue to my paſſion;
When I have gone thus far, I 'd caſt her off.

SYPHAX.

Well ſaid! that 's ſpoken like thyſelf, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admiſſion? For acceſs
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou ſhalt have Juba's dreſs, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's Prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia 's my own!
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold her ſtrüggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and diſorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breaſt, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his ſun-ſhine and his ſkies.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy ſoul;
If thou believ'ſt it poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ills than Lucia ſuffers?

MARCIA.

O Lucia, Lucia, might my big ſwoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow:
Marcia could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
But which of theſe has power to charm like Portius!

MARCIA.

Still muſt I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a heroe,
Adds ſofteſt love, and more than female ſweetneſs;
Juba might make the proudeſt of our ſex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not Marcia? come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love,

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But ſhould this father give you to Sempronius?

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he ſhould—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the ſound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter thought in ſenſe of preſent danger.
When love once pleads admiſſion to our hearts
(In ſpight of all the virtue we can boaſt)
The woman that deliberates is loſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *dreſs'd like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to ſee
His miſtreſs loſt? If aught could glad my ſoul
Beyond th' enjoyment of ſo bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay, barbarian.
—But hark, what noiſe! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's ſelf! there is but one way left—

He

He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut
Through thoſe his guards.—Ha, daſtards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I ſee? who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[SEMP. *falls. His Guards ſurrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on my ſtars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs, and for a worthleſs woman?
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

[*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!

Hence

Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.

[*Exit* JUBA, *with priſoners*, &c.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the claſh of ſwords; my troubled heart
Is ſo caſt down, and ſunk amidſt its ſorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every ſound.
O Marcia, ſhould thy brothers for my ſake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, Lucia, ſee! here 's blood! here 's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! heavens preſerve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But ha! death to my ſight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,
Juba, the loveliеſt youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy aſſiſtance
Thy wonted ſtrength, and conſtancy of mind;
Thou canſt not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cauſe to rave, and beat my breaſt,
To rend my heart with grief, and run diſtracted!

LUCIA.

What can I think or ſay, to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a ſight, that ſtrikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA, *liſtening.*

I will indulge my ſorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of deſpair,
That man, that beſt of men, deſerv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the falſe Sempronius
That beſt of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I ſtand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loſs like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to eaſe my tortur'd breaſt.
This empty world, to me a joyleſs deſert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.

I 'm on the rack! was he ſo near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wiſh, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A ſecret pleaſure gladden'd all that ſaw him;

But

But when he talk'd, the proudeſt Roman bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.

JUBA.

I ſhall run mad——

MARCIA.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA.

What means that voice? did ſhe not call on Juba?

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he 's dead!
He 's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart
Amidſt its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the laſt words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapleſs youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole ſoul was full of love and Juba!

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! All is Elyſium round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men,
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus——

JUBA.

See, Marcia, ſee,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

MARCIA.

MARCIA.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like Juba on a curs'd deſign.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haſte of love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am wrapt with joy to ſee my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA.

I 've been ſurpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I 'm loſt in extaſy! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And doſt thou live to aſk it?

JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving!
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

JUBA.

O fortunate miſtake!

MARCIA.

O happy Marcia!

JUBA.

My joy! my beſt belov'd! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me reſt upon it!----
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But fate has wreſted the confeſſion from me:
Go on, and proſper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuſe my paſſion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex.* MARC. *and* LUC.

JUBA.

I am ſo bleſs'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to ſwell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine,
Let Cæſar have the world, if Marcia 's mine. [*Exit.*

A

A march at a diſtance.

Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I ſtand aſtoniſh'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That ſtill broke foremoſt through the croud of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to madneſs-----

CATO.

Truſt me, Lucius,
Our civil diſcords have produced ſuch crimes,
Such monſtrous crimes, I am ſurpriz'd at nothing.
-----O Lucius, I am ſick of this bad world!
The day-light and the ſun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But ſee where Portius comes! what means this haſte?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring ſuch news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

Has Cæſar ſhed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not ſo,
The traitor Syphax, as within the ſquare
He exerciz'd his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horſe

To the ſouth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I ſaw, and call'd to ſtop him, but in vain;
He toſs'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not ſtay and periſh like Sempronius.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haſte my ſon, and ſee
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[*Exit* PORTIUS.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæſar's: Cato has no buſineſs in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her Cato's preſence.
In pity to mankind, ſubmit to Cæſar,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to ſwell the number
Of Cæſar's ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impoſe on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are Cæſar's.

CATO.

Curſe on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon—
But ſee young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious ſubjects.

LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO.

What 's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too,
Thou hast a Roman soul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes.—Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I 'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter PORTIUS *haſtily.*

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

CATO.

Ha! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them paſs?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
Till, obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm ſatisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd through the falſe heart of Syphax:
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Portius, when I am dead, be ſure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep aſunder!

LUCIUS.

O Cato, arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corpſe of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the corpſe.*

CATO.

Welcome, my ſon! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if Cato's houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.—
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs

Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are Cæſar's.
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii dy'd;
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into Cæſar's hands! Our great fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Cæſar will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlav'd, and be aſham'd of empire.

CATO.

Cæſar aſham'd! has not he ſeen Pharſalia!

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

CATO.

Loſe not a thought on me. I 'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæſar

Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I've conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæſar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

CATO.

Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, Cato did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
That I myſelf, with tears, requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain Numidia,
Or ſeek the conqueror?

JUBA.

If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engag'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

PORTIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he ſcorns himſelf.

CATO.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
That dares not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know there are ſhips prepar'd by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where Cæſar never ſhall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
[*Pointing to the body of his dead ſon.*
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though ſtill, by faction, vice, and fortune, croſt,
Shall find the generous labour was not loſt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO *ſolus,*

Sitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand Plato's *book on the immortality of the ſoul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well!——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæſar.
I 'm weary of conjectures—This muſt end them.

[*Laying his hand upon his ſword.*

Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end:
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I 'll favour her,
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice, to ſleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But ha! how 's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO.

Wouldst thou betray me? would'st thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!——

PORTIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I 'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well!—again I 'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'er-spread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

PORTIUS.

O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*

Weep

Weep not, my ſon. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour Cato, and preſerve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends: ſee them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them.
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep. [*Exit.*

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my ſiſter, ſtill there 's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatch'd me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compos'd,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers. [*Exit.*

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

Enter

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA.

Lucia, ſpeak low; he is retir'd to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs, that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodneſs, Lucia, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſy and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſs'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplex'd, diſtreſs.
The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

MARCIA.

And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoug
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyſelf?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have ſeen thy godlike father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fall'n upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Cæſar, thou canſt not hurt

MARCIA.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thoug

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, theſe floods of ſorrow
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are ſafe
While Cato lives—his preſence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.

ıe high point of yon bright weſtern tower
en them from afar; the ſetting ſun
on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd hel s,
:overs all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

rcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father.
is ſtill diſpos'd to give us terms,
vaits at diſtance 'till he hears from Cato.

Enter POLTIUS.

s, thy looks ſpeak ſom t of importance.
tidings doſt thou brin 'ethinks I ſee
al gladneſs ſparkling i es.

PORT

I was haſting to the p e now
ther's friends, impatie a paſſage,
e the lingering winds, rriv'd
Pompey's ſon, who through the realms of Spain
out for vengeance on his father's death,
'ouzes the whole nation up to arms.
Cato at their head, once more might Rome
her rights, and claim her liberty.
ark! what means that groan? O give me way,
et me fly into my father's preſence.

LUCIUS.

o, amidſt his ſlumbers, thinks on Rome,
n the wild diſorder of his ſoul
ns o'er his country; ha! a ſecond groan!—
n guard us all!—

'MARCIA.

MARCIA.

Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O ſight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fall'n upon his ſword—

LUCIUS.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

PORTIUS.

I 've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gaſps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to ſee his friends. His weeping ſervants,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back Scene opens, and diſcovers* CATO.

MARCIA.

O heaven, aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour
To pay the laſt ſad duties to my father!

JUBA.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæſar!

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!—

[CATO *brought forward in his chair.*

CATO.

CATO.

Here se down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends e k'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—
Let this our friendſhip live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas poor man, he w os!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward a loves thee, Marcia.
A Senator of Rome, e Rome ſurviv'd,
Would not have matc hter with a king,
But Cæſar's arms hav vn all diſtinction;
Whoe'er is brave and a Roman—
—I 'm ſick to death— I get looſe
From this vain world, lt and ſorrow!—
—And yet methinks breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I 've been too haſty. O ye powers, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,
If I have done amiſs, impute it not!—
The beſt may err, but you are good, and—o [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A Roman breaſt. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corpſe to Cæſar,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.

Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt On*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves---you may
Be ſpiteful---and believe the thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell:
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learnt from you.
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.

[illegible]
She is no goddeſs that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſince
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains:
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

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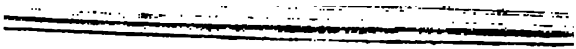
John Dickinson
1786



BLACKMORE.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

OGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LUME THE TWENTY FOURTH.

LONDON

[illegible]

C. BATHUR[illegible]

[illegible]

WHITE, [illegible]

[illegible]

J. WI[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL

POEM.

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Knt. M. D.
And Fellow of the College of Physicians
in London.

" Principio cœlum, ac terras campósque liquentes,
" Lucentémque globum lunæ, Titaniáque aſtra
" Spiritus intus alit, totámque infuſa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet.
" Inde hominum, pecudúmque genus, vitæque volantum,
" Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus."

VIRG.

PREFACE.

IT has been the opinion of many perſons of great ſenſe and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as ſome other ſelf-evident and unconteſted notions, is born with us, and exiſts antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They expreſs themſelves on this ſubject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philoſophical and judicious enquiries, while they aſſert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our conſtitution, that it is written, engraven, ſtampt, and imprinted in clear and diſcernible characters on the heart; in which manner of ſpeech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By theſe unartful phraſes they can mean nothing but this, that the propoſition, THERE IS A GOD, is actually exiſtent in the mind, as ſoon as the mind has its being; and is not at firſt acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reaſon, by any argument or demonſtration. I muſt confeſs my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, theſe original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the underſtanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-exiſtent with it.

For how a man can be ſaid to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exiſt in the mind without and before perception, I muſt own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native diſpoſition and aptitude to perceive the light, when fitly offered, though as yet it never exerciſed any act of viſion, and had no innate images in the womb; ſo the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this propoſition, THERE IS A GOD, as ſoon as it ſhall be repreſented to it; all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have ſaid, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the Eſſay of Human Underſtanding. Nor can I ſee, that by this doctrine the argument for the exiſtence of a Deity, drawn from the general aſſent of all nations (excepting perhaps ſome few, who are ſo barbarous that they approach very near the condition of brute animals), is at all invalidated. For ſuppoſing there is no inbred knowledge of a God; yet if mankind generally aſſent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themſelves, or on the viſible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the exiſtence of a Deity carries with it the cleareſt and moſt uncontrolable evidence; ſince mankind ſo readily and ſo univerſally perceive and embrace it. It deſerves conſideration, that St. Paul upon this argument does not appeal to the

the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cauſe from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable that thoſe who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real Atheiſt in belief and ſpeculation, how many ſoever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the teſt, which I ſhall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this ſubject, it ſeems proper to take notice of the apology, which ſeveral perſons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philoſophers, unjuſtly accuſed of impiety.

Whoever ſhall ſet about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will certainly be the mark of much ſcandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it is too poſſible the greateſt lovers and benefactors of mankind may be repreſented by the multitude, whoſe opinions they contradict, as the worſt of men. The hardy undertakers, who expreſs their zeal to rectify the ſentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to ſtem the tide of popular error, and ſtrike at the foundations of any ancient, eſtabliſhed ſuperſtition, muſt themſelves expect to be treated as pragmatical and inſolent innovators, diſturbers of the public peace,

and the great enemies of religion. The obſervation of all ages confirms this truth; and, if any man who is doubtful of it would try the experiment, I make no queſtion he will very ſoon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the firſt philoſopher who plainly aſſerted an Eternal Mind by whoſe power the world was made, for oppoſing the public worſhip at Athens, whoſe refined wits were plunged in the moſt ſenſeleſs idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, ſhould be condemned for irreligion, and treaſon againſt the Gods; and be heavily fined and baniſhed the city. It is no wonder, after ſo ſharp a perſecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next ſucceſſor but one to Anaxagoras, and the laſt of the Ionic ſchool, for oppoſing their ſcandalous rabble of deities, and aſſerting one Divine Being, ſhould be condemned for Atheiſm, and put to death, by blind ſuperſtition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagoniſts for impiety, who maintain poſitions, which thoſe from whom they diſſent imagine have a tendency to the diſbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifeſt violation of juſtice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote conſequences of his opinion, which he himſelf diſclaims and deteſts, and who, if he ſaw the connexion of his principles with ſuch concluſions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reaſonably charged with more opinions than he owns; and if this juſtice were obſerved in polemical diſcourſes,

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as well of theology as philoſophy, many perſons had eſcaped thoſe hard names, and terrible cenſures, which their angry antagoniſts have thought fit to fix upon them. No one therefore is to be reputed an Atheiſt, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may by a long chain of ſequels draw that concluſion; much leſs for holding any doctrines in philoſophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with ſpeculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to cenſure a philoſopher for an Atheiſt, as an aſtronomer for a magician.

I would fain too in this place make ſome apology for the great numbers of looſe and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and ſeem in their converſation to diſclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope theſe unhappy perſons, at leaſt the greateſt part, who have given up the reins to their paſſions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than Atheiſts, a careleſs and ſtupid ſort of creatures, who, either out of a ſupine temper, or for fear of being diſturbed with remorſe in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never ſoberly conſider with themſelves, or exerciſe their reaſon on things of the higheſt importance. Theſe perſons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or ſome atheiſtical pretender to philoſophy, who aſſures them there is no God, and there-

deſtructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator: but, ſince in the demonſtration of the exiſtence of a God we argue from the effect to the cauſe, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we muſt know him to be the Maker, and, if the Maker, then the Governor and Benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardleſs of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worſhip or affront him, and is neither pleaſed nor diſpleaſed with any of our actions; he would certainly to us be the ſame as no God. The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a Deity; for if he has no concern with us, it is plain we have none with him: if we are not ſubject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient or diſobedient, nor can we need forgiveneſs, or expect reward. If we are not the ſubjects of his care and protection, we can owe him no love or gratitude; if he either does not hear or diſregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worſhip at his altars! In my opinion, ſuch notions of a Deity, which lay the axe to the root of all religion, and make all the expreſſions of it idle and ridiculous; which deſtroy the diſtinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reaſons of fear of puniſhment, and hope of reward, will juſtly denominate a [illegible] an Atheiſt,

Atheiſt, though he ever ſo much diſclaims that ignominious title.

Thales the founder of the Ionic ſchool, and the philoſophers who ſucceeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes Apollioniates, Anaxagoras, and Archelaus, are cenſured by Ariſtotle as diſbelievers of a Deity; the reaſon he gives is, that theſe philoſophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity as the efficient cauſe. But if it be conſidered, that natural ſcience was then in its infancy, and that thoſe primitive philoſophers only undertook to account for the material principle out of which the world was made, which one aſſerted to be water, one fire, another air; though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfiniſhed ſcheme of philoſophy, yet it does not evince, that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cauſe of all things. It is indeed a convincing evidence that their philoſophy was imperfect, as at firſt it might well be; but from their ſilence or omiſſion of him in their ſyſtems, when they deſigned to treat only of the material cauſes of things, it is unreaſonable to affirm that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that, beſides matter, it was abſolutely neceſſary to aſſert a Divine Mind, the Contriver and Maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as was ſaid before, he was at Athens an illuſtrious confeſſor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic ſchool was ſoon divided into various ſects and philoſophical parties: of the Cyrenaic ſchool, Theodorus and Dion Boriſthenites,

Boriſthenites, were reputed Atheiſts, contemners of the Gods, and deriders of religion. Yet ſince it does not appear, that they had formed any impious ſcheme of philoſophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reaſon, it is not improbable that theſe men were rather abandoned libertines, without conſideration and reflection, than ſpeculative and philoſophical Atheiſts.

The Italic ſchool, to its great diſhonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of theſe irreligious philoſophers. The maſters, who ſucceeded their famous founder Pythagoras, ſoon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apoſtates, renouncing the belief of a God, and ſubverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras, and Protagoras, were juſtly reckoned in this rank; who aſſerted, that the world was made by the caſual combination of atoms, without any aſſiſtance or direction of a Divine Mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, ſupported it with arguments, and ſo were Atheiſts on pretended principles of reaſon. But among all the ancient obdurate Atheiſts, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one ſeems more ſincere, or more implacable, than Epicurus.

And though this perſon was perhaps of as dull an underſtanding, of as unrefined thought, and as little ſagacity and penetration, as any man who was ever complimented with the name of a philoſopher; yet ſeveral great wits, and men of diſtinguiſhed learning, in this

laſt

laſt age, have been pleaſed to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and ſuperior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overſpread the face of Europe, many wiſe men, from a generous love of truth, reſolved to exerciſe their reaſon, and free themſelves from prejudice, and a ſervile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority; and, growing impatient of tyrannical impoſitions, as well in philoſophy as religion, to their great honour, ſeparated both from the church of Rome, and the ſchool of Ariſtotle. Theſe patriots of the commonwealth of learning combined to reform the corruptions, and redreſs the grievances, of philoſophy; to pull down the Peripatetic monarchy, and ſet up a free and independent ſtate of ſcience; and, being fully convinced of the weakneſs and unreaſonableneſs of Ariſtotle's ſyſtem, which conſiſted chiefly of words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphyſical definitions, of which many were falſe, and many unintelligible; they in this caſe had recourſe to the Corpuſcularian hypotheſis, and revived the obſolete and exploded ſyſtem of Epicurus.

Many of theſe noble leaders, who had declared againſt the Peripatetic uſurpation, and aſſerted the rights and liberties of human underſtanding, called in this philoſopher, for want of a better, to depoſe Ariſtotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of ſcience, as he was once eſteemed, was very great. When theſe firſt reformers of Ariſtotle's ſchool had eſpouſed the intereſt of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that

his hypotheſis might be received with the leſs oppoſition, they thought it neceſſary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philoſopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man, who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his maſter, and to ſtand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gaſſendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he had expreſſed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philoſophers, who ſucceeded, ſhould grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magiſtrate, and making themſelves obnoxious to the laws of their country: and, if any had formed irreligious ſchemes, it is to be ſuppoſed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, againſt the puniſhment to be inflicted on all who denied the Gods, and derided the eſtabliſhed worſhip. An Atheiſt cannot be ſuppoſed to be fond of ſuffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors: and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright profeſſed Atheiſt, has not in terms denied, but indeed aſſerted, the being of the Gods; and ſpeaks honourably of them, ſo far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happineſs. But when he deſcribes his Gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and ſays they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal,

poreal, but as it were corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing, the world, and undertakes to ſhew that all things were brought about by mere chance, without any help or direction of the Gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardleſs of our actions; he muſt laugh in himſelf, and be ſuppoſed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being merely to eſcape the character of an impious philoſopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his deſcription he intirely deſtroys the Divine Nature. Nor do I think, that Ariſtotle can be defended from the charge of Atheiſm; for while he affirms, that the world as to its formation, as well as its progreſſion and duration, is independent on the Gods, and owes nothing to their power, wiſdom, or providence, he utterly ſubverts all pretence to religion and divine worſhip, and comes at laſt into the dregs of the Epicurean ſcheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem.

As to the modern Atheiſts, Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoſa; I have ſpoken of them in their turn, and ſhall not anticipate what is ſaid hereafter.

I have been determined to employ ſome of my leiſure hours in writing on this ſubject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of prophaneneſs, and the prevailing power of looſe and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying conſideration to all who love mankind, and wiſh well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of paſt ages,

spread its contagious influence so far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its assertors, it becomes insolent and formidable. Those impious maxims, which a small party in the last age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-house, publicly professed, and in many companies spoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary subjects of conversation.

All ages have brought forth some monsters, some professors and patrons of irreligion; monsters in respect of their scarceness, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of these odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that most who were reckoned Atheists in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle: but now we are so far advanced, that the infection has seized the mind; the Atheist in practice is become one in speculation, and looseness of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many (which is without example) express an ardent zeal for prophaneness, are grown bigots in Atheism, and with great industry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert measures to carry on with vigour the cause of irreligion. They caress, and are very fond of, those who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion as cheat and imposture. These are wits, men of sense, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in fashion. And as the renegades and deserters of Heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and chuse

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to grow popular at the deareſt rate, are by many protected and applauded; ſo there are places where a man, that has the aſſurance to own the belief of a Deity and a future ſtate, would be expoſed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion, for fear of blaſting their reputation, and of being neglected and deſpiſed by thoſe from whoſe favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the Reſtoration, the people, intoxicated with the pleaſures of peace, and influenced by the example of a looſe court, as well as from their great averſion to the former fanatical ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of converſation, which they deteſted as hypocriſy, indulged themſelves in ſenſual liberties, and by degrees ſunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that ſome irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing diſſolution of manners, began to propagate their deteſtable notions, and ſow the ſeeds of prophaneneſs and impiety, which ſprung up apace, and flouriſhed in proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually aſſiſting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments; and the ſolid temper and firmneſs of mind, which the people once poſſeſſed, being ſlackened and diſſolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleaſure, their judgement ſoon became vitiated; which corruption of taſte has ever ſince gradually increaſed, as the confederate powers of vice and prophaneneſs have ſpread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While

While looſe principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their diſcourſes, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being eſteemed the moſt ſucceſsful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be underſtood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleaſantry, but only the miſapplication of them. I ſhall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abuſe and proſtitute their talents to the worſt purpoſes; I mean the deriding all ſobriety of manners, and turning into jeſt the princi[illegible]s which conſtitute our duty here, and aſſure our ha[illegible]ineſs hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God [illegible]oves his country, ſtand by unconcerned, while [illegible]nd prophane wits ſhew ſo much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend ſo directly to the diſhonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should Atheiſm and corruption of manners, thoſe inſeparable companions, which, as cauſes and effects, mutually introduce and ſupport each other, prevail much farther; ſhould impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the higheſt, as well as the inferior ranks of men; what confuſion of affairs muſt enſue! It would be impoſſible to find men of principle to fill the places of truſt and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and diſqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious

character would be an invincible obſtruction to advancement; there would be no perſons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into faſhion. On the contrary, the contemners of heaven and deriders of piety would be careſſed, applauded, and promoted; the diſpoſers of preferment would confer all on thoſe who embrace their opinions: and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth, to accommodate their notions to thoſe of the men in power, when they ſhall ſee that their favour is not otherwiſe to be procured!

Is it not highly probable that, in ſuch an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of ſcoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the profeſſors of it the object of public ſcorn and contempt?

Beſides, it is natural to believe that Magiſtrates in a commonwealth, generally compoſed of Atheiſts, would likewiſe proceed to violence, and perſecute thoſe whom they could not perſuade to embrace their notions, as much as any ſect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but corrupted human nature, that puſhes men on to compulſive methods of obliging their adverſaries to renounce their own, and aſſert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not the ſpirit of piety, it is from pride and an impatience of contradiction, or from luſt of dominion, or a violent deſire of engroſſing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour, by cruel and coercive methods, to ſilence their opponents, and ſuppreſs

o do, from what they have done, as far as they
ibility; we may be assured, when they do not
power, they will never want a will to employ
ce, to extinguish the notions of piety, and the
il heresy of religion. It would not be strange
heistical tests in such a state of affairs should be
d and imposed, to keep men of dangerous prin-
out of all posts of power and profit; and all
elieved the being of a God, and the rewards and
ments of another life, should be looked on as
cted to the government, and the disturbers of the
c peace.

d if such notions of impiety, and such a dege-
: constitution of manners, should ever prevail in
nhappy nation, any man without the gift of pro-
, and, indeed, with a very moderate penetration,
oresee, that the public will then be exposed to
able ruin.

t before the interests of virtue and religion are re-
to so deplorable a state, it is to be hoped this
wise and sober nation will awaken from its le-

ſcoffer be as much out of credit, as a ſober and religious man is at preſent: virtue, ſerioufneſs, and a due reverence of ſacred and divine things, may revive among us; and it is the duty and intereſt of every man that loves his country, and wiſhes well to mankind, to make his utmoſt efforts to bring about ſuch a happy revolution. This would the ſooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men (for virtue has ſtill a party) would not ſupinely ſtand by, and ſee the honour and intereſt of religion expoſed and inſulted; but, inſtead of an abject, unactive deſpondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and reſolution, againſt the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity, that in ſo noble a cauſe any ſhould ſhow ſuch poorneſs of ſpirit, as to be aſhamed of aſſerting their religion, and ſtemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of ſcoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of Atheiſtical notions pretend to refined parts, and paſs themſelves upon the world for wits of the firſt rank: yet in debate they decline argument, and rather truſt to the deciſion of railliery. But if it were poſſible for theſe gentlemen to apply themſelves in good earneſt to the reaſons alledged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an enquiry of ſuch conſequence, I ſhould believe their conviction were not to be deſpaired of.

But there is little appearance that they will be ever prevailed on to conſider this matter with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and, therefore, I am not

ſo

ſo ſanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever ſo clear and demonſtrative, are likely to make any impreſſion upon a veteran Atheiſt. I have nevertheleſs thought it a ſeaſonable ſervice to endeavour to ſtop the contagion, and, as far as I am able, to preſerve thoſe who are not yet infected.

I would entreat theſe to diſtinguiſh between raillery and argument, and not believe that mirth ought to determine in ſo weighty a caſe; that they would not admit of principles of the utmoſt concern without examination, and take impiety upon content; that they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial deciſion of right reaſon, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the ſubject.

But, ſince the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, ſet up in its ſtead a ſpurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatneſs of mind, that will not deſcend to a mean or baſe action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they uſe it, is not an empty ſound without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then, it is evident, honour is a law or rule, and the tranſgreſſion of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to puniſhment: and if it be a law, it muſt be the declaration of ſome legiſlator's will; for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now, I aſk a man of honour, who denies religion, what, or whoſe law he breaks, if he deviates from what he ima-

gines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no tranſgreſſion, where there is no law; no irregularity, where there is no rule; nor can a man do a baſe or diſhonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour, therefore, abſtracted from the notion of religion, which enjoins it, is an idle chimera, which can have little power over any man that does not believe a Divine Legiſlator, whoſe authority muſt enforce it.

It is the ſame with friendſhip and gratitude, which are principles that the Atheiſt will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? Should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended againſt any law? or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you ſay he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are ſet aſide, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions; we may without the leaſt fault or diſhonour break our oaths, ſubvert the government, betray our friends, aſſaſſinate our parents; in ſhort, commit all kinds of the moſt deteſtable crimes without remorſe; for, not being controled by any obligation, we may do whatever our paſſions or our intereſts prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal for the leaſt tranſgreſſion.

If it be ſaid, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I anſwer, that as to the actions we are ſpeaking

ing of, ſuch as a man of honour, a great and generous mind, a friend, a grateful perſon, is ſuppoſed to think himſelf obliged to, theſe are ſuch as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can juſtly incur no cenſure or reproach, ſhould they have no regard to that pompous and ſounding word; for if their actions are not morally determined, either by human or divine laws, they may very juſtly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in theſe matters. Beſides, whoever believes himſelf free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himſelf as bound by any human laws. He may indeed from the apprehenſion of puniſhment, forbear an action thus forbidden, and it is his intereſt ſo to do: but, if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to ſubmit to the magiſtrate, and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the puniſhment, he eſcapes the ſin. If an Atheiſt ſwears fidelity to his prince, what controling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him, if he think it fit and ſafe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend periſh, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The exiſtence of a God has been already cleared, and abundantly demonſtrated, by many pious and learned authors; whence this attempt may be cenſured as impertinent and unneceſſary. But all thoſe excellent performances being writ in proſe, and the greateſt part

in the learned languages, or at leaſt in a ſcholaſtic manner, are ill-accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education; and many who have more knowledge, and greater genius, will not undergo the trouble of reading and conſidering the arguments expreſſed in a manner to them obſcure, dry, and diſagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important ſubject, that I might give it the advantages peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehenſion and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect if written in proſe; and I perſuade myſelf the Epicurean philoſophy had not lived ſo long, nor been ſo much eſteemed, had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have choſen to demonſtrate the exiſtence of a God from the marks of wiſdom, deſign, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the univerſe. Out of the various arguments that evince the truth of this propoſition, "There is a God," I have ſelected this as the moſt evident and intelligible.

I may with reaſon preſume, that I ſhall not incur any cenſure for not employing new arguments to prove the being of a God; none but what have been produced before by many writers, even from the eldeſt days of philoſophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that, in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new ſyſtem of philoſophy, but only recited in poetical numbers the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus. Nor can it with reaſon be ſuppoſed, that

the arguments by which he ſupports their opinions were not long before in the ſchools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this ſubject invented, but purſued the demonſtration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wiſdom in the viſible world, which they have done with more clearneſs and ſtrength, than thoſe who went before them. And while theſe have attempted to evince the exiſtence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, ſenſitive, and intelligent beings, ſo far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble ſtrokes of wiſdom an deſign appear in the principles of life, ſenſation, and reaſon, than in all the compaſs of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the ſubject yet greater degrees of perſpicuity, more variety of argument, as well as eaſy and familiar expreſſion, that, the ſtyle being more pleaſing, and the demonſtration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impreſſion, and its effects and uſefulneſs may become more extenſive. In order to this, I have rarely uſed any term of art, or any phraſe peculiar to the writing and converſation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monſieur Fontenelle has done with great ſucceſs in his Plurality of Worlds, to bring philoſophy out of the ſecret receſſes of the ſchools, and ſtrip it of its uncouth and myſterious dreſs, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general converſation.

I take

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philoſophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this caſe, where metaphor and deſcription are not admitted leſt they ſhould darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reaſoning be cloſe, ſtrong, and eaſily apprehended, if there be an elegant ſimplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a juſt order and connexion of the parts, mutually ſupporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the ſtyle can demand.

I may ſafely conclude, that no man will expect that in this poem I ſhould borrow any embelliſhments from the exploded and obſolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome: that I ſhould addreſs any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the ſtyle with alluſions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publickly declared my opinion, that a Chriſtian poet cannot but appear monſtrous and ridiculous in a Pagan dreſs: that though it ſhould be granted, that the heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and looſe ſongs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compoſitions; yet, in chriſtian poems of the ſublime and greater kind, the mixture of the Pagan theology muſt, by all who are maſters of reflection and good ſenſe, be condemned, if not as impious, at leaſt as impertinent and abſurd. And this is a truth ſo clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will by degrees force its way, and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue, and reform

reform their taſte, they would no more bear the heathen religion in verſe, than in proſe. Chriſtian poets, as well as Chriſtian preachers, the buſineſs of both being to inſtruct the people, though the laſt only are wholly appropriated to it, ſhould endeavour to confirm and ſpread their own true religion. If a divine ſhould begin his ſermon with a ſolemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo, to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally, abſurd, for a poet in a great and ſerious poem, wherein he celebrates ſome wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illuſtrious inſtrument that was honoured to bring the event about, to addreſs his prayer to falſe deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the heathen?

The deſign of this poem is to demonſtrate the ſelf-exiſtence of an Eternal Mind from the created and dependent exiſtence of the univerſe, and to confute the hypotheſis of the Epicureans and the Fataliſts, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatſoever denomination, may be ranged. The firſt of whom affirm the world was in time cauſed by chance; and the other that it exiſted from eternity without a cauſe. It is true, as before mentioned, both theſe acknowledged the exiſtence of Gods; but, by their abſurd and ridiculous deſcription of them, it is plain they had nothing elſe in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of Atheiſtical philoſophers.

This likewiſe has been often objected to the Deiſts of the preſent times, that at leaſt a great part of them only

only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the Atheiſts. I have before expreſſed my reaſons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true, indeed, that moſt of the Deiſts maintain a particular friendſhip with the Atheiſts, are pleaſed with their looſe and impious converſation, and appear very tender of their credit and eſteem. They are charitable in crying up their ſhining qualities, and in concealing, excuſing, or leſſening, their immoral actions; while at the ſame time they ſhew an affectation in expoſing the faults and follies of the Chriſtians, eſpecially thoſe who are the moſt ſtrict and regular in their manners, and appear to be moſt in earneſt. It is likewiſe remarkable, that theſe gentlemen expreſs no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: they have never, as far as I know, written any thing againſt them; nor are they pleaſed in company to declare their deteſtation of ſuch impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them; while at the ſame time they take great pains, and ſhow a warm zeal, to weaken the belief of the Chriſtian religion, and to expoſe the pretended errors of its different profeſſors; which ſeems, indeed, ſtrange, ſince he that owns a God and his providence ſhould in reaſon look upon thoſe who believe neither to be infinitely more oppoſite to him, than thoſe who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Beſides, it is obſervable that the preſent Deiſts have not drawn and publiſhed any ſcheme of religion, or

catalogues

catalogues of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence such obligations arise. They do not tell us, that they look on man as an accountable creature; nor if they do, for what, and to whom, or when, that account is to be made, and what rewards and punishments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no such scheme in their thoughts; but, since they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Christians, I cannot defend them from those who say they are justly to be suspected.

And that the Deist may clear himself from the suspicion of being an Atheist, or at least a friend and favourer of their principles; I could wish he would in public assert and demonstrate the being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of those who disbelieve them.

It would likewise give great satisfaction, and remove the objections of those that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would please to give some account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be discovered by the light of reason, which restrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell us what those laws are, and what sanctions do enforce them; and until this be done, they cannot well discharge themselves from the suspicion before-mentioned.

And here I would address myself to the irreligious gentlemen of the age: and I desire them not to take up prejudices against the existence of a God, and run

away

away with impious maxims, until they have exerciſed their conſideration, and made an impartial enquiry into the grounds and reaſons that ſupport the belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to ſuch a reaſonable examination, it is but juſt and decent they ſhould be in earneſt, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience; that they ſhould inure themſelves to think, and weigh the force of thoſe arguments, as becomes ſincere enquirers after truth. The being of a God, and the duties that reſult from that principle, are ſubjects of the greateſt excellence and dignity in themſelves, and of the greateſt concern and importance to mankind; and, therefore, ſhould never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counſellors of ſtate, ſenators, and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jeſters and buffoons, and, inſtead of grave and ſolemn debates, aim at nothing but ſallies of wit, and treat their ſubjects and one another only with raillery and deriſion: yet the buſineſs propoſed to the conſideration of the perſons I ſpeak to is, in every reſpect, infinitely ſuperior to any of theirs before-mentioned.

Are they ſure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible riſque do they run! If their reaſons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the moſt frightful apprehenſions, and diſturb them amidſt all the pleaſures they enjoy. But if they ſay they are aſſured, and paſt doubt, there

as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer and greater assurance of the truth of their max- than Epicurus and Lucretius did; or insult their aries with greater contempt than those have : yet these men themselves, at least many of them, those philosophers were grossly mistaken, and by no means trust to the Epicurean scheme, as undation of their opinions. If these great mas- notwithstanding their unexampled confidence, been mistaken, why may not their successors be

they set up Aristotle's scheme, and think they their principles by making the world to be l, and all effects and events the result of such a fa- cessity, and an indissoluble concatenation of causes, nder it impossible, that things that are should e or that they should be otherwise than they are; em consider, that the greatest assertors of im- I mean, Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and tius, opposed this as an idle and incoherent and that indeed it is so, shall be after demon-

which theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to rely in a matter of the higheſt importance?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes? has that philoſopher ſaid any thing new? does he bring any ſtronger forces into the field, than the Epicureans did before him? Will they derive their certainty from Spinoſa? can ſuch an obſcure, perplexed, unintelligible author create ſuch certainty, as leaves no doubt or diſtruſt? if he is indeed to be underſtood, what does he alledge more than the ancient Fataliſts have done, that ſhould amount to demonſtration?

Beſides, if, as they pretend, they are eſtabliſhed beyond poſſibility of deception in the truth of their maxims, why are they ſo very fond of thoſe authors, that ſet up any new doctrine? and why do they embrace with ſo much pleaſure their new ſchemes of irreligion? They are very glad to hear of any great genius, that can invent freſh arguments to ſtrengthen their opinions; and does not this betray a ſecret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation?

But further: ſince theſe gentlemen ſhew ſo much induſtry in propagating their opinions, and are ſo fond of making proſelytes to Atheiſm; ſince they affect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preferring, thoſe whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and refined with their free, large, and generous principles; how comes it to paſs, that they neglect to inform and improve their neareſt relations? are they careful to inſtruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a God;

God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and ſuperſtitious mind, or of crafty prieſts, and cunning politicians; that therefore they are free from all reſtraints of virtue and conſcience, and may proſtitute their perſons in the moſt licentious manner, without any remorſe, or uneaſy reflection; that it is idle to fear any divine puniſhment hereafter; and as to the ſhame and diſhonour that may attend the liberties they take, in caſe they become public, that ſcandal proceeds from the groſs miſtakes of people perverted with religion, and miſguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and puniſhments in an imaginary life after this?

Do they take pains to inform their eldeſt ſons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience? that they may uſe an uncontroled freedom in indulging all their appetites, paſſions, and inclinations? that, if they are willing to poſſeſs their father's honour and eſtate, they may, by poiſon or the poinard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the puniſhment of the magiſtrate by their ſecret conduct, they may be fully ſatisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themſelves much good, ſo they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquillity the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their looſe friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of ſo much folly, as to propagate theſe opinions in their own families, and inſtruct their wives and children in the boundleſs liberties, which, by the principles of Atheiſm, are their undoubted

right: for in all actions, where religion does not interpoſe and reſtrain us, we are perfectly, as has been ſaid, free to act as we think beſt for our profit and pleaſure.

Beſides, to what a deplorable condition would mankind be reduced, ſhould theſe opinions be univerſally embraced! If ſo many kings and potentates, who yet profeſs their belief of a God, and of rewards and puniſhments in a life to come, do notwithſtanding, from boundleſs ambition and a cruel temper, oppreſs their ſubjects at home, and ravage and deſtroy their neighbours abroad, ſhould think themſelves free from all divine obligations, and therefore too from the reſtraints of oaths and ſolemn contracts; theſe fences and ſecurities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world! what oppreſſion, what violence, what rapine, what devaſtation, would finiſh the ruin of human nature! for, if mighty princes are ſatisfied that it is impoſſible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to inſatiable avarice and exorbitant thirſt of power! if monarchs may without the leaſt guilt violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and ſacrifice their truth and honour at pleaſure to their paſſions, or their intereſt, what truſt, what confidence, could be ſupported between neighbour potentates! and without this, what confuſion and diſtraction muſt of neceſſity enſue!

On the other hand, if ſubjects were univerſally Atheiſts, and looked on themſelves as under no divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the ſupreme magiſtrate;

magiſtrate; if they believed that, when they took their oaths of allegiance, they ſwore by nothing, and invocated a power not in being; that therefore thoſe oaths oblige them no longer than they think it ſafe, and for their intereſt, to break them; ſhould ſuch principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be moſt precarious? would not ambition, revenge, reſentment, or intereſt, continually excite ſome or other to betray or aſſault the lives of their ſovereigns? and why ſhould they be blamed by the Atheiſt for doing it? why are traitors, aſſaſſins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwiſe than they do?

Should conſpirators, who aſſaſſinate their lawful ſovereign, have the good fortune to make their eſcape, I aſk the Atheiſt, if he has in the leaſt an ill opinion of them for being engaged in ſuch an execrable undertaking? If he ſays he has not, then the point is gained, and an Atheiſt is what I have repreſented. If he ſays he has, I next aſk him, why? Let him tell me in what their guilt conſiſts? Is it in the breach of any divine law? that cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the tranſgreſſion of any human law? tell me, what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no divine law enforces ſuch obedience? does their guilt conſiſt in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? ſtill the ſame queſtion recurs, what duty can a ſubject owe to a prince which divine laws do not conſtitute and determine? and how can an oath of alle-

giance bind but by virtue of ſome divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears that an Atheiſt muſt be the worſt of ſubjects; that his principles ſubvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and ſociety, on which the happineſs of mankind ſo much depends; and therefore it is not poſſible to conceive how there can be a greater diſturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a profeſt Atheiſt, who propagates with zeal his deſtructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypotheſis hitherto invented in favour of impiety has the leaſt ſtrength or ſolidity, no not the leaſt appearance of truth to recommend it. A man muſt be deſerted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot, or rather will not, ſee the unreaſonableneſs of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleaſed with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheiſtical converſation.

A

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the following POEM, and of what is contained in each BOOK.

THE deſign of this work is to demonſtrate the exiſtence of a Divine Eternal Mind.

The arguments uſed for this end are taken from the various marks of wiſdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to obſervation in the ſeveral parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human ſoul.

The firſt book contains the proof of a Deity, from the inſtances of deſign and choice, which occur in the ſtructure and qualities of the earth and ſea.

The ſecond purſues the proof of the ſame propoſition, THERE IS A GOD, from the celeſtial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the ſolar ſyſtem and the air.

In the third, the objections, which are brought by Atheiſtical philoſophers againſt the hypotheſis eſtabliſhed in the two preceding books, are anſwered.

In the fourth, is laid down the hypotheſis of the Atomiſts or Epicureans, and other irreligious philoſophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fataliſts, or Ariſtotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is conſidered and ſubverted.

In the ſixth, the argument of the two firſt books is reſumed, and the exiſtence of God demonſtrated from

the prudence and art difcovered in the feveral parts of the body of man.

In the feventh, the fame demonftration is carried on from the contemplation of the inftincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the foul of man. The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a Hymn to the Creator of the World.

CREATION.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The propoſition. The invocation. The exiſtence of a God demonſtrated, from the marks of wiſdom, choice, and art, which appear in the viſible world, and infer an intelligent and free cauſe. This evinced from the contemplation, I. of the earth. 1. Its ſituation. 2. The cohesion of its parts, not to be ſolved by any hypotheſis yet produced. 3. Its ſtability. 4. Its ſtructure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual; or elſe the motion of the ſun in both thoſe reſpects. The cauſe of theſe motions not yet accounted for by any philoſopher. 6. Its outſide or face; the beauties and conveniences of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The exiſtence of a God proved from the marks and impreſſions of prudence and deſign, which appear in the ſea. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in reſpect of the earthy. 3. Its ſituation. 4. The contexture of its parts. 5. Its brackiſh or briny quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

NO more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms:
The themes of vulgar lays, with juſt diſdain,
I leave unſung, the flocks, the amorous ſwain,
The pleaſures of the land, and terrors of the main.

How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
Groveling in duſt and darkneſs, when on high
Empires immenſe and rolling worlds of light,
To range their heavenly ſcenes, the Muſe invite!
I meditate to ſoar above the ſkies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd, to riſe:
I would th' Eternal from his works aſſert,
And ſing the wonders of creating art.
While I this unexampled taſk eſſay,
Paſs awful gulphs, and beat my painful way;
Celeſtial Dove! divine aſſiſtance bring,
Suſtain me on thy ſtrong extended wing,
That I may reach th' Almighty's ſacred throne,
And make his cauſeleſs power, the cauſe of all things, known.
Thou doſt the full extent of nature ſee,
And the wide realms of vaſt immenſity:
Eternal Wiſdom thou doſt comprehend,
Riſe to her heights, and to her depths deſcend:
The Father's ſecret counſels thou canſt tell,
Who in his boſom didſt for ever dwell:
Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal Dove!
Thou with almighty energy didſt move
On the wild waves, incumbent didſt diſplay
Thy genial wings, and hatch primæval day.
Order from thee, from thee diſtinction came,
And all the beauties of the wondrous frame:
Hence ſtampt on nature we perfection find,
Fair as th' idea in th' Eternal Mind.
See, through this vaſt extended theatre
Of ſkill divine what ſhining marks appear!
Creating power is all around expreſt,
The God diſcover'd, and his care confeſt.

Nature's

Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties ſhow;
By every feature we the parent know.
Th' expanded ſpheres amazing to the ſight,
Magnificent with ſtars and globes of light,
The glorious orbs, which Heaven's bright hoſt compoſe,
Th' impriſon'd ſea, that reſtleſs ebbs and flows,
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there,
And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
The Power Divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.
What things ſoe'er are to an end referr'd,
And in their motions ſtill that end regard,
Always the fitneſs of the means reſpect,
Theſe as conducive chuſe, and thoſe reject,
Muſt by a judgement foreign and unknown
Be guided to their end, or by their own;
For to deſign an end, and to purſue
That end by means, and have it ſtill in view,
Demands a conſcious, wiſe, reflecting cauſe,
Which freely moves, and acts by reaſon's laws,
That can deliberate, means elect, and find
Their due connexion with the end deſign'd.
And ſince the world's wide frame does not include
A cauſe with ſuch capacities endued;
Some other cauſe o'er nature muſt preſide,
Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
And here behold the cauſe, which God we name,
The ſource of beings, and the mind ſupreme;
Whoſe perfect wiſdom, and whoſe prudent care,
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds declare.

See,

See, how the earth has gain'd that very place,
Which of all others in the boundleſs ſpace
Is moſt convenient, and will beſt conduce
To the wiſe ends requir'd for nature's uſe.
You, who the mind and cauſe ſupreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Muſt grant, had perfect wiſdom been employ'd
To find, through all th' interminable void,
A ſeat moſt proper, and which beſt became
The earth and ſea, it muſt have been the ſame.
Now, who can this ſurprizing fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute earth unguided ſhould embrace
The only uſeful, only proper place
Of all the millions in the empty ſpace?
Could ſtupid atoms with impetuous ſpeed
By different roads and adverſe ways proceed;
From regions oppoſite begin their flight,
That here they might rencounter, here unite;
What charms could theſe terreſtrial vagrants ſee
In this one point of all immenſity,
That all th' enamour'd troops ſhould thither flow?
Did they its uſeful ſituation know?
And, when the ſquadrons with a ſwift career
Had reach'd that point, why did they ſettle there,
When nothing check'd their flight, but gulphs of air;
Since Epicurus and his ſcholars ſay
That unobſtructed matter flies away,
Ranges the void, and knows not where to ſtay?

If

If you, ſagacious ſons of art, pretend
That by their native force they did deſcend,
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their end;
That native force till you inlighten'd know,
Can its myſterious ſpring diſcloſe, and ſhow
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your uninſtructive words no doubts diſpel.
We aſk you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You ſay, the nature of the thing is ſo.
But how does this relieve th' enquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulſive power explain?
The Atomiſts, who ſkill mechanic teach,
Who boaſt their clearer ſight, and deeper reach,
Aſſert their atoms took that happy ſeat,
Determin'd thither by their inbred weight;
That downward through the ſpacious void they ſtrove
To that one point, from all the parts above.
Grant this poſition true, though up and down
Are to a ſpace not limited unknown;
But ſince they ſay our earth from morn to morn
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;
That ſwift rotation muſt diſperſe in air
All things, which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion ſhould control,
It muſt disjoint and diſſipate the whole.
'Tis by experience unconteſted found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still ſhake off all things on their ſurface plac'd,
And to a diſtance from the centre caſt.
If ponderous atoms are ſo much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,

Give

Give them the ſituation they deſire;
But let us then, ye ſages, next enquire,
What cauſe of their coheſion can you find?
What props ſupport, what chains the fabrick bind?
Why do not beaſts that move, or ſtones that lie
Looſe on the field, through diſtant regions fly?
Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
Tend to the earth with ſuch a ſwift deſcent?
Thoſe who aſcribe this one determin'd courſe
Of ponderous things to gravitating force,
Refer us to a quality occult,
To ſenſeleſs words, for which while they inſult
With juſt contempt the famous Stagyrite,
Their ſchools ſhould bleſs the world with clearer light.
Some, the round earth's coheſion to ſecure,
For that hard taſk employ magnetic power.
Remark, ſay they, the globe; with wonder own
Its nature, like the fam'd attractive ſtone.
This has its axis, ſo th' obſerver tells,
Meridians, poles, æquator, parallels.
To the terreſtrial poles by conſtant fate
Th' obſequious poles themſelves accommodate,
And, when of this poſition diſpoſſeſt,
They move, and ſtrive, nor ever will they reſt,
Till their lov'd ſituation they regain,
Where pleas'd they ſettle, and unmov'd remain.
And ſhould you, ſo experience does decide,
Into ſmall parts the wondrous ſtone divide,
Ten thouſand of minuteſt ſize expreſs
The ſame propenſion, which the large poſſeſs.

Hence

Hence all the globe ('tis ſaid) we may conclude
With this prevailing energy endued:
That this attractive, this ſurprizing ſtone
Has no peculiar virtue of its own;
Nothing but what is common to the whole,
To ſides, to axis, and to either pole.
The mighty magnet from the centre darts
This ſtrong, though ſubtle force, through all the part
Its active rays, ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide circumference.
While every part is in proportion bleſt,
And of its due attractive power poſſeſt;
While adverſe ways the adverſe atoms draw
With the ſame ſtrength, by nature's conſtant law
Balanc'd and fixt; they can no longer move;
Through gulphs immenſe no more unguided rove.
If cords are pull'd two adverſe ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faſter bind.
So when with equal vigour Nature ſtrains
This way and that theſe fine mechanic chains,
They fix the earth, they part to part unite,
Preſerve their ſtructure, and prevent their flight.
Preſſure, they ſay, and weight, we muſt diſown,
As things occult, by no ideas known,
And on the earth's magnetic power depend
To fix its ſeat, its union to defend.
Let us this fam'd hypotheſis ſurvey,
And with attentive thought remark the way,
How earth's attractive parts their force diſplay.
The maſs, 'tis ſaid, from its wide boſom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal ſhowers

Of

Of fine magnetic darts, of matter male
So ſubtle, marble they with eaſe pervade:
Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
Not by Auſonian glaſſes to be ſeen.
Theſe emanations take their conſtant flight
Swift from the earth, as from the ſun the light;
To a determin'd diſtance they aſcend,
And there inflect their courſe, and downward tend.
What can inſult unequal Reaſon more,
Than this magnetic, this myſterious power?
That cords and chains, beyond conception ſmall,
Should gird and bind ſo faſt this mighty ball!
That active rays ſhould ſpring from every part,
And, though ſo ſubtle, ſhould ſuch force exert!
That the light legions ſhould be ſent abroad,
Range all the air, and traverſe every road!
To ſtated limits ſhould excurſions make,
Then backward of themſelves their journey take;
Should in their way to ſolid bodies cling,
And home to earth the captive matter bring;
Where all things on its ſurface ſpread are bound
By their coercive vigour to the ground!
Can this be done without a Guide Divine?
Should we to this hypotheſis incline?
Say, does not here conſpicuous Wiſdom ſhine?
Who can enough magnetic force admire?
Does it not counſel and deſign require
To give the earth this wondrous energy,
In ſuch a meaſure, ſuch a juſt degree,
That it ſhould ſtill perform its deſtin'd taſk,
As nature's ends and various uſes aſk?

For,

For, should our globe have had a greater share
Of this ſtrong force, by which the parts cohere,
Things had been bound by ſuch a powerful chain,
That all would fix'd and motionleſs remain;
All men, like ſtatues, on the earth would ſtand,
Nor would they move the foot, or ſtretch the hand;
Birds would not range the ſkies, nor beaſts the woods,
Nor could the fiſh divide the ſtiffen'd floods.
Again, had this ſtrange energy been leſs,
Defect had been as fatal as exceſs.
For want of cement ſtrong enough to bind
The ſtructure faſt, huge ribs of rock, disjoin'd
Without an earthquake, from their baſe would ſtart,
And hills unhing'd from their deep roots depart.
And, while our orb perform'd its daily race,
All beings, found upon its ample face,
Would, by that motion diſſipated, fly
Whirl'd from the globe, and ſcatter through the ſky:
They muſt, obedient to mechanic laws,
Aſſemble where the ſtronger magnet draws;
Whether the Sun that ſtronger magnet proves,
Or elſe ſome planet's orb that nearer moves.
Who can unfold the cauſe that does recall
Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall?
If theſe effluvia, which do upward tend,
Becauſe leſs heavy than the air, aſcend;
Why do they ever from their height retreat,
And why return to ſeek their central ſeat?
From the ſame cauſe, ye ſons of art, declare
Can they by turns deſcend, and riſe in air?

Prodigious

Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive ray
Should this way bend, the next an adverſe way;
For, ſhould th' unſeen magnetic jets deſcend
All the ſame way, they could not gain their end;
They could not draw and bind the fabrick faſt,
Unleſs alike they every part embrac'd.
How does Carteſius all his ſinews ſtrain,
How much he labours, and how much in vain,
The earth's attractive vigour to explain!
This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys:
Inceſſant ſtreams of thin magnetic rays
Guſh from their fountains, with impetuous force,
In either pole, then take an adverſe courſe:
Thoſe from the Southern pole the Northern ſeek;
The Southern thoſe that from the Northern break:
In either pole theſe rays emitted meet
Small pores provided, for their figures fit;
Still to and fro they circulating paſs,
Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the maſs.
Thus he the parts of earth from flight reſtrains,
And girds it faſt by fine imagin'd chains.
But oh! how dark is human reaſon found!
How vain the man, with wit and learning crown'd!
How feeble all his ſtrength, when he eſſays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways;
Unleſs he calls its Author to his aid,
Who every ſecret ſpring of motion laid,
Who over all his wondrous works preſides,
And to their uſeful ends their cauſes guides!
Theſe paths in vain are by enquirers trod;
There 's no philoſophy without a God.

Admir'd Carteſius, let the curious know,
If your magnetic atoms always flow
From pole to pole, what form'd their double ſource,
What ſpur'd, what gave them their inflected courſe?
Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles,
And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes?
A race ſo long what prompts them to purſue?
Have the blind troops th' important end in view?
How are they ſure they in the poles ſhall meet
Pores of a figure to their figure fit?
Are they with ſuch ſagacity endued
To know, if this their journey be purſued,
They ſhall the earth's conſtructure cloſely bind,
And to the centre keep the parts confin'd?
Let us review this whole magnetic ſcheme,
Till wiſer heads a wiſer model frame.
For its formation let fit atoms ſtart,
To one determin'd point, from every part.
Encountering there from regions oppoſite,
They claſh, and interrupt each other's flight;
And, rendezvouſing with an adverſe courſe,
Produce an equal poiſe, by equal force:
For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
And are at once attracted and attract;
While march'd in ſtrength they keep the doubtful field,
And neither overcome, and neither yield,
To happy purpoſe they their vigour ſpend;
For theſe contentions in the balance end,
Which muſt in liquid air the globe ſuſpend.
Beſides materials which are brute and blind,
Did not this work require a Knowing Mind,

Who for the task should fit detachments chuse
From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
Through the wide regions of the boundless space,
And for their rendezvous appoint the place?
Who should command, by his almighty nod,
These chosen troops, unconscious of the road,
And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
Their marches to begin, and thither tend;
Direct them all to take the nearest way,
Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions stray;
Make them advance with such an equal pace,
From all the adverse regions of the space,
That they at once should reach the destin'd place;
Should muster there, and round the centre swarm,
And draw together in a globous form?
Grant, that by mutual opposition made
Of adverse parts, their mutual flight is staid;
That thus the whole is in a balance laid;
Does it not all mechanic heads confound,
That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
Of equal number, and of equal force,
Should to this single point direct their course;
That so the counter-pressure every way,
Of equal vigour, might their motions stay,
And, by a steady poise, the whole in quiet lay?
Besides, the structure of the earth regard:
For firmness how is all its frame prepar'd!
With what amazing skill is the vast building rear'd!
Metals and veins of solid stone are found
The chief materials, which the globe compound.

See,

See, how the hills, which high in air aſcend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend.
These ſtrong unſhaken mounds reſiſt the ſhocks
Of tides and ſeas tempeſtuous, while the rocks,
That ſecret in a long continued vein
Paſs through the earth, the ponderous pile ſuſtain:
These mighty girders, which the fabrick bind,
These ribs robuſt and vaſt, in order join'd;
These ſubterranean walls, diſpos'd with art,
Such ſtrength, and ſuch ſtability impart,
That ſtorms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.
Give to the earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in ambient air;
Give it the ſituation to the ſun
Such as is only fit; when this is done,
Suppoſe it ſtill remain'd a lazy heap;
From what we grant, you no advantage reap.
You either muſt the earth from reſt diſturb,
Or roll around the heavens the ſolar orb.
Elſe what a dreadful face will nature wear!
How horrid will theſe loneſome ſeats appear!
This ne'er would ſee one kind refreſhing ray;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way,
Condemn'd to light, and curs'd with endleſs day;
A cold Icelandian deſert one would grow;
One, like Sicilian furnaces, would glow.
That nature may this fatal error ſhun,
Move, which will pleaſe you beſt, the earth or ſun.
But, ſay, from what great builder's magazines
You 'll engines fetch, what ſtrong, what vaſt machines

Will you employ to give this motion birth,
And whirl ſo ſwiftly round the ſun or earth?
Yet, learned heads, by what mechanic laws
Will you of either orb this motion cauſe?
Why do they move? why in a circle? why
With ſuch a meaſure of velocity?
Say, why the earth—if not the earth, the ſun
Does through his winding road the Zodiack run?
Why do revolving orbs their tracks ſublime
So conſtant keep, that ſince the birth of time
They never vary'd their accuſtom'd place,
Nor loſt a minute in ſo long a race?
But hold! perhaps I rudely preſs too far;
You are not vers'd in reaſoning ſo ſevere.
To a firſt queſtion your reply 's at hand;
Aſk but a ſecond, and you ſpeechleſs ſtand.
You ſwim at top, and on the ſurface ſtrive,
But to the depths of nature never dive:
For if you did, inſtructed you'd explore
Divine contrivance, and a God adore.
Yet ſons of art one curious piece deviſe,
From whoſe conſtructure motion ſhall ariſe.
Machines, to all philoſophers 'tis known,
Move by a foreign impulſe, not their own.
Then let Gaſſendus chuſe what frame he pleaſe,
By which to turn the heavenly orbs with eaſe;
Thoſe orbs muſt reſt, till by th' exerted force
Of ſome firſt mover they begin their courſe:
Meer diſpoſition, meer mechanic art,
Can never motion to the globes impart;

And,

And, if they could, the marks of wiſe deſign
In that contrivance would conſpicuous ſhine.
Theſe queſtions ſtill recur: we ſtill demand,
What moves them firſt, and puts them off at hand?
What makes them this one way their race direct,
While they a thouſand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their courſe inflect?
Why do they roll with ſuch an equal pace,
And to a moment ſtill perform their race?
Why earth or ſun diurnal ſtages keep?
In ſpiral tracks why through the zodiac creep?
Who can account for this, unleſs they ſay
Theſe orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey,
Who bad them move, did all their motions guide,
To each its deſtin'd province did divide;
Which to compleat, he gave them motive power,
That ſhall, as long as he does will, endure?
Thus we the frame of nature have expreſt;
Now view the earth in finiſh'd beauty dreſt;
The various ſcenes, which various charms diſplay,
Through all th' extended theatre ſurvey.
See how ſublime th' uplifted mountains riſe,
And with their pointed heads invade the ſkies!
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Diſtinguiſh ſtates, and ſever'd realms defend!
How ambient ſhores confine the reſtleſs deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep!
The hollow vales their ſmiling pride unfold;
What rich abundance do their boſoms hold!
Regard their lovely verdure, raviſh'd view
The party-colour'd flowers of various hue!

Not Eaſtern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple ſhine ſo gay
As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
Unverſt in ſpinning, and in looms unſkill'd.
See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the ſun, and make his light their own!
See the ſweet brooks in ſilver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and ſupply the deep;
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vital moiſture, where they paſs, beſtow!
Admire the narrow ſtream, and ſpreading lake,
The proud aſpiring grove, and humble brake:
How do the foreſts and the woods delight!
How the ſweet glades and openings charm the ſight!
Obſerve the pleaſant lawn and airy plain,
The fertile furrows rich with various grain;
How uſeful all! how all conſpire to grace
Th' extended earth, and beautify her face!
Now, ſee, with how much art the parts are made;
With how much wiſdom are the ſtrata laid,
Of different weight, and of a different kind,
Of ſundry forms, for ſundry ends deſign'd!
Here in their beds the finiſh'd minerals reſt,
There the rich wombs the ſeeds of gold digeſt.
Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
Are caſt the ſeveral kinds of precious ſtone;
The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn,
Fair as the ſtar that beautifies the morn;
And, ſplendid by the ſun's embody'd ray,
The rubies there their crimſon light diſplay;

These marble's various colour'd veins are spread;
Here of bitumen unctuous stores are bred.
What skill on all its surface is bestow'd,
To make the earth for man a fit abode!
The upper moulds, with active spirits stor'd,
And rich in verdant progeny, afford
The flowery pasture, and the shady wood,
To men their physick, and to beasts their food.
Proceed yet farther, and a prospect take
Of the swift stream, and of the standing lake.
Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain
All the collected treasures of the main,
The earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water flood,
To man an uninhabitable flood.
Yet had not part as kindly staid behind,
In the wide cisterns of the lakes confin'd,
Did not the springs and rivers drench the land,
Our globe would grow a wilderness of sand;
The plants and groves, the tame and savage beast,
And man, their lord, would die with drought oppress.
Now, as you see, the floating element
Part loose in streams, part in the ocean pent,
So wisely is dispos'd, as may conduce
To man's delight, or necessary use.
See how the mountains in the midst divide
The noblest regions, that from either side
The streams, which to the hills their currents owe,
May every way along the valley flow,
And verdant wealth on all the soil bestow!
So Atlas and the mountains of the moon,
From north to south, in lofty ridges run

Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave
Th' inferior regions with a winding wave.
They various rivers give to various ſoil,
Niger to Guinea, and to Ægypt Nile.
So from the towering Alps, on different ſides,
Diſſolving ſnows deſcend in numerous tides,
Which in the vale beneath their parties join
To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
So Caucaſus, aſpiring Taurus ſo,
And fam'd Imaüs, ever white with ſnow,
Through eaſtern climes their lofty lines extend,
And this and that way ample currents ſend.
A thouſand rivers make their crooked way,
And diſembogue their floods into the ſea;
Whence ſhould they ne'er by ſecret roads retire,
And to the hills, from whence they came, aſpire;
They by their conſtant ſtreams would ſo encreaſe
The watery ſtores, and raiſe ſo high the ſeas,
That the wide hollow would not long contain
Th' unequal treaſures of the ſwelling main;
Scorning the mounds which now its tide withſtand,
The ſea would paſs the ſhores, and drown the land.
Tell, by what paths, what ſubterranean ways,
Back to the fountain's head the ſea conveys
The refluent rivers, and the land repays?
Tell, what ſuperior, what controling cauſe
Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws,
Climb up, and gain th' aſpiring mountains height,
Swift and forgetful of their native weight?

What

What happy works, what engines under-ground,
What inſtruments of curious art are found,
Which muſt with everlaſting labour play,
Back to their ſprings the rivers to convey,
And keep their correſpondence with the ſea?
Perhaps you 'll ſay, their ſtreams the rivers owe
In part to rain, in part to melting ſnow;
And that th' attracted watery vapours riſe
From lakes and ſeas, and fill the lower ſkies:
Theſe when condens'd the airy region pours
On the dry earth in rain, or gentle ſhowers;
Th' inſinuating drops ſink through the ſand,
And paſs the porous ſtrainers of the land;
Which freſh ſupplies of watery riches bring
To every river's head, to each exhauſted ſpring;
The ſtreams are thus, their loſſes to repair,
Back to their ſource tranſmitted through the air;
The waters ſtill their circling courſe maintain,
Flow down in rivers, and return in rain;
And on the ſoil with heat immoderate dry'd,
To which the rain's pure treaſures are deny'd,
The mountains more ſublime in æther riſe,
Transfix the clouds, and tower amidſt the ſkies;
The ſnowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
Still ſtay in part, and ſtill in part diſſolve;
Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfaſhion'd tracts,
Roll down the lofty mountain's channel'd ſides,
And to the vale convey their foaming tides;
At length, to make their various currents one,
The congregated floods together run;

Theſe

Theſe confluent ſtreams make ſome great river's head,
By ſtores ſtill melting and deſcending fed;
Thus from th' aſpiring mountains of the moon
Diſſolving treaſures ruſh in torrents down,
Which paſs the ſun-burnt realms and ſandy ſoil,
And bleſs th' Ægyptian nation with their Nile;
Then whoſoe'er his ſecret riſe would know,
Muſt climb the hills, and trace his head in ſnow;
And through the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone,
All ample rivers of our milder zone,
While they advance along the flats and plains,
Spread by the ſhowers augmented, and the rains;
Yet theſe their ſource and firſt beginning owe
To ſtores, that from the Alpine mountains flow;
Hence, when the ſnows in winter ceaſe to weep,
And undiſſolv'd their flaky texture keep,
The banks with eaſe their humble ſtreams contain,
Which ſwell in ſummer, and thoſe banks diſdain.
Be this account allow'd, ſay, do not here
Th' impreſſions of conſummate art appear?
In every ſpacious realm a riſing ground,
Obſervers tell, is in the middle found;
That all the ſtreams, which flow from either ſide,
May through the valleys unobſtructed glide.
What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
Before the Euxine ſea receives its wave!
How many nations of the ſun-burnt ſoil
Fam'd Niger bleſs! how many drink the Nile!
Through what vaſt regions near the riſing ſun
Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaſpes, run!

What

What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem,
And pregnant grow by thy prolific ſtream!
How many ſpacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes ſerpentine,
Traverſe, before he ſplits in Belgia's plain,
And loſt in ſand creeps to the Germain main!
Floods which through Indian realms their courſe purſue,
That Mexico enrich, and waſh Peru,
With their unwearied ſtreams yet farther paſs,
Before they reach the ſea, and end their race.
And ſince the rivers and the floods demand,
For their deſcent, a prone and ſinking land,
Does not this due declivity declare
A wiſe Director's providential care?
See, how the ſtreams advancing to the main
Through crooked channels draw their cryſtal train!
While lingering thus they in meanders glide,
They ſcatter verdant life on either ſide.
The valleys ſmile, and with their flowery face
And wealthy births confeſs the floods embrace.
But this great bleſſing would in part be loſt,
Nor would the meads their blooming plenty boaſt;
Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
In lines direct, and rapid ſeek the main.
The ſea does next demand our view; and there
No leſs the marks of perfect ſkill appear.
When firſt the atoms to the congreſs came,
And by their concourſe form'd the mighty frame,
What did the liquid to th' aſſembly call,
To give their aid to form the ponderous ball?

Firſt,

Firſt, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In ſuch a diſproportion to the dry?
Why were the moiſt in number ſo outdone,
That to a thouſand dry, they are but one?
When they united, and together clung,
When undiſtinguiſh'd in one heap they hung,
How was the union broke, the knot unty'd,
What did th' entangled elements divide?
Why did the moiſt disjoin'd, without reſpect
To their leſs weight, the loweſt ſeat elect?
Could they diſpenſe to lie below the land,
With nature's law, and unrepeal'd command;
Which gives to lighter things the greateſt height,
And ſeats inferior to ſuperior weight?
Did they foreſee, unleſs they lay ſo low,
The reſtleſs flood the land would overflow,
By which the delug'd earth would uſeleſs grow?
What, but a conſcious agent, could provide
The ſpacious hollow, where the waves reſide?
Where, bar'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the deep
Does in its womb the floating treaſures keep;
And all the raging regiments reſtrain
In ſtated limits, that the ſwelling main
May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
And through the land licentious ſpread its tide?
What other cauſe the frame could ſo contrive,
That, when tempeſtuous winds the ocean drive,
They cannot break the tye, nor diſunite
The waves, which roll connected in their flight?

Their

Their bands, though ſlack, no diſſolution fear,
Th' unſever'd parts the greateſt preſſure bear,
Though looſe, and fit to flow, they ſtill cohere.
This apt, this wiſe contexture of the ſea,
Makes it the ſhips driv'n by the winds obey;
Whence hardy merchants ſail from ſhore to ſhore,
Bring Indian ſpices home, and Guinea's ore.
When you with liquid ſtores have fill'd the deep,
What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie ſtagnant in its ample ſeat,
The ſun would through it ſpread deſtructive heat.
The wiſe Contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with ſalt, and ſeaſon'd all the ſea.
What other cauſe could this effect produce?
The brackiſh tincture through the main diffuſe?
You, who to ſolar beams this taſk aſſign,
To ſcald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid ſtores, which ſleep
In the remoteſt caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater ſhare,
Than thoſe above, that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
Mountains of ſalt, the ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in nature, can deſcribe the land,
Or fix the place on which thoſe mountains ſtand?
Why have thoſe rocks ſo long unwaſted ſtood,
Since, laviſh of their ſtock, they through the flood,
Have, ages paſt, their melting cryſtal ſpred,
And with their ſpoils the liquid regions fed?

Yet

Yet more, the wiſe Contriver did provide,
To keep the ſea from ſtagnating the tide;
Which now we ſee advance, and now ſubſide.
If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
Declare what cauſe of this effect you find.
You who this globe round its own axis drive,
From that rotation this event derive:
You ſay, the ſea, which with unequal pace
Attends the earth in this its rapid race,
Does with its waves fall backward to the weſt,
And, thence repell'd, advances to the eaſt:
While this revolving motion does endure,
The deep muſt reel, and ruſh from ſhore to ſhore:
Thus to the ſetting, and the riſing ſun,
Alternate tides in ſtated order run.
Th' experiments you bring us, to explain
This notion, are impertinent and vain.
An orb or ball round its own axis whirl;
Will not the motion to a diſtance hurl
Whatever duſt or ſand you on it place,
And drops of water from its convex face?
If this rotation does the ſeas affect,
The rapid motion rather would eject
The ſtores the low capacious caves contain,
And from its ample baſin caſt the main;
Aloft in air would make the ocean fly,
And daſh its ſcatter'd waves againſt the ſky.
If you, to ſolve th' appearance, have recourſe
To the bright ſun's, or moon's impulſive force;
Do you, who call for demonſtration, tell
How diſtant orbs th' obedient flood impel?

This

This ſtrong myſterious influence explain,
By which, to ſwell the waves, they preſs the main.
But if you chuſe magnetic power, and ſay
Thoſe bodies by attraction move the ſea;
Till with new light you make this ſecret known,
And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,
You leave the mind in darkneſs ſtill involv'd,
Nor have you, like philoſophers, reſolv'd
The doubts, which we to reaſoning men refer,
But with a cant of words abuſe the ear.
Thoſe, who aſſert the lunar orb preſides
O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides:
Whoſe waves obſequious ebb, or ſwelling run,
With the declining or increaſing moon;
With reaſon ſeem her empire to maintain,
As miſtreſs of the rivers and the main.
Perhaps her active influences cauſe
Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;
The waters ſeem her orders to obey,
And ebb and flow, determin'd by her ſway.
Grant that the deep this foreign ſovereign owns,
That mov'd by her it this and that way runs.
Say, by what force ſhe makes the ocean ſwell,
Does ſhe attract the waters, or impel?
How does ſhe rule the rolling waves, and guide
By fixt and conſtant laws the reſtleſs tide?
Why does ſhe dart her force to that degree,
As gives ſo juſt a motion to the ſea,
That it ſhould flow no more, no more retire,
Than nature's various uſeful ends require?

A Mind Supreme you therefore muſt approve,
Whoſe high command caus'd matter firſt to move:
Who ſtill preſerves its courſe, and, with reſpect
To his wiſe ends, all motions does direct.
He to the ſilver moon this province gave,
And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave;
Endued her with ſuch juſt degrees of power,
As might his aims and wiſe deſigns procure,
Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
And rolling waters from corruption keep,
But not impel them o'er their bounds of ſand,
Nor force the waſteful deluge o'er the land.

CREATION.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction. The numerous and important bleſſings of religion. The exiſtence of a God demonſtrated, from the wiſdom and deſign which appear in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the ſolar ſyſtem. I. In the ſituation of the ſun, and its due diſtance from the earth. The fatal conſequences of its having been placed otherwiſe than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds: then in its annual motion, whence ariſe the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the ſun between the tropicks, not to be accounted for by any philoſophical hypotheſis. The difficulties of the ſame, if the earth moves, and the ſun reſts. The ſpring of the ſun's motion, not to be explained by any irreligious philoſophy. The contemplation of the ſolar light, and the uſes made of it for the end propoſed. The appearances in the ſolar ſyſtem not to be ſolved, but by aſſerting a God. The ſyſtems of Ptolomy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, conſidered. The ſolar ſyſtem deſcribed, and compared with the fixed ſtars, which are ſuppoſed centres of the like ſyſtems. Reflections on that compariſon. The hy-

 potheſis

potheſis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of the ſun. Wiſdom and deſign diſcovered in the air; in its uſeful ſtructure, its elaſticity, its various meteors; the wind, the rain, thunder, and lightning. A ſhort contemplation of the vegetable kind.

CARUS, by hardy Epicurus taught,
From Greece to Rome his impious ſyſtem brought;
Then war with Heaven he did inſulting wage,
And breath'd againſt the Gods immortal rage:
See, he exclaims, the ſource of all our woe!
Our fears and ſufferings from Religion flow.
We grant, a train of miſchiefs oft' proceeds
From ſuperſtitious rites and penal creeds;
But view Religion in her native charms,
Diſperſing bleſſings with indulgent arms,
From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are ſpread!
What blooming joys ſmile round her bliſsful head!
Offspring divine! by thee we bleſs the Cauſe,
Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
His independent being we adore,
Extoll his goodneſs, and revere his power;
Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we purſue,
Till raviſh'd we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impreſſions on our mind.
Inſpir'd by thee, gueſt of celeſtial race,
With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and eaſy to forgive;

Protect.

Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cauſe,
Nor deviate from the line unerring juſtice draws.
Thy luſtre, bleſt effulgence, can diſpell
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell;
Can to the ſoul impart etherial light,
Give life divine and intellectual ſight:
Before our raviſh'd eyes thy beams diſplay
The opening ſcenes of bliſs, and endleſs day;
By which incited, we with ardour riſe,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the ſkies.
Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Diſmiſs their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the ſword and ſpear.
The boldeſt champions of impiety,
Scornful of Heaven, ſubdued or won by thee,
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee;
Looſe wits, made wiſe, a public good become,
The ſons of pride an humble mien aſſume;
The profligate in morals grow ſevere,
Defrauders juſt, and ſycophants ſincere.
With amorous language and bewitching ſmiles,
Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,
The fair Ægyptian Jacob's ſon careſs'd,
Hung on his neck, and languiſh'd on his breaſt;
Courted with freedom now the beauteous ſlave,
Now flattering ſued, and threatening now did rave:
But not the various eloquence of love,
Nor power enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move.
See, aw'd by Heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies
Her artful tongue, and more perſuaſive eyes;

And, ſpringing from her diſappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.
Stedfaſt in virtue's and his country's cauſe,
Th' illuſtrious founder of the Jewiſh laws,
Who, taught by Heaven, at genuine greatneſs aim'd,
With worthy pride imperial blood diſclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharoah's throne reſign'd,
And the vain pleaſures of a court declin'd,
Pleas'd with obſcure receſs, to eaſe the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their ſervile chains;
Such generous minds are form'd, where bleſt Religion reigns.
Ye friends of Epicurus, look around,
All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd.
Mind the wiſe ends, which proper means promote;
See how the different parts for different uſe are wrought;
Contemplate all this conduct and deſign,
Then own, and praiſe, th' Artificer Divine.
Regard the orbs ſublime in æther borne,
Which the blue regions of the ſkies adorn;
Compar'd with whoſe extent, this low-hung ball,
Shrunk to a point, is deſpicably ſmall:
Their number, counting thoſe th' unaided eye
Can ſee, or by invented tubes deſcry,
With thoſe which in the adverſe hemiſphere,
Or near each pole to lands remote appear,
The wideſt ſtretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds:
While theſe ſo numerous, and ſo vaſt of ſize,
In various ways roll through the trackleſs ſkies;
Through croſſing roads perplext and intricate,
Perform their ſtages, and their rounds repeat;

None

None by colliſion from their courſe are driven,
No ſhocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heaven;
No ſhatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
No worlds o'erturn'd cruſh this terreſtrial ball;
In beauteous order all the orbs advance,
And, in their mazy complicated dance,
Not in one part of all the pathleſs ſky
Did any ever halt, or ſtep awry.
When twice ten thouſand men depriv'd of ſight
To ſome wide vale direct their footſteps right;
Shall there a various figur'd dance eſſay,
Move by juſt ſteps, and meaſur'd time obey;
Shall croſs each other with unerring feet,
Never miſtake their place, and never meet;
Nor ſhall in many years the leaſt decline
From the ſame ground, and the ſame winding line:
Then may in various roads the orbs above,
Without a guide, in perfect concord move;
Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws,
May not require a wiſe Directing Cauſe.
See, how th' indulgent father of the day
At ſuch due diſtance does his beams diſplay,
That he his heat may give to ſea and land,
In juſt degrees, as all their wants demand!
But had he, in th' unmeaſurable ſpace
Of æther, choſen a remoter place;
For inſtance, pleas'd with that ſuperior ſeat
Where Saturn, or where Jove, their courſe repeat;
Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie
In the more diſtant quarters of the ſky;

How ſad, how wild, how exquiſite a ſcene
Of deſolation, had this planet been!
A waſteful, cold, untrodden wilderneſs,
The gloomy haunts of horror and diſtreſs:
Inſtead of woods, which crown the mountain's head,
And the gay honours of the verdant mead;
Inſtead of golden fruits, the garden's pride,
By genial ſhowers and ſolar heat ſupply'd;
Icelandian cold, and Hyperborean ſnows,
Eternal froſt, with ice that never flows,
Unſufferable winter, had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waſte:
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
On their ſoft wings, ſweet vapours through the air,
The balmy ſpoils of plants, and fragrant flowers,
Of aromatic groves, and myrtle bowers,
Whoſe odoriferous exhalations fan
The flame of life, and recreate beaſt and man;
But ſtorms, ev'n worſe than vex Norwegian waves,
That breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
Would through this bleak terreſtrial deſart blow,
Glaze it with ice, or whelm it o'er with ſnow.
Or had the ſun, by like unhappy fate,
Elected to the earth a nearer ſeat,
His beams had cleft the hill, the valley dry'd,
Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide:
A heat, ſuperior far to that which broils
Borneo, or Sumatra, Indian iſles;
Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore,
Or burns the Libyan hind, or tans the Moor.

Had

Had laid all nature waſte, and turn'd the land
To hills of cinders, and to vales of ſand:
No beaſts could then have rang'd the leafleſs wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood;
Birds had not beat the airy road, the ſwains
No flocks had tended on the ruſſet plains.
Thus, had the ſun's bright orb been more remote,
The cold had kill'd; and, if more near, the drought.
Next ſee, Lucretian ſages, ſee the ſun
His courſe diurnal and his annual run.
How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant ſtrong.
How his unvary'd labour he repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats;
And, by the diſtribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night;
Night, when the drowſy ſwain and traveller ceaſe
Their daily toil, and ſooth their limbs with eaſe;
When all the weary ſons of woe reſtrain
Their yielding cares with ſlumber's ſilken chain,
Solace ſad grief, and lull reluctant pain.
And while the ſun, ne'er covetous of reſt,
Flies with ſuch rapid ſpeed from eaſt to weſt,
In tracks oblique he through the zodiac rolls,
Between the northern and the ſouthern poles:
From which revolving progreſs through the ſkies,
The needful ſeaſons of the year ariſe.
And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and ſummer heats,
He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which ſummer burns.

Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
And keep a temper fit for nature's uſe.
The froſt and drought, by this alternate power,
The earth's prolific energy reſtore.
The lives of man and beaſt demand the change;
Hence fowls the air, and fiſh the ocean, range.
Of heat and cold this juſt ſucceſſive reign,
Which does the balance of the year maintain,
The gardener's hope and farmer's patience props,
Gives vernal verdure, and autumnal crops.
Should but the ſun his duty once forget,
Nor from the north, nor from the ſouth, retreat;
Should not the beams revive, and ſooth the ſoil,
Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil;
A teeming vigour ſhould they not diffuſe,
Ferment the glebe, and genial ſpirits looſe,
Which lay impriſon'd in the ſtiffen'd ground,
Congeal'd with cold, in froſty fetters bound;
Unfruitful Earth her wretched fate would mourn,
No graſs would cloath the plains, no fruit the trees adorn.
But did the lingering orb much longer ſtay,
Unmindful of his courſe, and crooked way;
The earth, of dews defrauded, would deteſt
The fatal favour of th' effulgent gueſt;
To diſtant worlds implore him to repair,
And free from noxious beams the ſultry air:
His rays, productive now of wealth and joy,
Would then the paſture and the hills annoy,
And with too great indulgence would deſtroy:
In vain the labouring hind would till the land,
Turn up the glebe, and ſow his ſeed in ſand:

The

The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
The channels would th' exhaling river loſe:
While in their haunts wild beaſts expiring lie,
The panting herds would on the paſture die.
But now the ſun at neither tropick ſtays
A longer time than his alternate rays
In ſuch proportion heat and luſtre give,
As do not ruin nature, but revive.
When the bright orb, to ſolace Southern ſeats,
Inverts his courſe, and from the North retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent beam
Makes the glad earth with freſh conceptions teem;
Reſtores their leafy honours to the woods,
Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods;
Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
Brings back his labour, and recruits the ſwain;
Through all the ſoil a genial ferment ſpreads,
Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's verdant reſtoration ſing,
And with melodious lay ſalute the ſpring.
The heats of ſummer benefits produce
Of equal number, and of equal uſe:
The ſprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
By warmer rays to ripe perfection come;
Th' auſtere and ponderous juices they ſublime,
Make them aſcend the porous ſoil, and climb
The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime;
Which, drunk in plenty by the thirſty root,
Break forth in painted flowers, and golden fruit:

They

They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
For the ſilk-labourers of the mulberry wood;
And the ſweet liquor on the cane beſtow,
From which prepar'd the luſcious ſugars flow;
With generous juice enrich the ſpreading vine,
And in the grape digeſt the ſprightly wine.
The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
Owe all their ſpices to the ſummer's heat,
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous ſweat.
Now the bright ſun compacts the precious ſtone,
Imparting radiant luſtre, like his own:
He tinctures rubies with their roſy hue,
And on the ſapphire ſpreads a heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine ſtars.
Next autumn, when the ſun's withdrawing ray
The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
To crown his labour, to the farmer yields
The yellow treaſures of his fruitful fields;
Ripens the harveſt for the crooked ſteel
(While bending ſtalks the rural weapon feel);
The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
And to the preſs the ſwelling grape ſubmits.
At length, forſaken by the ſolar rays,
See, drooping Nature ſickens and decays;
While Winter all his ſnowy ſtores diſplays,
In hoary triumph unmoleſted reigns
O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains;
Hardens the glebe, the ſhady grove deforms,
Fetters the floods, and ſhakes the air with ſtorms.

Now

Now active ſpirits are reſtrain'd with cold,
And priſons, cramp'd with ice, the genial captives hold.
The meads their flowery pride no longer wear,
And trees extend their naked arms in air;
The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,
Nor to the ſpade, nor to the harrow, yield.
Yet in their turn the ſnows and froſts produce
Various effects, and of important uſe.
Th' intemperate heats of ſummer are controll'd
By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
Which checks contagious ſpawn, and noxious ſteams,
The fatal offspring of immoderate beams;
Th' exhauſted air with vital nitre fills,
Infection ſtops, and deaths in embryo kills;
Conſtrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
And fits the furrow for the vernal ſeed.
The ſpirits now, as ſaid, impriſon'd ſtay,
Which elſe, by warmer ſun-beams drawn away,
Would roam in air, and diſſipated ſtray.
Thus are the winter froſts to nature kind,
Froſts, which reduce exceſſive heats, and bind
Prolific ferments in reſiſtleſs chains,
Whence parent earth her fruitfulneſs maintains.
To compaſs all theſe happy ends, the ſun
In winding tracts does through the zodiac run.
You, who ſo much are vers'd in cauſes, tell,
What from the tropicks can the ſun repel?
What vigorous arm, what repercuſſive blow,
Bandies the mighty globe ſtill to and fro,
Yet with ſuch conduct, ſuch unerring art,
He never did the trackleſs road deſert?

Why does he never in his ſpiral race
The tropicks or the polar circles paſs?
What gulphs, what mounds, what terrours, can control
The ruſhing orb, and make him backward roll?
Why ſhould he halt at either ſtation? why
Not forward run in unobſtructive ſky?
Can he not paſs an aſtronomic line?
Or does he dread th' imaginary ſign;
That he ſhould ne'er advance to either pole,
Nor farther yet in liquid æther roll,
Till he has gain'd ſome unfrequented place,
Loſt to the world in vaſt unmeaſur'd ſpace?
If to the old you the new ſchools prefer,
And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;
If you eſteem that ſuppoſition beſt,
Which moves the earth, and leaves the ſun at reſt;
With a new veil your ignorance you hide,
Still is the knot as hard to be unty'd;
You change your ſcheme, but the old doubts remain,
And ſtill you leave th' enquiring mind in pain.
This problem, as philoſophers, reſolve:
What makes the globe from Weſt to Eaſt revolve?
What is the ſtrong impulſive cauſe declare,
Which rolls the ponderous orb ſo ſwift in air?
To your vain anſwer will you have recourſe,
And tell us 'tis ingenite, active force,
Mobility, or native power to move,
Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?
That moving power, that force innate explain,
Or your grave anſwers are abſurd and vain:

We

We no ſolution of our queſtion find;
Your words bewilder, not direct the mind.
If you, this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard taſk employ magnetic power,
Whether that power you at the centre place,
Or in the middle regions of the maſs,
Or elſe, as ſome philoſophers aſſert,
You give an equal ſhare to every part,
Have you by this the cauſe of motion ſhown?
After explaining, is it not unknown?
Since you pretend, by reaſon's ſtricteſt laws,
Of an effect to manifeſt the cauſe;
Nature, of wonders ſo immenſe a field,
Can none more ſtrange, none more myſterious yield,
None that eludes ſagacious reaſon more
Than this obſcure, inexplicable power.
Since you the ſpring of motion cannot ſhow,
Be juſt, and faultleſs ignorance allow;
Say, 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God.
Philoſophers of ſpreading fame are found,
Who by th' attraction of the orbs around
Would move the earth, and make its courſe obey
The ſun's and moon's inevitable ſway.
Some from the preſſure and impelling force
Of heavenly bodies would derive its courſe;
Whilſt in the dark and difficult diſpute
All are by turns confuted, and confute;
Each can ſubvert th' opponent's ſcheme, but none
Has ſtrength of reaſon to ſupport his own.

The mind employ'd in ſearch of ſecret things,
To find out motion's cauſe and hidden ſprings,
Through all th' etherial regions mounts on high,
Views all the ſpheres, and ranges all the ſky;
Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air
With unſucceſsful toil, and fruitleſs care;
Till, ſtopp'd by awful heights, and gulphs immenſe
Of Wiſdom, and of vaſt Omnipotence,
She trembling ſtands, and does in wonder gaze,
Loſt in the wide inextricable maze.

See, how the ſun does on the middle ſhine,
And round the globe deſcribe th' æquator line;
By which wiſe means he can the whole ſurvey
With a direct, or with a ſlanting ray,
In the ſucceſſion of a night and day.
Had the North pole been fixt beneath the ſun,
To Southern realms the day had been unknown:
If the South pole had gain'd that nearer ſeat,
The Northern climes had met as hard a fate.
And ſince the ſpace, that lies on either ſide
The ſolar orb, is without limits wide;
Grant that the ſun had happen'd to prefer
A ſeat aſcant but one diameter,
Loſt to the light by that unhappy place
This globe had lain a frozen, loneſome maſs.

Behold the light emitted from the ſun,
What more familiar, and what more unknown!
While by its ſpreading radiance it reveals
All nature's face, it ſtill itſelf conceals.
See how each morn it does its beams diſplay,
And on its golden wings bring back the day!

How

How ſoon th' effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulph of interpoſing ſky!
How ſoon their luſtre all the region fills,
Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills!
Millions of miles, ſo rapid is their race,
To cheer the earth, they in few moments paſs.
Amazing progreſs! At its utmoſt ſtretch,
What human mind can this ſwift motion reach?
But if, to ſave ſo quick a flight, you ſay
The ever-rolling orb's impulſive ray
On the next threads and filaments does bear
Which form the ſpringy texture of the air,
That thoſe ſtill ſtrike the next, till to the ſight
The quick vibration propagates the light;
'Tis ſtill as hard, if we this ſcheme believe,
The cauſe of light's ſwift progreſs to conceive.
With thought from prepoſſeſſion free, reflect
On ſolar rays, as they the ſight reſpect.
The beams of light had been in vain diſplay'd,
Had not the eye been fit for viſion made:
In vain the Author had the eye prepar'd
With ſo much ſkill, had not the light appear'd.
The old and new aſtronomers in vain
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain.
Firſt Ptolomy his ſcheme celeſtial wrought,
And of machines a wild proviſion brought:
Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, ſolid ſpheres,
In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid,
To ſolve the tours by heavenly bodies made.

But ſo perplext, ſo intricate a frame,
The latter ages with deriſion name.
The comets, which at ſeaſons downward tend,
Then with their flaming equipage aſcend;
Venus, which in the purlieus of the ſun
Does now above him, now beneath him, run;
The ancient ſtructure of the heavens ſubvert,
Rear'd with vaſt labour, but with little art.
  Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
This eldeſt ſyſtem, form'd a wiſer ſcheme;
In which he leaves the ſun at reſt, and rolls
The orb terreſtrial on its proper poles;
Which makes the night and day by this career,
And by its flow and crooked courſe the year.
The famous Dane, who oft' the modern guides,
To earth and ſun their provinces divides:
The earth's rotation makes the night and day;
The ſun revolving through th' ecliptic way
Effects the various ſeaſons of the year,
Which in their turn for happy ends appear.
This ſcheme or that, which pleaſes beſt, embrace,
Still we the Fountain of their motion trace.
  Kepler aſſerts theſe wonders may be done
By the magnetic virtue of the ſun,
Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
Full in the centre of that mighty ſpace,
Which does the ſpheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endued.
The ſun, thus ſeated, by mechanic laws,
The earth and every diſtant planet draws;

By which attraction all the planets, found
Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round.
If all theſe rolling orbs the ſun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic ſway;
Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they ſo unequal in their courſe?
Saturn in thirty years his ring compleats,
Which ſwifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
Mars three and twenty months revolving ſpends;
The Earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
For his, Mercurius three demands; the Moon
Her revolution finiſhes in one.
If all at once are mov'd, and by one ſpring;
Why ſo unequal is their annual ring?
If ſome, you ſay, preſt with a ponderous load
Of gravity, move ſlower in their road,
Becauſe, with weight encumber'd and oppreſt,
Theſe ſluggiſh orbs th' attractive ſun reſiſt;
Till you can weight and gravity explain,
Thoſe words are inſignificant and vain.
If planetary orbs the Sun obey,
Why ſhould the Moon diſown his ſovereign ſway?
Why in a whirling eddy of her own
Around the globe terreſtrial ſhould ſhe run?
This diſobedience of the Moon will prove
The Sun's bright orb does not the planet move.
Philoſophers may ſpare their toil; in vain
They form new ſchemes, and rack their thoughtful brain,
The cauſe of heavenly motions to explain:

After their various unſucceſsful ways,
Their fruitleſs labour, and inept eſſays,
No cauſe of thoſe appearances they 'll find,
But Power exerted by th' Eternal Mind;
Which through their roads the orbs celeſtial drives,
And this or that determin'd motion gives.
The Mind Supreme does all his worlds control,
Which by his order this and that way roll;
From him they take a delegated force,
And by his high command maintain their courſe;
By laws decreed ere fleeting time begun,
In their fixt limits they their ſtages run.
  But if the Earth, and each erratic world,
Around their Sun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compoſe but one extended vaſt machine,
And from one ſpring their motions all begin;
Does not ſo wide, ſo intricate a frame,
Yet ſo harmonious, ſovereign art proclaim?
Is it a proof of judgment to invent
A work of ſpheres involv'd, which repreſent
The ſituation of the orbs above,
Their ſize and number ſhew, and how they move?
And does not in the orbs themſelves appear
A great contrivance, and deſign as clear?
  This wide machine the univerſe regard,
With how much ſkill is each apartment rear'd!
The Sun, a globe of fire, a glowing maſs,
Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glaſs,
Of this our ſyſtem holds the middle place.
Mercurius, neareſt to the central Sun,
Does in an oval orbit circling run;

But

But rarely is the object of our ſight
In ſolar glory ſunk, and more prevailing light.
Venus the next, whoſe lovely beams adorn
As well the dewy eve, as opening morn,
Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
The Globe Terreſtrial next, with ſlanting poles,
And all its ponderous load, unwearied rolls.
Then we behold bright planetary Jove
Sublime in air through his wide province move;
Four ſecond planets his dominion own,
And round him turn, as round the Earth the Moon.
Saturn, revolving in the higheſt ſphere,
With lingering labour finiſhes his year.

Yet is this mighty ſyſtem, which contains
So many worlds, ſuch vaſt etherial plains,
But one of thouſands, which compoſe the whole,
Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.
The ſtars, which grace the high expanſion, bright
By their own beams, and unprecarious light,
Though ſome near neighbours ſeem, and ſome diſplay
United luſtre in the milky way,
At a vaſt diſtance from each other lie,
Sever'd by ſpacious voids of liquid ſky.
All theſe illuſtrious worlds, and many more,
Which by the tube aſtronomers explore;
And millions which the glaſs can ne'er deſcry,
oſt in the wilds of vaſt immenſity;
re ſuns, are centres, whoſe ſuperior ſway
anets of various magnitude obey.
If we with one clear comprehenſive ſight
v all theſe ſyſtems, all theſe orbs of light;

If we their order and dependence knew,
Had all their motions and their ends in view,
With all the comets which in æther ſtray,
Yet conſtant to their time, and to their way;
Which planets ſeem, though rarely they appear,
Rarely approach the radiant ſun ſo near,
That his fair beams their atmoſphere pervade,
Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made;
Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of perfect prudence and ſtupendous art?
The maſters form'd in Newton's famous ſchool,
Who does the chief in modern ſcience rule,
Erect their ſchemes by mathematic laws,
And ſolve appearances with juſt applauſe:
Theſe, who have Nature's ſteps with care purſued,
That matter is with active force endued,
That all its parts magnetic power exert,
And to each other gravitate, aſſert.
While by this power they on each other act,
They are at once attracted, and attract.
Leſs bulky matter therefore muſt obey
More bulky matter's more engaging ſway;
By this the fabrick they together hold,
By this the courſe of heavenly orbs unfold.
Yet theſe ſagacious ſons of ſcience own
Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.
This wondrous power, they piouſly aſſert,
Th' Almighty Author did at firſt impart
To matter in degrees, that might produce
The motions he deſign'd for Nature's uſe.

But

But, leſt we ſhould not here due reverence pay
To learned Epicurus, ſee the way
By which this reaſoner, of ſuch high renown,
Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling ſun.
Oppreſt with thirſt and heat, to adverſe ſeats
By turns, ſays he, the panting ſun retreats
To ſlake his drought, his vigour to repair
In ſnowy climes, and frozen fields of air;
Where the bright glutton revels without reſt
On his cool banquet, and aërial feaſt;
Still to and fro he does his light convey
Through the ſame track, the ſame unalter'd way,
On luxury intent, and eager of his prey.
But if the ſun is back and forward roll'd,
To treat his thirſty orb with polar cold,
Say, is it not, good Epicurus, ſtrange
He ſhould not once beyond the tropic range;
Where he, to quench his drought ſo much inclin'd,
May ſnowy fields, and nitrous paſtures find,
Meet ſtores of cold ſo greedily purſu'd,
And be refreſh'd with never-waſting food?
Sometimes this wondrous man is pleas'd to ſay,
This way and that ſtrong blaſts the ſun convey:
A northern wind his orb with vigour drives,
Till at the ſouthern tropic it arrives;
Then, wanting breath, and with his toil oppreſt,
He drops his wings, and leaves the air at reſt;
Freſh guſts, now ſpringing from the ſouthern pole,
Aſſault him there, and make him backward roll.
Thus gales alternate through the zodiack blow,
The ſailing orb, and waft him to and fro;

While Epicurus, bleſt with thought refin'd,
Makes the vaſt globe the paſtime of the wind.
Were it not idle labour to confute
Notions ſo wild, unworthy of diſpute;
I 'd of the learned Epicurus aſk,
If this were for the winds a proper taſk?
Illuſtrious ſage, inform th' enquirer, why
Still from one ſtated point of all the ſky
The fickle meteor ſhould the ſun convey,
Through the ſame ſtages of his ſpiral way?
Why in one path, why with ſuch equal pace,
That he ſhould never miſs in all his race,
Of time one minute, or one inch of ſpace?
Remark the air's tranſparent element,
Its curious ſtructure, and its vaſt extent:
Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine;
Its threads, the hand that drew them out ſo fine.
This thin contexture makes its boſom fit,
Celeſtial heat and luſtre to tranſmit;
By which of foreign orbs the riches flow
On this dependent, needy ball below.
Obſerve its parts link'd in ſuch artful ſort,
All are at once ſupported, and ſupport:
The column pois'd fits hovering on our heads,
And a ſoft burden on our ſhoulders ſpreads;
So the ſide-arches all the weight ſuſtain,
We find no preſſure, and we feel no pain;
Still are the ſubtile ſtrings in tenſion found,
Like thoſe of lutes to juſt proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the ſource,
When it receives the ſtrokes of foreign force.

Let curious minds, who would the air inſpect,
On its elaſtic energy reflect.
The ſecret force through all the frame diffus'd,
By which its ſtrings are from compreſſion loos'd;
The ſpungy parts, now to a ſtraiter ſeat
Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat;
By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
As Nature's various ſervices require;
They now expand to fill an empty ſpace,
Now ſhrink to let a ponderous body paſs.
If raging winds invade the atmoſphere,
Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
Make no diſruption in the threads of air;
Or if it does, thoſe parts themſelves reſtore,
Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches cure.
Hence the melodious tenants of the ſky,
Which haunt inferior ſeats, or ſoar on high,
With eaſe through all the fluid region ſtray,
And through the wide expanſion wing their way;
Whoſe open meſhes let terreſtrial ſteams
Paſs through, entic'd away by ſolar beams;
And thus a road reciprocal diſplay
To riſing vapours, and deſcending day.
Of heat and light, what ever-during ſtores,
Brought from the ſun's exhauſtleſs golden ſhores,
Through gulphs immenſe of intervening air,
Enrich the earth, and every loſs repair!
The land, its gainful traffick to maintain,
Sends out crude vapours, in exchange for rain;

The flowery garden and the verdant mead,
Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations ſpread,
In ſhowers and balmy dews to be repaid;
The ſtreams, their banks forſaken, upward move,
And flow again in wandering clouds above:
Theſe regions Nature's magazines on high
With all the ſtores demanded there ſupply;
Their different ſteams the air's wide boſom fill,
Moiſt from the flood, dry from the barren hill;
Materials into meteors to be wrought,
Which back to theſe terreſtrial ſeats are brought,
By Nature ſhap'd to various figures, thoſe
The fruitful rain, and theſe the hail compoſe,
The ſnowy fleece, and curious froſt-work; theſe
Produce the dew, and thoſe the gentle breeze:
Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain paſs,
And beat with vigorous wings the valley's face;
O'er the wide lake and barren deſart blow,
O'er Libya's burning ſand, and Scythia's ſnow;
Shake the high cedar, through the foreſt ſweep,
And with their furious breath ferment the deep.
This thin, this ſoft contexture of the air
Shows the wiſe Author's providential care,
Who did the wondrous ſtructure ſo contrive,
That it might life to breathing creatures give;
Might reinſpire, and make the circling maſs
Through all its winding channels fit to paſs.
Had not the Maker wrought the ſpringy frame
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languiſh'd in th' arterial road:

While

While the tir'd heart had ſtrove with fruitleſs pain
To puſh the lazy tide along the vein.
Of what important uſe to human kind,
To what great ends ſubſervient, is the wind?
Behold, where-e'er this active vapour flies,
It drives the clouds, and agitates the ſkies:
This from ſtagnation and corruption ſaves
Th' aërial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
This animals, to ſuccour life, demand;
For, ſhould the air unventilated ſtand,
The idle deep corrupted would contain
Blue deaths, and ſecret ſtores of raging pain;
The ſcorching ſun would with a fatal beam
Make all the void with births malignant team,
Engender jaundice, ſpotted torments breed,
And purple plagues, from peſtilential ſeed;
Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to ſwarms
Of noxious inſects, and deſtructive worms,
More than were rais'd to ſcourge tyrannic luſt,
By Moſes' rod, from animated duſt.
Another bleſſing, which the breathing wind
Benevolent conveys to human kind,
Is, that it cools and qualifies the air,
And with ſoft breezes does the regions cheer,
On which the ſun o'er-friendly does diſplay
Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
Ye ſwarthy nations of the torrid zone,
How well to you is this great bounty known!
As frequent gales from the wide ocean riſe
To fan your air, and moderate your ſkies;

So conſtant winds, as well as rivers, flow
From your high hills enrich'd with ſtores of ſnow;
For this great end, theſe hills riſe more ſublime,
Than thoſe erected in a temperate clime
Had not the Author his proviſion made,
By which your air is cool'd, your ſun allay'd,
Deſtroy'd by too intenſe a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhoſpitable ſand.
Theſe diſtricts, which between the tropicks lie,
Which ſcorching beams directly darted fry,
Were thought an uninhabitable ſeat,
Burnt by the neighbouring orb's immoderate heat:
But the freſh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain ſnows,
So ſooths the air, and mitigates the ſun,
So cures the regions of the ſultry zone,
That oft' with Nature's bleſſings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.
As active winds relieve the air and land,
The ſeas no leſs their uſeful blaſts demand:
Without this aid, the ſhip would ne'er advance
Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
But lie a lazy and a uſeleſs load,
The foreſt's waſted ſpoils, the lumber of the flood.
Let but the wind with an auſpicious gale,
To ſhove the veſſel, fill the ſpreading ſail,
And ſee. with ſwelling canvaſs wing'd, ſhe flies,
And with her waving ſtreamers ſweeps the ſkies!
Th' adventurous merchant thus purſues his way
Or to the riſe, or to the fall of day.

Thus

Thus mutual traffick ſever'd realms maintain,
And manufactures change to mutual gain;
Each other's growth and arts they ſell and buy,
Eaſe their redundance, and their wants ſupply.
Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find,
How is your Iſle a debtor to the wind,
Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant ſpoils,
Gems, pearls, and ſpices, from the Indian iſles,
From Perſia ſilks, wines from Iberia's ſhore,
Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore!
Delights and wealth to fair Auguſta flow
From every region whence the winds can blow.
See, how the vapours congregated rear
Their gloomy columns, and obſcure the air!
Forgetful of their gravity, they riſe,
Renounce the centre, and uſurp the ſkies,
Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines diſplay,
And take their airy march, as winds convey.
Sublime in air while they their courſe purſue,
They from their ſable fleeces ſhake the dew
On the parcht mountain, and with genial rain
Renew the foreſt, and refreſh the plain:
They ſhed their healing juices on the ground,
Cement the crack, and cloſe the gaping wound.
Did not the vapours, by the ſolar heat
Thinn'd and exhal'd, riſe to their airy ſeat,
Or not in watery clouds collected fly,
Then form'd to ponderous drops deſert the ſky;
The fields would no recruits of moiſture find,
But, by the ſun-beams dry'd, and by the wind,

Would never plant, or flower, or fruit, produce,
Or for the beaſt, or for his maſter's uſe.
But in the ſpacious climates, which the rain
Does never bleſs (ſuch is th' Egyptian plain),
With how much art is that defect ſupply'd!
See, how ſome noble river's ſwelling tide,
Augmented by the mountain's melting ſnows,
Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
Hence fruitful crops and flowery wealth enſue,
And to the ſwain ſuch mighty gains accrue,
He ne'er reproaches heaven for want of dew.
See, and revere, th' artillery of Heaven,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempeſt driven!
A dreadful fire the floating batteries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the foreſt ſhake.
This way and that they drive the atmoſphere,
And its wide boſom from corruption clear,
While their bright flame conſumes the ſulphur trains,
And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.
Your contemplation farther yet purſue;
The wondrous world of vegetables view!
Obſerve the foreſt oak, the mountain pine,
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
The bending willow, that o'erſhades the flood,
And each ſpontaneous offſpring of the wood!
The oak and pine, which high from earth ariſe,
And wave their lofty heads amidſt the ſkies,
Their parent earth in like proportion wound,
And through crude metals penetrate the ground;

Their

Their ſtrong and ample roots deſcend ſo deep,
That fixt and firm they may their ſtation keep,
And the fierce ſhocks of furious winds defy,
With all the outrage of inclement ſky.
But the baſe brier and the noble vine
Their arms around their ſtronger neighbour twine.
The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
Thus are the trees of every kind ſecure,
Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
But every tree from all its branching roots
Amidſt the glebe ſmall hollow fibres ſhoots;
Which drink with thirſty mouths the vital juice,
And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuſe:
Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
To this deny, to that admittance give.
Hence various trees their various fruits produce
Some for delightful taſte, and ſome for uſe.
Hence ſprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For phyſick ſome, and ſome deſign'd for food.
Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On ſmiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.
Review theſe numerous ſcenes, at once ſurvey
Nature's extended face; then, ſcepticks, ſay,
In this wide field of wonders can you find
No art diſcover'd, and no end deſign'd?

CREATION.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE introduction. Uſeful knowledge firſt purſued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Muſick. The Grecian Philoſophers firſt engaged in uſeleſs ſpeculations. The abſurdity of aſſerting the ſelf-exiſtent, independent, and eternal being of atoms, according to the ſcheme of Epicurus. Anſwer to the objections of Atheiſts to the ſcheme of Creation aſſerted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius againſt Creation, from the neceſſity of pre-exiſtent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briers, and noxious weeds; from ſavage beaſts, ſtorms, thunder, diſeaſes; from the painful birth and the ſhort life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates; anſwered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians, or Scepticks, anſwered. A reply to thoſe who aſſert all things owe their being and their motions to nature. Their different and ſenſeleſs account of that word. More apparent and eminent ſkill and wiſdom expreſſed in the works of nature than in thoſe of human art. The unreaſonableneſs of denying ſkill and deſign in the Author of thoſe works. Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoſa, conſidered.

ERE vain Philoſophy had rear'd her ſchool,
Whoſe chiefs imagin'd realms of ſcience rule,
With idle toil form viſionary ſchemes,
And wage eternal war for rival dreams;
Studious of good, man diſregarded fame,
And uſeful knowledge was his eldeſt aim:
Through metaphyſic wilds he never flew,
Nor the dark haunts of ſchool chimæras knew,
But had alone his happineſs in view.
He milk'd the lowing herd, he preſs'd the cheeſe,
Folded the flock, and ſpun the woolly fleece.
In urns the bees delicious dews he lay'd,
Whoſe kindling wax invented day diſplay'd;
Wreſted their iron entrails from the hills,
Then with the ſpoils his glowing forges fills;
And ſhap'd with vigorous ſtrokes the ruddy bar
To rural arms, unconſcious yet of war.
He made the ploughſhare in the furrow ſhine,
And learn'd to ſow his bread, and plant his vine.
Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds,
And fruitful trees ſhot up their branching heads;
Rich balm from groves, and herbs from graſſy plains,
His fever ſooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.
Our fathers next, in architecture ſkill'd,
Cities for uſe, and forts for ſafety, build:
Then palaces and lofty domes aroſe,
Theſe for devotion, and for pleaſure thoſe.
Their thoughts were next to artful ſculpture turn'd,
Which now the palace, now the dome adorn'd.

The pencil then did growing fame acquire,
Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre;
One did the triumph ſing, and one the war inſpire.
Greece did at length a learned race produce,
Who needful ſcience mock'd, and arts of uſe,
Conſum'd their fruitleſs hours in eager chace
Of airy notions, through the boundleſs ſpace
Of ſpeculation, and the darkſome void,
Where wrangling wits, in endleſs ſtrife employ'd,
Mankind with idle ſubtilties embroil,
And faſhion ſyſtems with romantic toil;
Theſe with the pride of dogmatizing ſchools
Impos'd on nature arbitrary rules;
Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
And move as learned frenzy trac'd the way:
Above the clouds while they preſum'd to ſoar,
Her trackleſs heights ambitious to explore,
And heaps of undigeſted volumes writ,
Illuſive notions of fantaſtic wit;
So long they nature ſearch'd, and mark'd her laws,
They loſt the knowledge of th' Almighty Cauſe.
Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian ſage
Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldeſt age:
Yet theſe their matchleſs ſcience did proclaim,
Uſurp diſtinction, and appropriate fame.
But though their ſchools produc'd no nobler fruit
Than empty ſchemes, and triumphs of diſpute;
The notions which ariſe from Nature's light
As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
Enlarge her compaſs, and improve her ſight.

Theſe

These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire,
But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.
By her inform'd, we blest religion learn,
Its glorious object by her aid discern;
The rolling worlds around us we survey,
Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day;
View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods;
Walk through the deep apartments of the main,
Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain;
And, while we ravish'd gaze on Nature's face,
Remark her order, and her motions trace.
The long coherent chain of things we find
Leads to a Cause Supreme, a wise Creating Mind.

You, who the being of a God disclaim,
And think mere Chance produc'd this wondrous frame;
Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian tribe,
To matter what perfections you ascribe?
Can you to dust such veneration show?
An atom with such privilege endow,
That from its nature's pure necessity
It should exist, and no corruption see?

Since your first atoms independent are,
And not each other's being prop and bear,
And since to this it is fortuitous
That others should existence have; suppose
You in your mind one atom should remove
From all the troops, that in the vacant strove,
Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?
So, you Grecian sages must confess

That matter, which you independent name,
Cannot a being necessary claim;
For what has being from necessity,
It is impossible it should not be.
Why has an atom this one place possest
Of all the empty void, and not the rest?
If by its nature's force 'tis present here,
By the same force it must be every where;
Can beings be confin'd, which necessary are?
If a first body may to any place
Be not determin'd, in the boundless space,
'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all;
Who then will this a self-existence call?
As time does vast eternity regard,
So place is with infinitude compar'd:
A being then, which never did commence,
Must, as eternal, likewise be immense.
What cause within, or what without, is found,
That can a being uncreated bound?
None that 's internal, for it has no cause;
Nor can it be control'd by foreign laws,
For then it clearly would dependent be
On force superior, which will ne'er agree
With self-existence and necessity.
Absurdly then to atoms you assign
Such powers, and such prerogatives divine.
Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
Yourselves (who vainly think you reason right)
Make vile material Gods, in number infinite.
Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
To stand the foe, and wage defensive war.

Lucretius firſt, a mighty hero, ſprings
Into the field, and his own triumph ſings.
He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
The reaſoner's weapons, and the poet's fire.
The tuneful ſophiſt thus his battle forms,
Our bulwarks thus in poliſh'd armour ſtorms:
To parent matter things their being owe,
Becauſe from nothing no productions flow;
And, if we grant no pre-exiſtent ſeed,
Things, different things, from what they do, might breed,
And any thing from any thing proceed;
The ſpicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn,
The thiſtle might the amaranth have borne,
The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn;
Herds from the hills, men from the ſeas might riſe,
From woods the whales, and lions from the ſkies.
Th' elated bard here, with a conqueror's air,
Diſdainful ſmiles, and bids his foes deſpair.
But, Carus, here you uſe poetic charms,
And not aſſail us with the reaſoner's arms.
Where all is clear, you fancy'd doubts remove,
And what we grant with eaſe, with labour prove.
What you would prove, but cannot, you decline;
But chuſe a thing you can, and there you ſhine.
Tell us, fam'd Roman, was it e'er denied,
That ſeeds for ſuch productions are ſupplied?
That Nature always muſt materials find
For beaſts and trees, to propagate their kind?
All generation, the rude peaſant knows,
A pre-exiſtent matter muſt ſuppoſe.

But what to Nature firſt her being gave?
Tell, whence your atoms their exiſtence have?
We aſk you, whence the ſeeds conſtituent ſpring
Of every plant, and every living thing?
Whence every creature ſhould produce its kind,
And to its proper ſpecies be confin'd?
To anſwer this, Lucretius, will require
More than ſweet numbers and poetic fire.
But ſee how well the Poet will ſupport
His cauſe, if we the argument retort.
If Chance alone could manage, ſort, divide,
And, beings to produce, your atoms guide;
If caſual concourſe did the world compoſe,
And things from hits fortuitous aroſe;
Then any thing might come from any thing;
For how from chance can conſtant order ſpring?
The foreſt oak might bear the bluſhing roſe,
And fragrant myrtles thrive in Ruſſian ſnows;
The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the ſloe the vine;
Fiſh from the plains, birds from the floods might riſe,
And lowing herds break from the ſtarry ſkies.
But, ſee, the chief does keener weapons chuſe,
Advances bold, and thus the fight renews:
"If I were doubtful of the ſource and ſpring
"Whence things ariſe, I from the ſkies could bring,
"And every part of Nature, proofs, to ſhow
"The world to Gods cannot its being owe;
"So full of faults is all th' unartful frame:
"Firſt we the air's unpeopled deſert blame.

"Brute

"Brute beasts possess the hill, and shady wood;
"Much do the lakes, but more the ocean's flood
"(Which severs realms, and shores divided leaves),
"Take from the land by interposing waves;
"One third, by freezing cold and burning heat,
"Lies a deform'd, inhospitable seat;
"The rest, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
"Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed,
"Did not industrious man, with endless toil,
"Extort his food from the reluctant soil;
"Did not the farmer's steel the furrow wound,
"And harrows tear the harvest from the ground,
"The earth would no spontaneous fruits afford
"To man, her vain imaginary Lord.
"Oft', when the labouring hind has plough'd the field,
"And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield,
"When green and very Nature crowns his hope
"With the gay pro .e of a plenteous crop,
"The fruits (sad ruin!) perish on the ground,
"Burnt by the Sun, or by the deluge drown'd;
"Or soon decay, by snows immoderate chill'd,
"By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
"Nature, besides, the savage beast sustains,
"Breeds in the hills the terror of the plains,
"To man a fatal race. Could this be so,
"Did gracious Gods dispose of things below?
"Their proper plagues with annual seasons come,
"And deaths untimely blast us in the bloom.
"Man at his birth (unhappy son of grief!)
"Is helpless cast on the wide coasts of life,

" In want of all things whence our comforts flow;
" A ſad and moving ſpectacle of woe.
" Infants in ill-preſaging cries complain,
" As conſcious of a coming life of pain.
" All things meantime to beaſts kind Nature grants,
" Prevents their ſufferings, and ſupplies their wants;
" Brought forth with eaſe, they grow, and ſkip, and feed,
" No dangling nurſe, or jingling gewgaw, need;
" In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
" Nor ever through the year their garment change;
" Unvers'd in arms, and ignorant of war,
" They need no forts, and no invaſion fear;
" Whate'er they want, from Nature's hand they gain;
" The life ſhe gave, ſhe watches to maintain."
Thus impotent in ſenſe, though ſtrong in rage,
The daring Roman does the Gods engage:
But undiſmay'd we face th' intrepid foe,
Suſtain his onſet, and thus ward the blow.
Suppoſe defects in this terreſtrial ſeat,
That Nature is not, as you urge, compleat;
That a divine and wiſe Artificer
Might greater wonders of his art confer,
And might with eaſe on man, and man's abode,
More bounty, more perfection, have beſtow'd;
If in this lower world he has not ſhown
His utmoſt ſkill, ſay, has he therefore none?
We in productions arbitrary ſee
Marks of perfection, different in degree.
Though maſters now more ſkill, now leſs impart,
Yet are not all their works the works of art?

Do poets ſtill ſublimer ſubjects ſing,
Still ſtretch to Heaven a bold aſpiring wing,
Nor e'er deſcend to flocks and labouring ſwains,
Frequent the floods, or range the humble plains?
Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces ſhine
With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?
Or Raphael's pencil never chuſe to fall?
Say, are his works Tranſfigurations all?
Did Buonorota never build, O Rome,
A meaner ſtructure, than thy wondrous dome?
Though, in their works applauded as their beſt,
Greater deſign and genius are expreſt,
Yet is there none acknowledg'd in the reſt?
In all the parts of Nature's ſpacious ſphere
Of art, ten thouſand miracles appear:
And will you not the Author's ſkill adore,
Becauſe you think he might diſcover more?
You own a watch th' invention of the mind,
Though for a ſingle motion 'tis deſign'd
As well as that, which is with greater thought,
With various ſprings, for various motions wrought.
An independent, wiſe, and conſcious Cauſe,
Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,
Who at connexion and at order aims,
Creatures diſtinguiſh'd in perfection frames.
Unconſcious cauſes only ſtill impart
Their utmoſt ſkill, their utmoſt power exert.
Thoſe, which can freely chuſe, diſcern, and know,
In acting can degrees of vigour ſhow,
And more or leſs of art or care beſtow.

If all perfection were in all things ſhown,
All beauty, all variety, were gone.
As this inferior habitable ſeat
By different parts is made one whole compleat;
So our low world is only one of thoſe,
Which the capacious univerſe compoſe.
Now to the univerſal whole advert;
The earth regard as of that whole a part,
In which wide frame more noble worlds abound;
Witneſs, ye glorious orbs, which hang around,
Ye ſhining planets, that in æther ſtray,
And thou, bright lord and ruler of the day!
Witneſs, ye ſtars, which beautify the ſkies,
How much do your vaſt globes in height and ſize,
In beauty and magnificence, outgo
Our ball of earth, that hangs in clouds below!
Between yourſelves too is diſtinction found,
Of different bulk, with different glory crown'd;
The people, which in your bright regions dwell,
Muſt this low world's inhabitants excell;
And, ſince to various planets they agree,
They from each other muſt diſtinguiſh'd be,
And own perfections different in degree.
When we on fruitful Nature's care reflect,
And her exhauſtleſs energy reſpect,
That ſtocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
The world's coarſe dregs, which to the bottom fall,
With numerous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
With breathing gueſts the vallies, floods, and hills;
We may pronounce each orb ſuſtains a race
Of living things adapted to the place.

Were

Were the refulgent parts and moſt refin'd
Only to ſerve the dark and baſe deſign'd?
Were all the ſtars, thoſe beauteous realms of light,
At diſtance only hung to ſhine by night,
And with their twinkling beams to pleaſe our ſight?
How many roll in æther, which the eye
Could ne'er, till aided by the glaſs, deſcry,
And which no commerce with the earth maintain?
Are all thoſe glorious empires made in vain?
Now, as I ſaid, the globe terreſtrial view
As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
Though 'tis not like th' ætherial worlds refin'd,
Yet is it juſt, and finiſh'd in its kind;
Has all perfection which the place demands,
Where in coherence with the reſt it ſtands.
Were to your view the univerſe diſplay'd,
And all the ſcenes of nature open laid;
Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
Their beauty, order, and dependence, ſee,
You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
All the perfection due to ſuch a part,
Though not with luſtre, or with magnitude,
Like the bright ſtars, or brighter ſun, endued.
You oft' declaim on man's unhappy fate;
Inſulting, oft' demand in this debate,
If the kind Gods could ſuch a wretch create?
But whence can this unhappineſs ariſe?
You ſay, as ſoon as born, he helpleſs lies,
And mourns his woes in ill-preſaging cries.
But does not Nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the nurſe's tender care,

Who

Who, of their own forgetful, ſeek his good,
Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food?
That man is frail and mortal, is confeſt;
Convulſions rack his nerves, and cauſes his breaſt;
His flying life is chac'd by ravening pains
Through all its doubles in the winding veins;
Within himſelf he ſure deſtruction breeds,
And ſecret torment in his bowels feeds;
By cruel tyrants, by the ſavage beaſt,
Or his own fiercer paſſions, he 's oppreſt;
Now breathes malignant air, now poiſon drinks;
By gradual death, or by untimely, ſinks.
But theſe objections muſt the Cauſe upbraid,
That has not mortal man immortal made;
For, if he once muſt feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how?
Should the Lucretian lingering life maintain
Through numerous ages, ignorant of pain,
Still might the diſcontented murmurer cry,
Ah, hapleſs fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd once to die!
But oh! how ſoon would you, who thus complain,
And Nature's Cauſe of cruelty arraign,
By reaſon's ſtandard this miſtake correct,
And ceaſe to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our ſeat,
Does not extinguiſh life, but change its ſtate.
Then are diſplay'd (oh raviſhing ſurprize!)
Fair ſcenes of bliſs, and triumphs in the ſkies;
To which admitted, each ſuperior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,

Shines

Shines forth with more than ſolar glory bright,
And, cloath'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly tranſports does employ,
Young with immortal bloom from living ſtreams of joy.
You aſk us, why the ſoil the thiſtle breeds?
Why its ſpontaneous births are thorns and weeds?
Why for the harveſt it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dreſs the hills and vales array'd,
And all its face in flowery ſcenes diſplay'd;
The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth ſpicy groves inſtead of thorn;
Rich fruit and flowers without the gardener's pains
Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains:
This Nature might have boaſted, had the Mind,
Who form'd the ſpacious univerſe, deſign'd
That man, from labour free as well as grief,
Should paſs in lazy luxury his life.
But He his creature gave a fertile ſoil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil;
That ſome reward his induſtry ſhould crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
But while, inſulting, you arraign the land,
Aſk, why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand?
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they without the ſculptor's ſkill and pain
No perfect ſtatue yield, no baſſe relieve,
Or finiſh'd column for the palace give;
Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
Man might have eaſe enjoy'd, though never fame.

You

You may the world of more defects upbraid:
That other works by Nature are unmade;
That ſhe did never at her own expence
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the ſtately rooms;
That ſhe no caſtle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand theſe various works prepar'd,
What thoughtful care, what labour, had been ſpar'd!
But then no realm would one great maſter ſhow,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reaſon too you might demand,
Why boats and ſhips require the Artiſt's hand?
Why generous Nature did not theſe provide,
To paſs the ſtanding lake, or flowing tide?
You ſay the hills, which high in air ariſe,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the ſkies,
The earth's diſhonour and encumbering load,
Of many ſpacious regions man defraud,
For beaſts and birds of prey a deſolate abode.
But can th' objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that elſe would be disjoin'd?
Do not thoſe heaps the raging tide reſtrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Does not the river from the mountain flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See, how the torrent rolls the golden ſand
From the high ridges to the flatter land.
The lofty lines abound with endleſs ſtore
Of mineral treaſure, and metallic ore;

With

With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace, and the navy build.
When the inclement meteors you accuse,
And ask if gracious Gods would storms produce;
You ne'er reflect, that by the driving wind
The air from noxious vapours is refin'd,
Freed from the putrid seeds of pain and death,
That living creatures might not, by their breath,
Through their warm veins, instead of vital food,
Disperse contagion, and corrupt their blood.
Without the wind the ship were made in vain,
Adventurous merchants could not cross the main,
Nor sever'd realms their gainful trade maintain.
Then with this wise reflection you disturb
Your anxious thought, that our terrestrial orb
In many parts is not by man possest,
With too much heat, or too much cold, oppress.
But in mistake you this objection found:
Unnumber'd isles and spacious tracts of ground,
Which feel the scorching sun's directer beam,
And did to you inhospitable seem,
With tawny nations, or with black, abound,
With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd;
And regions too from the bright orb remote
Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.
But could Lucretius on the sun reflect,
His proper distance from the earth respect,
Observe his constant road, his equal pace,
His round diurnal, and his annual race;

Could

Could he regard the nature of the light,
Its beauteous luſtre, and its rapid flight,
And its relation to the ſenſe of ſight;
Could he to all theſe miracles advert,
And not in all perceive one ſtroke of art?
Grant, that the motions of the ſun are ſuch,
That ſome have light too little, ſome too much;
Grant, that in different tracks he might have roll'd,
And given each clime more equal heat and cold;
Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
Does there no wiſdom, no deſign, appear?
Could any but a knowing, prudent Cauſe,
Begin ſuch motions, and aſſign ſuch laws?
If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
Might not your wanton wit the ſyſtem blame?
Though here you all perfection ſhould not find,
Yet is it all th' Eternal Will deſign'd:
It is a finiſh'd World, and perfect in its kind.
Not that its regions every charm include,
With which celeſtial empires are endued;
Nor is conſummate goodneſs here conferr'd,
If we perfection abſolute regard;
But what 's before aſſerted, we repeat,
Of the vaſt whole it is a part compleat.
  But ſince you are diſpleas'd the partial ſun
Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;
Suppoſe more ſuns in proper orbits roll'd,
Diſſolv'd the ſnows, and chac'd the polar cold;
Or grant that this revolv'd in ſuch a way,
As equal heat to all he might convey,
And give their diſtant poles the ſhare of day;

Obſerve

Obſerve how prudent Nature's icy hoard,
With all her nitrous ſtores, would be devour'd;
Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,
Crack the dry hill, and chap the ruſſet plain;
Her moiſture all exhal'd, the cleaving earth
Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth.
You of the pools and ſpacious lakes complain,
And of the liquid deſerts of the main,
As hurtful theſe, or uſeleſs, you arraign.
Beſides the pleaſure, which the lakes afford,
Are not their waves with fiſh delicious ſtor'd?
Does not the wide capacious deep the ſky
With dewy clouds, the earth with rain, ſupply?
Do not the rivers, which the valley lave,
Creep through the ſecret ſubterranean cave,
And to the hills convey the refluent wave?
You then muſt own, the earth the ocean needs,
Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.
The noxious plant and ſavage animal,
Which you the earth's reproach and blemiſh call,
Are uſeful various ways; if not for food,
For manufactures or for medicine good.
Thus we repel with reaſon, not evade,
The bold objections by Lucretius made.
Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
Wanton of wit, and panting after fame,
Who ſtrove to ſink the ſects of chief renown,
And on their ruin'd ſchools to raiſe their own,
Boldly preſum'd, with rhetorician pride,
hold of any queſtion either ſide.

They.

They thought, in every ſubject of debate,
In either ſcale the proof of equal weight.
Aſk, if a God exiſtent they allow?
The vain declaimers will attempt to ſhow,
That, whether you renounce him, or aſſert,
There 's no ſuperior proof on either part.
Suppoſe a God, we muſt, ſay they, conclude
He lives; if ſo, he is with ſenſe endued;
And, if with ſenſe endued, may pain perceive,
And what can ſuffer pain may ceaſe to live.
Pyrrhonians, we a living God adore,
An unexhauſted ſpring of vital power;
But his immortal, uncreated life
No torment feels, and no deſtructive grief.
Does he by different organs taſte or hear?
Or by an eye do things to him appear?
Has he a muſcle, or extended nerve,
Which to impart or pain or pleaſure ſerve?
Of all perfection poſſible poſſeſt,
He finds no want, nor is with woe oppreſt.
Though we can ne'er explore the life divine,
And ſound the bleſt abyſs by reaſon's line,
Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a tranſient life, like thine.
Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
With an harmonious ſympathy ſubſcribe,
Nature with empire univerſal crown,
And this high queen the world's Creator own.
If you what builder rear'd the world demand,
They ſay 'twas done by Nature's powerful hand;
If whence its order and its beauty roſe,
Nature, they ſay, did ſo the frame diſpoſe;

it its ſteady motions does maintain,
olds of cauſes and effects the chain,
l her works this Sovereign Cauſe preſides,
ls the orbs, and all their motions guides.
o her bounty we ſuch bleſſings owe,
nerous Benefactor let us know.
the word Nature you expreſs, declare,
in your minds what image does appear?
u that term of doubtful ſound explain?
: no idle off-ſpring of the brain?
:times by Nature your enlighten'd ſchool
of things the univerſal whole;
nes it is the order, that connects,
lds the chain of cauſes and effects;
nes it is the manner, and the way,
:h thoſe cauſes do their force convey,
effects their energy diſplay.
e 's the work itſelf, you oft' aſſert,
th' artificer, as oft' the art;
, that we may Nature clearly trace,
your marks diſtinctly know her face;
ow the building, now the architect,
w the rule which does his hand direct.
let this empreſs be whate'er you pleaſe;
be all, or any one of theſe;
ith reaſon, or ſhe 's not, endued:
he firſt affirm, we thence conclude
whoſe Being you oppoſe, you grant:
this mighty queen does reaſon want,
ıld this noble fabric be deſign'd,
ion'd by a Maker brute and blind?

Could it of art ſuch miracles invent,
And raiſe a beauteous world of ſuch extent?
Still at the helm does this dark pilot ſtand,
And with a ſteady, never-erring hand,
Steer all the floating worlds, and their ſet courſe command?

That clearer ſtrokes of maſterly deſign,
Of wiſe contrivance, and of judgement, ſhine
In all the parts of Nature, we aſſert,
Than in the brighteſt works of human art:
And ſhall not thoſe be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as theſe with ſkill inferior wrought?
Let ſuch a ſphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Hugens made;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wiſe deſign conclude?
Is there ſuch ſkill in imitation ſhown?
And in the things, we imitate, is none?
Are not our arts, by artful nature taught,
With pain and careful obſervation fought?

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies:
See his whole ſoul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various ſcenes, intent to trace
The maſter lines, that form her finiſh'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?

Tell us, what maſter, for mechanicks fam'd,
Has one machine ſo admirably fram'd,
Where you will art in ſuch perfection grant,
As in a living creature, or a plant?

Declare,

te, what curious workmanſhip can vie
th a hand or foot, an ear, or eye?
can for ſkill as much applauſe deſerve,
e fine texture of the fibrous nerve;
: ſtupendous ſyſtem, which contains
terial channels, or the winding veins?
artificial frame, what inſtrument,
ne ſuperior genius yet invent,
h to the bones or muſcles is preferr'd,
1 their order, form, or uſe, regard?
then to works of nature is aſſign'd
uthor unintelligent and blind,
: ours proceed from choice and Conſcious Mind?
this you ſay, that Nature's are indeed
rtful works, but then they ne'er proceed
Nature acting with deſign and art,
void of choice her vigour does exert,
y unguided motion things produce,
dleſs of their order, end, or uſe.
ally's mouth thus Cotta does diſpute;
ius, with eaſe, the Roman we confute:
, if in artful things no art is ſhown,
are the certain marks, that make it known?
will you artful from unartful bound,
ıot th' ideas in our mind confound?
this no truth diſplays before our ſight
ghter beam, or more convincing light,
ſkilful works ſuppoſe a ſkilful Cauſe,
n acts by choice, and moves by prudent laws.
e you, unleſs you are as matter blind,
ict and beauteous diſpoſition find,

Conſpiring order, fitneſs, harmony,
Uſe, and convenience; will you not agree,
That ſuch effects could not be undeſign'd,
Nor could proceed but from a Knowing Mind?
  Old ſyſtems you may try, or new ones raiſe,
May ſhift and wind, and plot a thouſand ways;
May various words, and forms of diction, uſe,
And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuſe;
You may affirm, that Chance did things create,
Or let it Nature be, or be it Fate;
Body alone, inert and brute, you 'll find,
The cauſe of all things is by you aſſign'd.
And, after all your fruitleſs toil, if you
A Cauſe diſtinct from Matter will allow,
It muſt be conſcious, not like matter blind,
And ſhew you grant a God, by granting Mind.
  Vaninus next, a hardy, modern chief,
A bold oppoſer of Divine Belief,
Attempts Religion's fences to ſubvert,
Strong in his rage, but deſtitute of art;
In impious maxims fixt, he Heaven defy'd,
An unbelieving anti-martyr dy'd.
Strange, that an Atheiſt pleaſure ſhould refuſe,
Relinquiſh life, and death in torment chuſe!
Of ſcience what a deſpicable ſhare
Vaninus own'd, his publiſh'd dreams declare.
Let impious wits applaud a Godleſs Mind,
As bleſt with piercing ſight, and ſenſe refin'd,
Contriv'd and wrought by Nature's careful hand
All the proud ſchools of learning to command;

Let

Let them pronounce each patron of their cauſe
Chaos by diſtinguiſh'd merit juſt applauſe;
Yet I this writer's want of ſenſe arraign,
Treat all his empty pages with diſdain,
And think a grave reply miſ-ſpent and vain:
To borrow light, his error to amend,
I would the Atheiſt to Vaninus ſend.
At length Britannia's ſoil, immortal ſhame!
Brought forth a ſage of celebrated name,
Who with contempt on bleſt Religion trod,
Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God.
As awful ſhades and horrors of the night
Diſturb the mother, and the child affright,
Who ſee dire ſpectres through the gloomy air
In threatening forms advance, and ſhuddering hear
The groans of wandering ghoſts, and yellings of deſpair.
From the ſame ſpring, he ſays, devotion flows,
Conſcience of guilt from dread of vengeance roſe;
Religion is the creature of the ſpleen,
And troubled fancy forms the world unſeen;
That timorous minds, with ſelf-tormenting care,
Create thoſe awful phantoms which they fear.
Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
Vain as this modern hero, and as bold.
Who would not this philoſopher adore,
For finding worlds diſcover'd long before?
Can he one flower in all his garden ſhow,
Which in his Grecian maſter's did not grow?
And yet, imperious, with a teacher's air,
Boaſtful he claims a right to wiſdom's chair;

Gaſping with ardent thirſt of falſe renown,
With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
Triumphs with borrow'd ſpoils, and trophies not his own.
The world, he grants, with clouds was overſpread;
Truth ne'er erected yet her ſtarry head,
Till he, bright Genius, roſe to chace the night,
And through all nature ſhone with new-ſprung light.
But let th' enquirer know, proud Briton! why
Hope ſhould not Gods, as well as fear, ſupply?
Does not th' idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good,
Of one to mercy, not revenge, inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind?
And does not this idea more appear
The object of our hope, than of our fear?
Then tell us, why this paſſion, more than that,
Should build their altars, and the Gods create?
But let us grant the weak and timorous mind
To ſuperſtitious terrors is inclin'd;
That horrid ſcenes, and monſters form'd in air,
By night the children and the mother ſcare;
That apparitions, by a fever bred,
Or by the ſpleen's black vapours, fill the head;
Does that affect the ſage of ſenſe refin'd,
Whoſe body 's healthful, and ſerene his mind?
Yet more, inſulting Briton! let us try
Your reaſon 's force, your arguments apply.
You ſay, ſince ſpectres from the fancy flow,
To timorous fancy Gods their being owe;

Since phantoms to the weak ſeem real things,
Religion from miſtake and weakneſs ſprings.
But though the vulgar have illuſions ſeen,
Thought objects were without, that were within;
Yet we from hence abſurdly ſhould conclude,
All objects of the mind the mind delude;
That our ideas idle are, that none
Were ever real, and that nothing's known.
But, leaving phantoms and illuſive fear,
Let us at Reaſon's judgement-ſeat appear;
There let the queſtion be ſeverely try'd;
By an impartial ſentence we abide:
Th' Eternal Mind's exiſtence we ſuſtain
By proofs ſo full, by evidence ſo plain,
That none of all the ſciences have ſhown
Such demonſtration of the truths they own.
Spinoſa next, to hide his black deſign,
And to his ſide th' unwary to incline,
For heaven his enſigns treacherous diſplays,
Declares for God, while he that God betrays;
For whom he's pleas'd ſuch evidence to bring,
As ſaves the name, while it ſubverts the thing.
Now hear his labour'd ſcheme of impious uſe:
No ſubſtance can another e'er produce;
Subſtance no limit, no confinement, knows,
And its exiſtence from its nature flows;
The ſubſtance of the Univerſe is one,
Which is the ſelf-exiſtent God alone.
The ſpheres of æther, which the world incloſe,
And all th' apartments, which the whole compoſe;

The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
With every different being they contain;
Are one prodigious aggregated God,
Of whom each ſand is part, each ſtone and clod;
Supreme perfections in each inſect ſhine,
Each ſhrub is ſacred, and each weed divine.
Sages, no longer Ægypt's ſons deſpiſe,
For their cheap Gods, and ſavoury Deities!
No more their coarſe Divinities revile!
To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile,
You might your humble adorations pay,
Were you not Gods yourſelves, as well as they.
As much you pull Religion's altars down,
By owning all things God, as owning none:
For ſhould all beings be alike divine,
Of worſhip if an object you aſſign,
God to himſelf muſt veneration ſhew,
Muſt be the idol and the votary too;
And their aſſertions are alike abſurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd.

CREATION.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean ſcheme to accompliſh that end. Religion only capable of ſubduing thoſe fears. The hypotheſis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the univerſe ſhewn to be abſurd. I. In a more general ſurvey of the parts of the univerſe. II. By a more cloſe and ſtrict examination of his ſcheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that ſcheme; nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Deſcent of atoms; upwards and downwards, a middle or centre abſurdly aſſerted by Epicurus in infinite ſpace. His hypotheſis not to be ſupported, whether his matter be ſuppoſed finite or infinite. His ridiculous aſſertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the ſun. The impoſſibility of forming the world by the caſual concourſe of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal ſpeed. Primitive atoms, being the ſmalleſt parts of matter, would move more ſlowly than bodies of greater bulk, which have more gravity; yet theſe are abſurdly ſuppoſed to move the ſwifteſt. His aſſertion, that ſome primitive atoms have a direct, and others an inclining motion, implies.

implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation of this inclining motion of ſome firſt atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of ſtopping the atoms in their flight, and cauſing them to ſettle in a formed world. The ponderous earth not to be ſuſtained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the ſun and ſtars are upheld in fluid æther. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and ſize given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wiſdom and deſign. Another proof is the diſproportion of the moiſt and dry atoms in the formation of the earth. His ludicrous and childiſh account of the formation of the hollow for the ſea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly orbs, particularly of the ſun.

CARUS, we grant, no man is bleſt, but he
Whoſe mind from anxious thoughts of death is free.
Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime through gazing throngs in triumph borne;
Let acclamations ring around the ſkies,
While curling clouds of balmy incenſe riſe;
Let ſpoils immenſe, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings, attend his rolling car;
If dread of death ſtill unſubdued remains,
And ſecret o'er the vanquiſh'd victor reigns,
Th' illuſtrious ſlave in endleſs thraldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.
With ſwifteſt wing the fears of future fate
Elude the guards, and paſs the palace-gate;

Traverſe

Traverſe the lofty rooms, and uncontrol'd
Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and hold
To the rich arras cling, and perch on buſt of gold;
Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed
Chace gentle ſleep; black cares the ſoul infeſt,
And broider'd ſtars adorn a troubled breaſt;
In vain they aſk the charming lyre, in vain
The flatterer's ſweeter voice, to lull their pain;
Riot and wine but for a moment pleaſe;
Delights they oft' enjoy, but never eaſe.
What are diſtinction, honour, wealth, and ſtate,
The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
The numerous troops, that envy'd thrones ſecure,
And ſplendid enſigns of imperial power?
What the high palace, rear'd with vaſt expence,
Unrival'd art, and luxury immenſe,
With ſtatues grac'd by ancient Greece ſupply'd,
With more than Perſian wealth, and Tyrian pride?
What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
Which now the huntſman, now the fowler, finds;
The richeſt wines, which Gallia's happy field,
Which Tuſcan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?
Nature deprav'd abundance does purſue;
Her firſt and pure demands are cheap and few.
What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
Is all expenceleſs, and procur'd with eaſe.
Behold the ſhepherd, ſee th' induſtrious ſwain,
Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,
How mean, and yet how taſteful is their fare!
How ſweet their ſleep! their ſouls how free from care!

They

They drink the streaming crystal, and escape
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
And, to protect their limbs from rigorous air,
Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:
Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest,
Affright the hind, and break the labourer's rest.
Since these reflections on approaching fate
Distrust and ill-presaging care create;
'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
While fears of death within insulting reign.
But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme.
To chace the horrors of a conscious mind,
They desperate means and wild expedients find;
The hardy rebels aiming to appease
Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
And pull their high Creator from his throne;
That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain.
Thy force alone, Religion! Death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd this awful power view,
That guides us through the safe, though gloomy way,
Which leads to life, and to the seat above,
Where ravish'd minds enjoy what here they own'd, a
Regard, ye sages of Lucretian race, [God.
Nature's rich dress, behold her lovely face.

Look.

Look all around, terreſtrial realms ſurvey,
The iſles, the rivers, and the ſpacious ſea;
Obſerve the air, view with attentive eyes
The glorious concave of the vaulted ſkies;
Could theſe from caſual hits, from tumult thoſe, ariſe?
Can rule and beauty from diſtraction grow?
Can ſymmetry from wild confuſion flow?
When atoms in th' unmeaſur'd ſpace did rove,
And in the dark for doubtful empire ſtrove;
Did intervening Chance the feuds compoſe,
Eſtabliſh friendſhip, and diſarm the foes?
Did this the ancient darkſome horrors chace,
Diſtinction give, and ſpread celeſtial grace
O'er the black diſtricts of the empty ſpace?
Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms of night,
Of reaſon deſtitute, without intent,
Depriv'd of choice, and mindleſs of event,
In order march, and to their poſts advance,
Led by no guide, but undeſigning Chance?
What did th' entangled particles divide,
And ſort the various ſeeds of things ally'd?
To make primæval elements, ſelect
All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?
Diſtinguiſh hot from cold, and moiſt from dry,
Range ſome to form the earth, and ſome the ſky?
From the embrace, and gloomy arms, of night,
What freed the glimmering fire, and diſengag'd the light?
Could Chance ſuch juſt and prudent meaſures take?
To frame the world, ſuch diſtribution make?

If to your builder you will conduct give,
A power to chuſe, to manage, and contrive,
Your idol Chance, ſuppos'd inert and blind,
Muſt be inrol'd an active conſcious mind.
Did this your wiſe and ſovereign architect
Deſign the model, and the world erect?
Were by her ſkill the deep foundations laid,
The globes ſuſpended, and the heavens diſplay'd?
By what elaſtic engines did ſhe rear
The ſtarry roof, and roll the orbs in air?
On the formation of the earth reflect;
Is this a blind fortuitous effect?
Did all the groſſer atoms, at the call
Of Chance, file off, to form the ponderous ball,
And undetermin'd into order fall?
Did of themſelves th' aſſembled ſeeds arrive,
And without art this artful frame contrive?
To build the Earth, did Chance materials chuſe,
And through the parts cementing glue diffuſe?
Adjuſt the frontier of the ſea and ſoil,
Balance and hang in air the finiſh'd pile?
Ye towering hills, whoſe ſnowy peaks ariſe
Above the clouds, and winter in the ſkies;
Ye rocks, which on the ſhores your heads advance;
Are you the labour and the care of Chance?
To draw up ſtones of ſuch prodigious weight,
And raiſe th' amazing heaps to ſuch a height,
What huge machine, what forceful inſtrument,
Did your blind builder of the world invent?
Could it diſtinguiſh, could it wall around
The damp and dark apartments under ground?

With

With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
And form the tracks of ſubterranean waves?
Extend the different mineral veins, and ſpread
For rich metallic ores the genial bed?
What could prepare the gulphs to entertain
Between their ſhores the interpoſing main?
Diſ-join the land, the various realms divide,
And ſpread with ſcatter'd iſles th' extended tide?
Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep,
Where confluent ſtreams, their race completed, ſleep.
Did Chance the compaſs take, and in the dark
The wide dimenſions of the ocean mark?
Then dig the ample cave, and ſtretch the ſhores
Whoſe winding arms confine the liquid ſtores,
Which guſhing from the mountain to the main
Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
Did it deſign the deep abyſs, and ſpread
The ancient waters on their central bed?
To the wild flood did ſovereign Fortune ſay,
Thus far advance, and here thy billows ſtay:
Be this thy barrier, this encloſing ſand
Thou ſhalt not paſs, nor overflow the land?
And do the waves revere her high command?
Did chemic Chance the furnaces prepare,
Raiſe all the labour-houſes of the air,
And lay crude vapours in digeſtion there?
Where Nature is employ'd, with wondrous ſkill,
To draw her ſpirits, and her drops diſtil;
Meteors for various purpoſes to form,
The breeze to cheer, to terrify the ſtorm;

Did

Did she extend the gloomy clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky
In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie?
Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth,
And ruddy bolts exploded wound the earth;
What ready hand applies the kindled match,
Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch;
Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling star,
And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air?
What curious loom does Chance by evening spread?
With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread,
Which, like the spider's net, hangs on the grassy mead?
Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
How these produce the hail, and those the snow?
What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
To leave their centre, and possess the skies?
Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
But close the fight, and grapple with the foe;
Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme,
And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.
See, how th' ambitious architects design:
To rear the world without the power divine,
As principles, the great contrivers place
Unbounded matter, in unbounded space:
Matter was first, in parts minute, endued
With various figures, various magnitude;
Some, moving in the spacious infinite,
Describe a line oblique, and some a right;
For, did not some from a strait course deflect,
They could not meet, they could no world erect:

While unfatigued from endleſs ages paſt,
They rang'd the dark interminable waſte,
Oft claſhing and rencountering in their flight,
Some atoms leap aſide, and ſome upright;
They various ways recoil, and ſwiftly flow
By mutual repercuſſions to and fro,
Till, ſhuffled and entangled in their race,
They claſp each other with a cloſe embrace;
Combin'd by concourſe, mingled and compreſt,
They grow in bulk, and complicated reſt.
Hence did the world and all its parts ariſe!
Hence the bright ſun and ſtars, and hence the ſkies!
Hence ſprung the air, the ocean, and the earth!
And hence all Nature had its caſual birth!
If you demand what wiſe directing mind
The wondrous platform of the world deſign'd;
Did range, divide, and in their order place,
The crude materials of th' unfaſhion'd maſs;
Did move, direct, and all the parts control,
With perfect ſkill, to ſerve the beauteous whole;
Fortune to this high honour they advance,
And no ſurveyor want, no guide, but Chance.
Lucretian maſters, now to make it plain
In building worlds how raw you are, and vain;
Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
Before confuſion fled, and light appear'd,
In the dark void and empty realms of night
Your reſtleſs atoms did purſue their flight;
And in their adverſe paths, and wild career,
By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere;

Thus claſpt in ſtrict embraces they produce
Unnumber'd caſual forms for different uſe:
You, who to clearer reaſon make pretence,
Of wit refin'd, and eminent in ſenſe;
Let us, ye ſons of Epicurus, know
The ſpring, whence all theſe various motions flow.
What vigour puſh'd primæval atoms on?
Was it a foreign impulſe, or their own?
If 'twas a foreign delegated force,
Which mov'd thoſe bodies, and control'd their courſe;
Aſſerting this, you your own ſcheme deſtroy,
And power divine, to form the world, employ.
If from a moving principle within
Your active atoms did their flight begin,
That ſpring, that moving principle explain,
And in the ſchools unrival'd you ſhall reign;
Declare its nature, and aſſign its name;
For motion, and its cauſe, are not the ſame.
We know, you 'll tell us, 'tis impulſive weight,
Mobility, or power to move innate:
Profound ſolution! worthy of your ſchools,
Where reaſon in its boaſted freedom rules.
But thus you mock mankind, and language uſe,
Not to inform the mind, but to amuſe.
Of motion we the principle demand;
You ſay 'tis power to move, and there you ſtand!
But is it to explain, to change the name?
Is not the doubt in different words the ſame?
Do you reveal the ſpring of motion more,
By wiſely calling that a moving power,
Which we had term'd a principle before?

The youngeſt head new-vers'd in reaſoning knows,
That motion muſt a power to move ſuppoſe;
Which while in vain you labour to unfold,
You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
An active ſpring, a principle approve,
Diſtinct from matter, which muſt matter move.
Matter, as ſuch, abſtracted in the mind,
We from a power to move diveſted find,
Not more to motion, than to reſt inclin'd;
The power, which motion does to matter give,
We therefore muſt diſtinct from both conceive;
A power to nature given by Nature's Lord,
When firſt he ſpoke the high creating word,
When for his world materials he prepar'd,
And on each part this energy conferr'd.
Ye vain philoſophers! preſumptuous race!
Who would the Great Eternal Mind diſplace;
Take from the world its Maker, and advance
To his high throne your thoughtleſs idol Chance:
Let us th' enquiry by juſt ſteps purſue;
With motion we your atoms will endue.
We aſk, when in the ſpacious void they ſtray,
Why ſtill they beat one track, and move one way?
Still the ſame flight why do their parties take?
Why this, or that way, no digreſſion make?
What will to this our Atomiſts reply?
They anſwer, by an innate gravity
The ponderous bodies ſtill are downward borne,
And never upwards of themſelves return:
Acute and ſolid anſwer! ſee a flight,
Worthy of fineſt wit, and cleareſt ſight!

Do not theſe wiſe mechanic maſters know,
That no man can conceive, or high or low,
Nor find diſtinction of ſuperior place,
Or of inferior, in the empty ſpace
Uncircumſcrib'd, and ignorant of bound,
And where no midſt, no centre, can be found?
Perhaps, your maſter's doctrine to ſuſtain,
And matter's downward motion to explain,
You with his famous Gallic friend aſſert,
That is ſuperior, whence your atoms ſtart,
And that inferior in the empty ſpace
To which they all direct their rapid race.
Now let us recollect, and what you ſay
At large, in one contracted view ſurvey.
You ſay, your atoms move; we aſk you, why?
Becauſe it is their nature, you reply.
But ſince that native power you never ſhew,
You only ſay they move, becauſe they do:
But let your atoms move, we bid you ſay,
Why they move this, and not a different way?
You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;
That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why.
Till what is gravity you let us know,
By ſenſeleſs words how can we wiſer grow?
We give you this ingenite, moving force,
That makes them always downward take their courſe;
We then demand, which place inferior is
Within the ſpacious unconfin'd abyſs?
You ſay 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
Their ſwift career, for ſtill they muſt deſcend;
That is, they downward move, becauſe they downward tend.

Let

Let us, Lucretians, now our task pursue,
And of your scheme remaining wonders view.
Say, if your atoms of immortal race
Are equal and commensurate to space:
If so, the boundless vast immensity
While thus possest would full of matter be;
For in the vacant (as your schools approve)
Should finite matter be suppos'd to move,
Not knowing how to stop, or where to stay,
It unobstructed must pursue its way,
Be lost in void immense, and dissipated stray;
The scattering bodies never would combine,
Nor to compose a world by concourse join.
But, if all space is full, if all possest,
Which supposition you embrace as best,
Then crouded matter would for ever rest;
Nature no change of place had ever seen;
Where all is full, no motion can begin;
For, if it should, you 'll be compell'd to say,
Body does body pierce, to force its way;
Or unconfin'd immensity retreats,
To give your atoms room to change their seats.
And here with us Lucretius does agree,
That, if some place from matter be not free,
In plenitude no motion could commence,
All would be stagnate in the vast immense.
If it be said, small parts of empty space
Are interspers'd through all the spreading mass,
By which some bodies give to others place;
Then matter, you must grant, would finite be,
And stretch unequal to immensity;

And then, as Epicurus judges right,
It would for ever take a uſeleſs flight,
Loſt in expanſion void and infinite.
Beſides, allowing through th' extended whole
Small ſcatter'd ſpaces not of body full,
Then matter, you Lucretians muſt agree,
Has not exiſtence from neceſſity;
For, if its being neceſſary were,
Why are ſome parts of ſpace from matter clear?
Why does it here exiſt, and why not there?

Lucretians, now, which ſide you pleaſe, embrace:
If in your void you finite ſubſtance place,
'Tis diſſipated through th' immenſe abyſs,
And you to form the world materials miſs;
You 'll not the progreſs of your atoms ſtay,
Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.
Thus too your maſter's ſcheme will be deſtroy'd,
Who, wholly to poſſeſs the boundleſs void,
No leſs than matter infinite employ'd.
If you, in honour to your founder's ſkill,
The boundleſs void with boundleſs ſubſtance fill,
Then tell us, how you can your bodies roll
Through ſpace, of matter ſo compleatly full?
The force this ſingle reaſon does exert
Will the foundations of your ſcheme ſubvert:
Nor were it needful to purſue the blow,
Or form a freſh attack, unleſs to ſhow
How ſlight your works in every quarter are,
How ill your huddled ſentiments cohere.

Be-

Be this, O Greece, thy everlasting shame,
That thoughtless Epicurus rais'd a name,
Who built by artless Chance this mighty frame.
Could one whose wit such narrow limits bound,
Nature, thy depths unfathomable sound?
Of his sagacious thoughts to give a part,
Does not this wise philosopher assert
The radiant Sun 's extinguish'd every night,
And every morn, rekindled, darts his light?
That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
Is such, or not much bigger, than he seems?
That the dimensions of his glorious face
Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
Does he not make the tickle winds convey
The Sun revolving through his crooked way?
But, since his school has gain'd such spreading fame,
And modern wits his master-skill proclaim;
Let us yet farther carry this debate,
And, as you ask, confer on matter weight,
To make it move within the vast abyss,
And downward too, ev'n where no downward is.
If this be true, as you Lucretians say,
That atoms wing with equal speed their way,
Then how could this that atom overtake?
How could they clash, and how collisions make?
If in a line oblique your bodies rove,
Or in a perpendicular they move,
If some advance not slower in their race,
And some more swift should not pursue the chase,
How could they be entangled, how embrace?

'Tis demonſtration, 'tis meridian light,
Thoſe bodies ne'er could juſtle, ne'er could fight,
Nor by their mutual ſhocks be ruffled in their flight.
Since matter of a greater magnitude
Muſt be with greater gravity endued,
Then the minuteſt parts muſt ſtill proceed
With leſs, the greater with the greater ſpeed.
Hence your firſt bodies, which the ſmalleſt are,
On which the ſwifteſt motion you confer,
Muſt be contented with the ſloweſt pace,
And yield to matter of more bulk the race.
How wondrous little muſt thoſe atoms be,
Which you endow with ſuch velocity!
Minute beyond conception, when we find
Bodies ſo ſmall, where many are combin'd!
How many various figures muſt we take,
What numerous complications uſe, to make
Some compound things, ſo ſmall of magnitude,
That all our ſenſes they with eaſe elude!
Light exhalations, that from earth ariſe
Attracted by the ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Which the myſterious ſeeds of thunder bear,
Of winds, and all the meteors of the air;
Though they around us take their conſtant flight,
Their little ſize eſcapes the ſharpeſt ſight.
The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich perfumes,
From Indian ſpices, and Arabian gums,
Though many years they flow, will ſcarce abate
The odoriferous body's bulk or weight.
Though antimonial cups, prepar'd with art,
Their force to wine through ages ſhould impart;

This

This diſſipation, this profuſe expence,
Nor ſhrinks their ſize, nor waſtes their ſtores immenſe.
The powder which deſtructive guns explode,
And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
When rarify'd of ſpace, poſſeſſes more,
Five hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
The ſeeds of fern, which, by prolific heat
Cheer'd and unfolded, form a plant ſo great,
Are leſs a thouſand times than what the eye
Can unaſſiſted by the tube deſcry.
By glaſſes aided, we in liquor ſee
Some living things minute to that degree,
That a prodigious number muſt unite,
To make the ſmalleſt object of the ſight.
How little bodies muſt the light compound,
Which by your maſters is corporeal own'd;
Since the vaſt deluge of refulgent rays,
Which in a day the ſun a thouſand ways
Through his wide empire laviſhly conveys,
Were they collected in one ſolid maſs,
Might not in weight a ſingle drachm ſurpaſs!
At leaſt thoſe atoms wondrous ſmall muſt be,
Small to an unconceivable degree;
Since though theſe radiant ſpoils, diſperſt in air,
Do ne'er return, and ne'er the ſun repair,
Yet the bright orb, whence ſtill new torrents flow,
Does no apparent loſs, no diminution know.
Now, curious wits, who nature's work inſpect
With rapture, with aſtoniſhment, reflect
On the ſmall ſize of atoms, which unite
To make the ſmalleſt particle of light!

Then

Then how [illegible] primæval atoms are,
From this account [illegible] may infer:
Yet they [illegible] without regard to right,
C[illegible] the bottom of the [illegible] height.
  Within the void, with what a swift career
Your rapid [illegible] moves will thus appear.
That all [illegible] are in speed out-done
By your [illegible] atoms, you with ease will own;
For compound [illegible] no motion have,
But what [illegible] atoms gave:
Then your [illegible] exceed
The [illegible] light, in speed.
How soon the [illegible] at the morning's birth
Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth!
Prodigious flight! [illegible] moments pass
The vast ethereal [illegible].
Should [illegible].
It [illegible] ask.
[illegible]
M[illegible];
S[illegible]
A[illegible]
  If nature's [illegible]
The more [illegible]
Say, how can [illegible]
T[illegible]
Whence the [illegible]
Make the great [illegible]
Which fill [illegible]
That [illegible]
In less [illegible] yet part [illegible].

And

And thus your matter, by its native force,
To different points would ſteer a different courſe;
Determin'd by the ſame impulſive weight,
Move in a line oblique, and in a ſtraight.
To heal your ſyſtem's deep and ghaſtly wound,
Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
A method; who a motion did invent
Not ſtraight entirely, nor entirely bent,
Which forms a line to crooked ſomewhat like,
Slanting almoſt, and, as it were, oblique.
Who does not now this wondrous bard adore?
See reaſon's conquering light, and wit's reſiſtleſs power?
If atoms, after their eternal dance,
Into this beauteous fabrick leap'd by chance;
If they combin'd by caſual concourſe; ſay,
What, in a free and unobſtructed way,
Did in a full career your atoms ſtay?
What mounds, what force, when ruſhing from the height
Of ſpace immenſe, could ſtop them in their flight?
Why in their road did they not forward paſs?
But ſay, where now we find the ſettled maſs,
Why did they ceaſe from moving in deſpite
Of their own nature, and impelling weight?
Had the wiſe troops ſagacity to know,
That, there arriv'd, they ſhould no further go?
That in this point of all the ſpacious void,
To form a world they were to be employ'd?
Did they, in proſpect of ſo great a good,
In this one place of all the liquid road,
All their encumbering gravity unload?

Fatigued,

Fatigued, and ſpent with labour infinite,
Did they grow torpid, and unapt for flight?
Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air
Lull'd and enchanted, did they ſettle there?
Grant in this ſingle place by chance they met,
That there by chance they did their weight forget;
It happen'd there they form'd a mighty maſs,
Where yet no order, no diſtinction, was:
Let this be ſo; we aſk you to explain
The wondrous Power that did the parts ſuſtain,
For ſtill their nature and their weight remain.
What from deſcent ſhould ponderous matter ſtay,
When no more ponderous matter ſtops its way?
Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
Its preſſure balance, and prevent its fall?
And after this remains a mighty taſk,
Which more than human ſkill and power will aſk,
The ſtrong myſterious cements to unfold,
Which atoms ſtrictly complicated hold.
But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
To reſt unmov'd within the empty ſpace,
Which knows no height, or depth, or middle place:
Tell, how you build the chambers of the ſky,
Extend the ſpheres, and hang the orbs on high?
You ſay, when matter firſt began to fall,
And ſettle into this terreſtrial ball,
Preſs'd from the earth thin exhalations roſe,
Vapours and ſteams, materials to compoſe
The ſpacious regions of the liquid air,
The heavens, and all the luminaries there:

Theſe

These vapours soon (miraculous event!),
Shuffled by chance, and mix'd by accident,
Into such ranks and beauteous order fell,
As no effect of wisdom can excel.
Hence did the planets, hung in æther, stray!
Hence rose the stars, and hence the milky way!
Hence did the sun along the skies advance!
The source of day, but sprung from night and chance!
But who can shew the legends, that record
More idle tales, or fables so absurd?
Does not your scheme affront ev'n vulgar sense;
That spheres of such a vast circumference,
That all the orbs, which in the regions roll,
Stretching from east to west, from pole to pole,
Should their constructure, and their beauty, owe
To vapours press'd from this poor ball below?
From this small heap could exhalations rise
Enough, and fit, to spread and vault the skies?
Lucretius thus the manner has display'd
How meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
But grant the steams, which by expression rose,
Did all the spheres and every orb compose;
Since their ingenite gravity remains,
What girder binds, what prop the frame sustains?
The sun's bright beams, which you of matter make,
From Heaven their downward flight perpetual take:
Why does not then his body, which outweighs
By infinite degrees his golden rays,
By its own force precipitated fall,
And hide in ruins this terrestrial ball?

Can

Can air, unable to ſuſtain the light,
Support the ſun of ſuch ſuperior weight;
And all the ponderous heavenly orbs ſuſpend
Againſt their nature, which does downward tend?
Tell, wiſe Lucretius, tell the ſecret art,
Which keeps the heavens and earth ſo long apart.
Thus too the air, preſs'd from this maſs, you ſay,
Between the earth and ſkies expanded lay;
Not with intention that the ſolar light
Through the thin gulph might take an eaſy flight;
Or that with nitrous food it ſhould inſpire
The breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
But mere contingence did the gulph extend,
Regardleſs of convenience, uſe, or end.
Now, vaunting poet! ſhould it be confeſs'd,
That from the earth the air is thus expreſs'd;
Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
Which tend with ſtronger gravitation down;
Why are the ſun, and the fair orbs of light,
All which ſo far exceed the air in weight,
Hung from the centre at a greater height?
Why do not theſe their Nature's law obey,
Ruſh from above, and near the centre ſtay,
And make all lighter bodies give them way?
Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er purſue
This natural bent, and this undoubted due?
Since to the earth you give the middle place,
To which all heavy things direct their race;
If nothing does obſtruct, by certain fate
Things would in order of their different weight

Lie

Lie round the earth, and make one mighty heap;
They would their place, as different ſtrata, keep.
Nor would the air, or interceding ſky,
Between the diſtant orbs and worlds divided lie;
Æther and air would claim the higheſt place,
The ſtars and planets would the earth embrace,
As now the ocean floats upon its face.
In vain you labour by mechanic rules,
In vain exhauſt the reaſon of your ſchools,
Theſe queſtions to reſolve, and to explain
How ſeparate worlds were made, and ſeparate ſtill remain.
Since to your uncompounded atoms you
Figures in number infinite allow,
From which, by various combination, ſprings
This unconfin'd diverſity of things;
Are not, in this, deſign and counſel clear?
Does not the wiſe Artificer appear,
Who the corporeal particles endued
With different ſhape, and different magnitude,
That from their mixtures all things might have birth,
In the wide ſea, and air, and heaven, and earth?
To all theſe figures of diſtinguiſh'd kind,
And different ſizes, are not ends aſſign'd?
Then own their cauſe did act with wiſe intent,
Which did thoſe ſizes ſquare, and every ſhape invent.
When atoms firſt the world began to frame,
Is it not ſtrange that every number came
Of ſuch a figure, and of ſuch a ſize,
As ſerv'd to round the earth, and ſpread the ſkies?
Had they not met in ſuch proportion, were
Their form and number not as now they are,

In

In a rude mafs they had confus'dly join'd,
Not in a finifh'd world, like this, combin'd.
Did thefe aſſembled ſubſtances reflect,
That here a beauteous frame they muſt erect?
Did they a general council wifely call,
To lay the platform of each mighty ball?
To ſettle prudent rules, and orders make,
In rearing worlds, what methods they ſhould take?
To every atom was his taſk enjoin'd?
His poſt, and fellow-labourers, aſſign'd?
Did they conſent what parts they ſhould compoſe;
That theſe ſhould æther make, or water thoſe?
That ſome ſhould be the moon, and ſome the earth?
Thoſe give the ſun, and theſe the planet birth?
If all theſe noble worlds were undeſign'd,
And carry'd on without a Conſcious Mind;
Oh, happy accident! auſpicious chance!
That in ſuch order made the work advance!
At length to ſuch admir'd perfection brought
The finiſh'd ſtructure, as it had been wrought
With art tranſcendent and conſummate thought!
Since 'tis an outrage done to common ſenſe
To fix a central point in ſpace immenſe;
Why is a middle to the earth aſſign'd,
To which your ponderous bodies are inclin'd?
Beſides, reflect how this terreſtrial maſs
Does the whole ſea a thouſand times ſurpaſs;
Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
Now if by chance more watery atoms came
Than earthy, to compoſe this wondrous frame;

Or had they both in equal number met,
Which might as well have been, had Chance thought fit;
Or if the watery (we no farther preſs)
Were but an hundred times in number leſs;
This globe had lain, if not a general flood,
At leaſt a fen, a maſs of ooze and mud,
With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty, bleſt,
Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beaſt.
Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
Which Epicurus made all ſmooth and plain?
How did thy rocks, O Earth! thy hills, ariſe?
How did thy giant ſons invade the ſkies?
Lucretius, that it happen'd thus, replies.
Now give us leave, great Poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was firſt produc'd, with eaſe to entertain
All the aſſembled waters of the main?
When earth was made, this hollow for the ſea
Was form'd; but how it happen'd ſo to be?
It on a time fell out, that every wave
Forſook the earth, and fill'd the mighty cave,
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,
Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that ſtones did rocks compoſe,
That vales ſubſided, and that hills aroſe.
Thus the formation of the world you know;
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd ſo.
Can tales more ſenſeleſs, ludicrous, and vain,
By winter-fires old nurſes entertain?
Does this unfold how all things firſt were made
Without divine and ſupernatural aid?

His penetration has Lucretius ſhown,
By ſaying things proceed from Chance alone,
As their efficient cauſe, that is, from none?
But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of night,
And through the vacant wing'd their careleſs flight,
The high command of ruling Chance obey;
Unguided and unconſcious of the way,
Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Preſcrib'd by Chance, in all th' unmeaſur'd ſpace;
Their proper ſtations undirected find,
To form a world that never was deſign'd;
Let all the rolling globes, and ſpacious ſkies,
From happy hits of heedleſs atoms riſe;
Be thus the earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
Thus the thin regions of the air diſplay'd;
Chance ſhall the planets in their place ſuſpend,
Between thoſe worlds th' etherial plains extend;
Direct the ſun to that convenient ſeat,
Whence he diſplays his luſtre and his heat.
This labour, all this progreſs, is in vain,
Unleſs the orbs their various motions gain:
For let the ſun in buoyant æther float,
Nor nearer to the earth, nor more remote;
Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuſe,
He 'd ſure deſtruction to the earth produce;
One half for heat, and one for cold, would pray,
This would abhor the night, and that the day:
Did he not yearly through the zodiack paſs,
Were he not conſtant to his daily race,
He would not, by alternate ſhade and light,
Produce the needful change of day and night:

Nor

Nor would the various seasons of the year,
By turns revolving, rise and disappear.
Now, can judicious Atomists conceive,
Chance to the sun could this just impulse give,
By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
His stages keeps, and traverses the skies?
We ask you, whence these constant motions flow?
Will learned heads reply, they happen'd so?
You say, the solar orb, first mov'd by chance,
Does north and south, and east and west, advance:
We ask, why first in these determin'd ways
He chose to move? Why thence he never strays?
Why did he ne'er, since time began, decline
His round diurnal, or his annual line?
So steadily does fickle Fortune steer
Th' obedient orb, that it should never err?
Should never start aside, and never stray?
Never in pathless æther miss his way?
Why does he ne'er beyond the tropicks go?
Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?
Will it a wise philosopher content,
To say these motions came by accident,
That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?
But if the sluggish sun you 'll not disturb,
But motion give to this terrestrial orb;
Still of the earth we the same question ask,
Which to explain, you have as hard a task.
Can Chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,
Which knows not works less artful to effect?
Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,
A globe, or tube of astronomic use?

Why do not veſſels, built and rigg'd by Chance,
Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?
Might not the Sovereign Cauſe with greater eaſe
A navy build, than make the winds and ſeas?
Let atoms once the form of letters take
By Chance, and let thoſe huddled letters make
A finiſh'd poem by a lucky hit,
Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan, writ;
Then we'll embrace the doctrines you advance,
And yield the world's fair poem made by Chance.

CREATION.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction. A deſcription of the calamitous ſtate of mankind, by reaſon of innumerable woes and ſufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diſeaſes of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppreſſion. The viciſſitude of human affairs, and the certain proſpect of death. Whence it appears that it ſuits the ſtate of mankind, and therefore is deſirable, there ſhould be a God. Arguments againſt the Fataliſts, who aſſert the eternity of the world. There muſt be granted ſome ſelf-exiſtent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being: proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms riſing and diſappearing in the ſeveral parts of nature; from the poſſibility of conceiving, without any conſequent contradiction, leſs or more parts in the world, than are actually exiſtent; from the poſſibility of plants and animals having had different ſhapes, and limbs, from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not ſelf-exiſtent and independent; becauſe all its links or parts are dependent, and obnoxious to corruption. Fate, a word without ſenſe or meaning. Two more arguments againſt the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the ſun, and of motion. Ariſtotle's ſcheme conſidered and confuted.

AH, hapleſs mortal man! ah, rigid fate!
What cares attend our ſhort, uncertain ſtate!
How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
What ſad varieties of grief and fear,
Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage,
And gall obnoxious life through every ſtage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age!
Who can compile a roll of all our woes?
Our friends are faithleſs, and ſincere our foes;
The poiſon'd arrows of an envious tongue
Improve our errors, and our virtues wrong;
Th' oppreſſor now with arbitrary might
Tramples on law, and robs us of our right;
Dangers unſeen on every ſide invade,
And ſnares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid.
Oft' wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the ruffian's, now the warrior's, ſteel;
By bruiſes or by labour we are pain'd;
A bone diſjointed, or a ſinew ſtrain'd;
Now feſtering ſores afflict our tortur'd limbs;
Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.
Acute diſtempers fierce our veins aſſail,
Ruſh on with fury, and by ſtorm prevail;
Others with thrift diſpenſe their ſtores of grief,
And by the ſap prolong the ſiege of life;
While to the grave we for deliverance cry,
And, promis'd ſtill, are ſtill denied to die.
See Colic, Gout, and Stone, a cruel train,
Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;

Their

Their various tracks and lingering plagues employ,
Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
And, tyrant like, torment, but not deſtroy.
We noxious inſects in our bowels feed,
Engender deaths, and dark deſtruction breed.
The Spleen with ſullen vapours clouds the brain,
And binds the ſpirits in its heavy chain:
Howe'er the cauſe fantaſtic may appear,
Th' effect is real, and the pain ſincere.
Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waſte away;
By their own ruins they augmented lie,
With thirſt and heat amidſt a deluge fry:
And while in floods of water theſe expire,
More ſcorching periſh by the Fever's fire;
Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneaſy beds,
We change our pillows, and we raiſe our heads;
From ſide to ſide for reſt in vain we turn,
With cold we ſhiver, or with heat we burn;
Of night impatient, we demand the day;
The day arrives, and for the night we pray;
The night and day ſucceſſive come and go,
Our laſting pains no interruption know.

Since Man is born to ſo much woe and care,
Muſt ſtill new terrors dread, new ſorrows bear;
Does it not ſuit the ſtate of human kind,
There ſhould preſide a good Almighty Mind?
A Cauſe Supreme, that might all nature ſteer,
Avert our danger, and prevent our fear;
Who, when implor'd, might timely ſuccour give,
Solace our anguiſh, and our wants relieve;

Father of comfort, might our ſouls ſuſtain,
When preſt with grief, and mitigate our pain?
'Tis certain ſomething from all ages paſt
Without beginning was, and ſtill will laſt;
For if of time one period e'er had been
When nothing was, then nothing could begin.
That things ſhould to themſelves a being give,
Reluctant reaſon never can conceive.
If you affirm, effects themſelves produce,
You ſhock the mind, and contradiction chuſe;
For they, 'tis clear, muſt act and move, before
They were in being, or had motive power;
As active cauſes muſt of right at once
Exiſtence claim, and as effects renounce.
Then ſomething is, which no beginning had,
A cauſeleſs Cauſe, or nothing could be made,
Which muſt by pure neceſſity exiſt,
And whoſe duration nothing can reſiſt.
Let us enquire, and ſearch by due degrees,
What, who, this Self-exiſtent being is.
Should this material world's capacious frame
Uncaus'd and independent being claim;
It would, thus form'd and faſhion'd as we ſee,
Derive exiſtence from neceſſity,
And then to ages unconfin'd muſt laſt
Without the leaſt diverſity or waſte.
Neceſſity, view'd with attentive thought,
Does plain impoſſibility denote,
That things ſhould not exiſt, which actual are,
Or in another ſhape, or different modes appear.

But

But ſee, in all corporeal Nature's ſcene,
What changes, what diverſities, have been!
Matter not long the ſame appearance makes,
But ſhifts her old, and a new figure takes:
If now ſhe lies in Winter's rigid arms,
Diſhonour'd, and deſpoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will looſe th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face;
Like fabled nymphs transform'd, ſhe's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and ſtreaming ſeeks the ſea;
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm,
Below a vapour, and above a ſtorm;
This ooze was late a monſter of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the foreſt reign.
Regard that fair, that branching laurel-plant,
Behold that lovely bluſhing amarant;
One might have William's broken frame aſſum'd,
And one from bright Maria's duſt have bloom'd.
Theſe ſhifting ſcenes, theſe quick rotations, ſhow
Things from neceſſity could never flow,
But muſt to mind and choice precarious being owe.
Let us ſuppoſe that Nature ever was,
Without beginning, and without a cauſe;
As her firſt order, diſpoſition, frame,
Muſt then ſubſiſt unchangeably the ſame;
So muſt our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of poſſibility,
That e'er the world a being could have had
Different from what it is, or could be made

Of

Of more or leſs, or other parts, than thoſe
Which the corporeal univerſe compoſe.
Now, Fataliſt, we aſk, if thoſe ſubvert
Reaſon's eſtabliſh'd maxims, who aſſert
That we the world's exiſtence may conceive,
Though we one atom out of Nature leave;
Though ſome one wandering orb, or twinkling ſtar,
Were abſent from the heavens, which now is there;
Though ſome one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
No being had, or had another's form?
And might not other animals ariſe,
Of different figure, and of different ſize?
In the wide womb of poſſibility
Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be;
And more productions of a various kind
Will cauſe no contradiction in the mind.
'Tis poſſible the things in Nature found
Might different forms and different parts have own'd:
The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
The peacock's train the bittern might adorn;
Strong tuſks might in the horſe's mouth have grown,
And lions might have ſpots, and leopards none.
But, if the world knows no ſuperior cauſe,
Obeys no ſovereign's arbitrary laws;
If abſolute neceſſity maintains
Of cauſes and effects the fatal chains;
What could one motion ſtop, change one event?
It would tranſcend the wide, the vaſt extent,
The utmoſt ſtretch of poſſibility,
That things, from what they are, ſhould diſagree.

If, to elude this reasoning, you reply,
Things what they are, not by necessity;
Which never else so aptly could conspire
To serve the whole, and Nature's ends acquire;
To form the beauty, order, harmony,
Which we through all the works of Nature see:
Ready we this assertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wisdom show?
With zeal we this necessity defend
Of means directed to their useful end;
But 'tis not that which Fatalists intend,
Nor that which we oppose in this debate,
An uncontrol'd necessity of fate,
Which all things blindly does and must produce,
Unconscious of their goodness and their use,
Which cannot ends design, nor means convenient chuse.

If you persist, and fondly will maintain
Of causes and effects an endless train;
That this successive series still has been,
Will never cease, and never did begin;
That things did always, as they do, proceed,
And no First Cause, no wise Director, need:
Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
Free from corruption and unchang'd remain;
If of the whole each part in time arose,
And to a cause its borrow'd being owes;
How then the whole can independent be?
How have a being from necessity?
Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the same
With all the parts, and different but in name?

Cou'

Could e'er that whole the leaſt perfection ſhow,
Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow?
Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive,
What in themſelves thoſe parts had not to give?
Farther to clear the ſubject in debate,
Inform us, what you underſtand by Fate.
Have you a juſt idea in the mind
Of this great cauſe of things by you aſſign'd?
If you the order and dependence mean
By which effects upon their cauſes lean,
The long ſucceſſion of th' efficient train,
And firm coherence of th' extended chain;
Then Fate is nothing but a mode of things,
Which from continued revolution ſprings;
A pure relation and a mere reſpect
Between the cauſe effective and th' effect.
If cauſes and effects themſelves are that
Which your clear-ſighted ſchools intend by Fate;
Then Fate by no idea can be known,
'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one;
You no diſtinguiſh'd being by it mean,
But all th' effects and cauſes that have been.
If you aſſert, that each efficient cauſe
Muſt act by fix'd inevitable laws;
If you affirm this neceſſary ſtate,
And tell us this neceſſity is Fate;
When will you bleſs the world with light to ſee
The ſpring and ſource of this neceſſity?
Say, what did ſo diſpoſe, ſo things ordain
To form the links of all the caſual chain,

That

Nature by inevitable force
id run one ring, and keep one ſteady courſe?
things muſt needs in one ſet order flow,
all events muſt happen as they do?
ou no proof of your aſſertion find?
ce no reaſon to convince the mind,
Nature this determin'd way muſt go?
ll things thus, becauſe they muſt be ſo?
rant with eaſe there is neceſſity,
ource of things ſhould ſelf-exiſtent be.
hen He 's not a neceſſary cauſe;
eely acts by arbitrary laws:
ive to beings motive energy,
ctive things to paſſive did apply;
h wiſe order all things did diſpoſe,
of events neceſſity aroſe:
out his aid, ſay, how you will maintain
fatal link of cauſes? Hence 'tis plain,
: the word Fate you thus affect to uſe,
oin a ſenſeleſs term, th' unwary to amuſe.
, who aſſert the world did ne'er commence,
e againſt this reaſoning your defence.
r beams, which through th' expanſion dart,
real are, as learned ſchools aſſert;
till they flow, and no ſupply repays
viſh Sun his diſſipated rays;
that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
at his motions have eternal been,
by eternal, infinite expence,
ecruited waſte, and ſpoils immenſe,

By certain fate to ſlow deſtruction doom'd,
His glorious ſtock long ſince had been conſum'd;
Of light unthrifty, and profuſe of day,
The ruin'd globe had ſpent his lateſt ray,
Diſpers'd in beams eternally diſplay'd,
Had loſt in æther roam'd, and looſe in atoms ſtray'd.
Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
The light the ſun diſpenſes in a day
Through all the ſtages of his heavenly way;
That in a year the golden torrents, ſent
From the bright ſource, its loſſes ſcarce augment;
Yet without end if you the waſte repeat,
Th' eternal loſs grows infinitely great.
Then, ſhould the ſun of finite bulk ſuſtain
In every age the loſs but of a grain;
If we ſuppoſe thoſe ages infinite,
Could there remain one particle of light?
Reflect, that motion muſt abate its force,
As more or leſs obſtructed in its courſe;
That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round,
Have ſome reſiſtance from the medium found:
Be that reſiſtance ne'er ſo faint and weak,
If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break;
If in each age you grant the leaſt decreaſe,
By infinite ſucceſſion it muſt ceaſe.
Hence, if the orbs have ſtill reſiſted been
By air, or light, or æther ne'er ſo thin;
Long ſince their motion muſt have been ſuppreſt,
The ſtars had ſtood, the ſun had lain at reſt;
So vain, ſo wild a ſcheme, you Fataliſts have dreſs'd.

Let

Let us the wiſe poſitions now ſurvey
Of Ariſtotle's ſchool, who 's pleas'd to ſay
Nothing can move itſelf, no inward power
To any being motion can procure.
Whate'er is mov'd, its motion muſt derive
From ſomething elſe, which muſt an impulſe give:
And yet no being motion could begin;
Elſe motion might not have eternal been.
That matter never did begin to move,
But in th' immenſe from endleſs ages ſtrove,
The Stagyrite thus undertakes to prove.
He ſays, of motion time the meaſure is;
Then that 's eternal too, as well as this.
Motion through ages without limit flows,
Since time, its meaſure, no beginning knows.
This feeble baſe upholds our Author's hopes,
And all his mighty ſuperſtructure props.
On this he all his towering fabric rears,
Sequel on ſequel heaps, to reach the ſpheres.
But if this definition you deny
Of time, on which his building does rely,
You bring his lofty Babel from the ſky;
A thouſand fine deductions you confound,
Scatter his waſte philoſophy around,
And level all his ſtructure with the ground.

We then this definition thus defeat:
Time is no meaſure, which can motion meet;
For men of reaſoning faculties will ſee,
That time can nothing but duration be
Of beings; and duration can ſuggeſt
Nothing or of their motion, or their reſt;

Only prolong'd exiſtence it implies,
Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.
This ſingle blow will all the pile ſubvert,
So proudly rais'd, but with ſo little art.
But, ſince the Author has ſuch fame acquir'd,
And as a God of ſcience been admir'd,
A ſtricter view we 'll of his ſyſtem take,
And of the parts a ſhort examen make.
Let us obſerve, what light his ſcheme affords,
His undigeſted heap of doubtful words.
Great Stagyrite, the loſt enquirer ſhow
The ſpring, whence motion did for ever flow;
Since nothing of itſelf e'er moves or ſtrives,
Tell what begins, what the firſt impulſe gives.
Hear how the man, who all in fame ſurmounts,
For motion's ſpring and principle accounts.
To his ſupreme, unmov'd, unactive God,
He the firſt ſphere appoints, a bleſt abode;
Who ſits ſupinely on his azure throne,
In contemplation of himſelf alone;
Is wholly mindleſs of the world, and void
Of providential care, and unemploy'd.
To all the ſpheres inferior are aſſign'd
Gods ſubaltern, and of inferior kind:
On theſe he ſelf-exiſtence does confer,
Who, as the God ſupreme, eternal are;
With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
They all their ſpheres around in order move;
And from theſe heavenly revolutions flow
All motions, which are found in things below.

If you demand by what impulſive force
The Under-Gods begin their circling courſe:
He ſays, as things deſirable excite
Deſire, and objects move the appetite;
So his firſt God, by kindling ardent love,
Does all the Gods in ſeats inferior move:
Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty ſpheres,
With their refulgent equipage of ſtars;
From ſphere to ſphere communicate the dance,
Whence all in heavenly harmony advance;
And from this motion propagated riſe
All motions in the earth, and air, and ſkies.
And thus by learned Ariſtotle's mind
All things were form'd, yet nothing was deſign'd.
He owns no choice, no arbitrary will,
No artiſt's hand, and no exerted ſkill;
All motion flows from neceſſary fate,
Which nothing does reſiſt, or can abate;
Things ſink and riſe, a being loſe or gain
In a coherent, undiſſolving chain
Of cauſes and effects, which Nature's courſe ſuſtain.
Th' unmoveable Supreme the reſt does move,
As proper objects raiſe deſire and love;
They, mov'd without their choice, without conſent,
Move all their ſpheres around without intent:
Whate'er he calls his moving cauſe, to chuſe
He gives that cauſe no power, or to refuſe.
And thus from fate all artful order ſprings,
This rear'd the world, this is the riſe of things.
Now give us leave to aſk, great Stagyrite!
How the firſt God th' inferior does excite.

Of his own ſubſtance does he parts convey,
Whoſe motive force the Under-Gods obey?
If ſo, he may be chang'd, he may decay.
But if by ſteadfaſt gazing they are mov'd,
And admiration of the object lov'd;
If thoſe below their motive force acquire
From the ſtrong impulſe of divine deſire;
Tell us, what good your God Supreme can grant,
Which thoſe beneath, to make them happy, want.
If admiration of the God Supreme,
And heavenly raptures, ſhould their breaſts inflame,
Is that of motion a reſiſtleſs cauſe,
Of motion conſtant to eternal laws?
Might not each ſecond God inactive lie
On his blue ſphere, and fix his raviſh'd eye
On the Supreme Unmoveable, and ne'er
Be forc'd to roll around his ſolid ſphere?
Say, how could wonder drive them from their place?
How in a circle make them run their race?
How keep them ſteady in one certain pace?
He this a fundamental maxim lays,
That Nature wiſely acts in all her ways;
That ſhe purſues the things which moſt conduce
To order, beauty, decency, and uſe.
Who can to reaſon this affront endure?
Should it deriſion cauſe, or anger more,
To hear a deep philoſopher aſſert
That Nature, not endued with ſkill or art,
Of liberty of choice, of reaſon void,
Still wiſely acts, where-ever ſhe's employ'd?

Can

Can actions be denominated wise,
Which from a brute neceſſity ariſe,
Which the blind agent never did intend,
The means unchoſen, and unknown the end?
On this be laid the ſtreſs of this debate;
What wiſely acts can never act by fate.
The means and end muſt firſt be underſtood;
The means, as proper; and the end, as good;
The act muſt be exerted with intent
By uſing means to gain the wiſh'd event.
But can a ſenſeleſs and unconſcious cauſe,
By foreign impulſe mov'd, and fatal laws,
This thing as good, and that as fit, reſpect,
Deſign the end, and then the means elect?
Nature, you grant, can no event intend,
Yet that ſhe acts with prudence you pretend:
So Nature wiſely acts, yet acts without an end!
Yet while this Prince of ſcience does declare
That means or ends were never Nature's care,
That things, which ſeem with perfect art contriv'd,
By the reſiſtleſs force of fate arriv'd;
This cautious maſter, to ſecure his fame,
And 'ſcape the Atheiſt's ignominious name,
Did to his Gods of all degrees allow
Counſel, deſign, and power to chuſe and know.
Yet, ſince he 's pleas'd ſo plainly to aſſert,
His Gods no act of reaſoning power exert,
No mark of choice, or arbitrary will,
Employ'd no prudence, and expreſs'd no ſkill,
In making or directing Nature's frame,
Which from his fate inevitable came;

Theſe Gods muſt, as to us, be brute and blind,
And as unuſeful, as if void of mind:
Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
Can they our prayer regard, or praiſes claim?
Of all the irreligious in debate,
This ſhameful error is the common fate;
That though they cannot but diſtinctly ſee
In Nature's works, and whole œconomy,
Deſign and judgement in a high degree;
This judgement, this deſign, they ne'er allow
Do from a cauſe endued with reaſon flow.
The art they grant, th' artificer reject,
The ſtructure own, and not the architect;
That unwiſe Nature all things wiſely makes,
And prudent meaſures without prudence takes.
Grant that their admiration and their love
Of the firſt God may all th' inferior move;
Grant too, though no neceſſity appears,
That, with their rapture mov'd, they move their ſpheres:
Theſe queſtions let the Stagyrite reſolve,
Why they at all, why in this way, revolve?
Declare by what neceſſity control'd,
In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
Why is their ſwift rotation weſt and eaſt,
Rather than north and ſouth, or eaſt and weſt?
Why do not all th' interior ſpheres obey
The higheſt ſphere's inevitable ſway?
Tell us, if all celeſtial motions riſe
From revolutions of the ſtarry ſkies,

Whence

Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
Why ſome the general road purſue? and ſome
In æther ſtray, and diſobedient roam?
If yours the ſource of motion is, declare,
Why this is fix'd, and that a wandering ſtar?
Tell by what fate, by what reſiſtleſs force,
This orb has one, and that another courſe?
How does the learned Greek the cauſe unfold
With equal ſwiftneſs why the ſun is roll'd
Still eaſt and weſt, to mark the night and day?
To form the year why through th' ecliptic way?
What magic, what neceſſity, confines
The ſolar orb between the tropic lines?
What charms in thoſe enchanted circles dwell,
That with controling power the ſun repel?
The Stagyrite to this no anſwer makes;
Of the vaſt globe ſo little thought he takes,
That he to ſolve theſe queſtions never ſtrives,
No cauſe or of its place or motion gives.
But farther yet, applauded Greek, ſuppoſe
Celeſtial motions from your ſpring aroſe;
That motion down to all the worlds below
From the firſt ſphere may propagated flow:
Since you of things to ſhow th' efficient ſource
Have always to neceſſity recourſe;
From what neceſſity do ſpheres proceed
With ſuch a meaſur'd, ſuch a certain ſpeed?
We fain would this myſterious cauſe explore,
Why motion was not either leſs or more,
But in this juſt proportion and degree,
As ſuits with Nature's juſt œconomy.

This is a cauſe, a right one too, we grant,
But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want;
With greater ſwiftneſs if the ſpheres were whirl'd,
The motion given to this inferior world
Too violent had been for Nature's uſe,
Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce;
The Elements, Air, Water, Earth, and Fire,
Which now to make compounded things conſpire,
By their rude ſhocks could never have combin'd,
Or had been diſengag'd as ſoon as join'd:
But then had motion in a leſs degree
Been given, than that which we in Nature ſee;
Of greater vigour ſhe had ſtood in need,
To mix and blend the elemental ſeed,
To temper, work, incorporate, and bind
Thoſe principles, that thence of every kind
The various compound beings might ariſe,
Which fill the earth and ſea, and ſtore the ſkies.
Say, what neceſſity, what fatal laws,
Did in ſuch due proportion motion cauſe,
Nor more or leſs, but juſt ſo much as tends
To frame the world, and ſerve all Nature's ends?
Aſk why the higheſt of the rolling ſpheres,
Deck'd to profuſion with refulgent ſtars,
And all with bright excreſcences embоſt,
Has the whole beauty of the heavens engroſt;
When of the others, to diſpel the night,
Each owns a ſingle ſolitary light;
Only one planet in a ſphere is found,
Marching in air his melancholy round:

Nature,

Nature, he tells us, took this prudent care,
That the sublimest and the noblest sphere
Should be with nobler decoration blest;
And in magnificence outshine the rest;
That so its greater ornament and state
Should bear proportion with its greater height.
It seems then Nature does not only find
Means to be good, beneficent, and kind,
But has for beauty and for order car'd,
Does rank, and state, and decency, regard.
Now, should he not considering men forgive,
If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe,
That Nature, which does decency respect,
Is something; which can reason, chuse, reflect?
Or that some wise Director must preside
O'er Nature's works, and all her motions guide?
You here should that necessity declare,
Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere:
Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
Without reflecting on a final cause?
One sphere has all the stars; we ask you, why?
When you to beauty and to order fly,
You plain assert the truth which you deny;
That is, that Nature has wise ends in view,
With foresight works, and does designs pursue.
Thus all the mighty wits, that have essay'd
To explicate the means how things are made
By Nature's power, without the Hand Divine,
The final causes of effects assign.
They say, that this or that is so or so,
That such events in such succession flow;

[illegible] decent, and [illegible]
[illegible] Nature [illegible] should [illegible]
[illegible] demonstration always vain:
[illegible] which they always want.
[illegible] they [illegible] the question in debate.
[illegible] of Chance and Fate:
[illegible] show by what necessity
[illegible] have the disposition which we see.
[illegible] from Fate or Chance,
[illegible] they advance.
[illegible] Nature [illegible], at her vast expence,
[illegible] of State with [illegible] magnificence,
[illegible] shine above the others bright,
[illegible] with numerous burnish'd balls of light;
[illegible] on one by decent rules dispense
Of constellations such a wealth immense,
While the next sphere in amplitude and height
Rolls on with one erratic, lonely light:
[illegible] so, the question's still the same,
Tell us, from what necessity it came?
[illegible] the great philosopher attend,
While to the worlds below his thoughts descend.
His elements, earth, water, air, and fire,
He says, to make all compound things conspire;
He in the [illegible] leaves the dull earth at rest,
In the soft bosom of the air carest;
The red wing'd fire must to the moon arise,
Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies;
No charms, no force, can make the fire descend,
Nor can the earth to seats superior tend,

Both

Both unmolested peace for ever own,
This in the middle, that beneath the moon:
Water and air not so; for they, by fate
Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
Nature against a vacant to defend;
For should a void her monarchy invade,
Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
That breach the mighty fabrick would dissolve,
And in immediate ruin all involve.
A consequence so dismal to prevent,
Water and air are still (as said) intent
To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
Seek subterranean vaults, or climb the sky;
While these with so much duty are oppress,
The earth and fire are privileg'd with rest.
These elements, 'tis clear, have not discern'd
The interest of the whole, nor are concern'd
Lest they, when once an interposing void
Has Nature's frame o'erturn'd, should be destroy'd.
Tell, why these simple elements are four?
Why just so many? why not less or more?
Does this from pure necessity proceed?
Or say, does Nature just that number need?
If this, you mock us, and decline the task,
You give the final cause, when we th' efficient ask.
If that, how often shall we call in vain
That you would this necessity explain?
But here forgive me, famous Stagyrite,
If I esteem it idle to recite

The

[illegible] which you give.
[illegible]
[illegible] and air.
[illegible] make a grave repair.
  [illegible] But now declare,
[illegible] compounded things procure,
[illegible] earth and air
[illegible] above.
[illegible] more;
[illegible] place
[illegible] leave their place;
[illegible]
[illegible] mixtures join;
[illegible] compound
[illegible] regions [illegible]:
Thus beings from the incorporeal four,
[illegible], by [illegible] Nature's power.
Hence metals, [illegible], and minerals arise,
[illegible] the meteors of the skies!
Hence all the [illegible] that haunt the hill or wood,
That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood!
E'en man, their Lord, hence into being came,
Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame!
Say, is not this a noble scheme, a piece
Worthy the Stagyrite, and worthy Greece?
  But now, acute philosopher, declare
How this rotation of the heavenly sphere
Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
The fire that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
To meet ascending earth, must downward fall.

Now

Now turn your ſphere contiguous to the fire,
Will from its ſeat that element retire?
The ſphere could never drive its neighbour down,
But give a circling motion, like its own.
So give the air impreſſion from above,
It in a whirl vertiginous would move:
And thus the rolling ſpheres can ne'er diſplace
The fire or air, to make a mingled maſs:
The elements diſtinct might keep their ſeat,
Elude the ruffle, and your ſcheme defeat.
But ſince th' applauded author will demand
For complex bodies no director's hand;
Since art without an artiſt he maintains,
A building fears without a builder's pains;
He comes at length to Epicurus' ſcheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame.
One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things; the famous Stagyrite,
By his invented elements combin'd,
Compoſes beings of each different kind:
But both agree, while both alike deny
The Gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form or rule this univerſal frame,
Which or from fate or caſual concourſe came.
Whether to raiſe the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's fate, as blind;
If ſtill mechanic, neceſſary laws
Of moving matter muſt all beings cauſe;
If artful works from a brute cauſe reſult,
From ſprings unknown, and qualities occult;
With ſchemes alike abſurd our reaſon you inſult.

And

And now, to finiſh this leſs pleaſant taſk,
Of our renown'd philoſopher we aſk,
How was the earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it firſt the middle point embrace?
What blandiſhments, what ſtrong attractive power,
What happy arts adapted to allure,
Were by that ſingle point of all the void
To captivate and charm the maſs employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples, did it caſt
On earth, to fix it to the centre faſt?
But if the earth, by ſtrong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly ſought,
Since it is unintelligent and blind,
Could it the way, the neareſt could it find?
When at that point arriv'd, how did it know
It was arriv'd, and ſhould no farther go?
When in a globous form collected there,
What wondrous cement made the parts cohere?
Why did the orb ſuſpended there remain
Fix'd and unmov'd? what does its weight ſuſtain?
Tell what its fall prevents; can liquid air
The ponderous pile on its weak columns bear?
The earth muſt, in its gravity's deſpight,
Uphold itſelf; our careleſs Stagyrite
For its ſupport has no proviſion made,
No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid:
When by occult and unknown gravity
'Tis to its ſtation brought, it there muſt lie
In unconſtrain'd repoſe; in vain we aſk him, why?
Sure, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin,
If Nature what it is has always been;

Why do we grant the poet's ſong employ
Before the Theban war, or ſiege of Troy?
And why no elder hiſtories relate
The riſe of empires, and the turns of ſtate?
If generations infinite are gone,
Tell, why ſo late were arts and letters known?
Their riſe and progreſs is of recent date,
And ſtill we mourn their young imperfect ſtate.
If unconfin'd duration we regard,
And time be with eternity compar'd,
But yeſterday the ſages of the Eaſt
Firſt ſome crude knowledge of the ſtars expreſt.
In ſacred emblems Egypt's ſons conceal'd
Their myſtic learning, rather than reveal'd.
Greece after this, for ſubtle wit renown'd,
The ſciences and arts improv'd or found;
Firſt, cauſes ſearch'd, and Nature's ſecret ways;
Firſt taught the bards to ſing immortal lays;
The charms of muſick and of painting rais'd,
And was for building firſt, and firſt for ſculpture prais'd.
Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
That ſuccour life, and noxous power repel;
Which yield ſupplies for neceſſary uſe,
Or which to pleaſure or to pomp conduce.
How late was found the loadſtone's magic force,
That ſeeks the north, and guides the ſailor's courſe!
How newly did the printer's curious ſkill
Th' enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill!
But late the kindled powder did explode
The maſſy ball, and the braſs tube unload;

The

The tube, to whose loud thunder Albion owes
The laurel honours that adorn her brows;
Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains,
Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
Marlborough's swift conquests, and great Anna's name!
By this the leader of the British powers
Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's towers;
Next his wide engines level'd Tournay's pride,
Whose lofty walls advancing foes defy'd;
Though nitrous tempests, and clandestine death,
Fill'd the deep caves and numerous vaults beneath,
Which, form'd with art, and wrought with endless toil,
Ran through the faithless excavated soil.
See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
And to the caverns lets in war and day;
Quells subterranean foes, and rises crown'd
With spoils, from martial labour under ground.
Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field,
To Marlborough's terrors did submissive yield.
The hero next assail'd proud Doway's head;
And spite of confluent inundations spread
Around, in spite of works for sure defence
Rais'd with consummate art, and cost immense,
With unexampled valour did succeed:
(Villars, thy host beheld the hardy deed!)
Aria, Venantia, Bethune, and Bouchain,
Of his long triumphs close th' illustrious train.
While thus his thunder did his wrath declare,
And artful lightnings flash'd along the air,

Somona's caſtles with th' impetuous roar
Aſtoniſh'd tremble, but their warriors more;
Lutetia's lofty towers with terror ſtruck
Caught the contagion, and at diſtance ſhook.
Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd,
Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
From Marlborough's ſword, the battle ſcarce begun.
Tell, Scaldis! Legia, tell! how to their head
Your frighted waves in refluent errors fled.
While Marlborough's cannon thus prevails by land,
Britain's ſea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
Reſiſtleſs o'er the Thuſcan billows ride,
And ſtrike rebellowing caves on either ſide;
Their ſulphur tempeſts ring from ſhore to ſhore,
Now make the Ligur ſtart, and now the Moor.
Hark how the ſound diſturbs imperious Rome,
Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to dome!
Her mitred princes hear the echoing noiſe,
And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.
Aided by thee, the Auſtrian eagles riſe
Sublime, and triumph in Iberian ſkies.
What panic fear, what anguiſh, what diſtreſs,
What conſternation, Gallia's ſons expreſs,
While, trembling on the coaſt, they from afar
View the wing'd terrors, and the floating war!

CREATION.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fabulous account of the firſt riſe of mankind given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philoſophers concerning that point not leſs ridiculous. The aſſertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our firſt parents were the ſpontaneous production of the earth, moſt abſurd and incredible. The true origin of man enquired into. He is proved to be at firſt created by an intelligent, arbitrary cauſe; from the characters and impreſſions of contrivance, art, and wiſdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progreſs of it. The figure, ſituation, and connexion, of the bones. The ſyſtem of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood deſcribed. Nutrition how performed. The ſyſtem of the nerves. Of the animal ſpirits, how made, and how employed in muſcular motion and ſenſation. A wiſe intelligent cauſe inferred from theſe appearances.

THE

THE pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
Where knowledge reign'd, and light celeſtial ſhone,
Loſt by degrees their parent Adam's name,
Forgot their ſtock, and wonder'd whence they came:
Unguided, in the dark they ſtrove to find,
With fruitleſs toil, the ſource of human kind.

The heathen bards, who idle fables dreſt,
Illuſive dreams in myſtic verſe expreſs'd,
And, foes to natural ſcience and divine,
In beauteous phraſe made impious notions ſhine,
In ſtrains ſublime their different fictions ſung,
Whence the firſt parents of our ſpecies ſprung.

Prometheus (ſo ſome elder poets ſay)
Temper'd and form'd a paſte of purer clay,
To which, well mingled with the river's ſtream,
His artful hand gave human ſhape and frame;
Then, with warm life his figures to inſpire,
The bold projector ſtole celeſtial fire.

While others tell us how the human brood
Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood;
How from the laurel and the aſh they ſprung,
And infants on the oak, like acorns hung:
The crude conceptions preſt the bending trees,
Till cheriſh'd by the ſun-beams, by degrees,
Ripe children dropp'd on all the ſoil around,
Peopled the woods, and overſpread the ground.

Great Jupiter (ſo ſome were pleas'd to ſing)
Of fabled gods the father and the king,

To every doubt your anſwer is the ſame,
It ſo fell out, and ſo by chance it came.
How ſhall the new-born race their food command,
Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
Nor through its pores let the ſoft humour ſink;
Will not the ſun with his exhaling ray
Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?
Since for ſo long a ſpace the human birth
Muſt lie expos'd and naked on the earth;
Say, could the tender creature, in deſpight
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
In ſpite of thunder, winds, and hail, and rain,
And all inclement air, its life maintain?
In vain, you ſay, in earth's primæval ſtate,
Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat;
For did not then the night ſucceed the day?
The ſun as now roll through its annual way?
Th' effects then on the air muſt be the ſame,
The froſts of winter, and the ſummer's flame.
In the firſt age, you ſay, the pregnant ground
With human kind in embryo did abound,
And pour'd her offſpring on the ſoil around.
But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
Did never ſince one human harveſt yield?
And why we never ſee one ripening birth
Heave in the glebe, and ſtruggle through the earth?
You ſay, that, when the earth was freſh and young,
While her prolific energy was ſtrong,
A race of men ſhe in her boſom bred,
And all the fields with infant people ſpread:

But

That first birth her strength did so exhaust,
The genial mother so much vigour lost,
That, wasted now by age, in vain we hope
She should again bring forth a human crop.
Mean time, she's not with labour so much worn,
But she can still the hills with woods adorn.
See, from her fertile bosom how she pours
Verdant conceptions, and, refresh'd with showers,
Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead with flowers.
See, her tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine,
Their parent's undecaying strength declare,
Which with fresh labour, and unwearied care,
Supplies new plants, her losses to repair.
Then, since the earth retains her fruitful power
To procreate plants, the forest to restore;
Say, why to nobler animals alone
Should she be feeble, and unfruitful grown?
After one birth she ceas'd not to be young,
The glebe was succulent, the mould was strong.
Could she at once fade in her perfect bloom,
Waste all her spirits, and her wealth consume?
Grant that her vigour might in part decrease,
From like productions must she ever cease?
To form a race she might have still inclin'd,
Though of a monstrous, or a dwarfish, kind.
Why did she never, by one crude essay,
Imperfect lines and rudiments display?
In some succeeding ages had been found
A leg or arm unfinish'd in the ground;

And ſometimes in the fields might ploughing ſwains
Turn up ſoft bones, and break unfaſhion'd veins.
But grant the earth was laviſh of her power,
And ſpent at once her whole prolific ſtore;
Would not ſo long a reſt new vigour give,
And all her firſt fertility revive?
Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd ſwain,
When frequent wounds have worn th' impoveriſh'd plain:
Let him a while the furrow not moleſt,
But leave the glebe to heavenly dews and reſt;
If then he till and ſow the harrow'd field,
Will not the ſoil a plenteous harveſt yield?
The ſun, by you, Lucretius, is aſſign'd
The other parent of all human kind.
But does he ever languiſh or decay?
Does he not equal influence diſplay,
And pierce the plains with the ſame active ray?
If then the glebe, warm'd with the ſolar flame,
Men once produc'd, it ſtill ſhould do the ſame.
You ſay, the ſun's prolific beams can form
Th' induſtrious ant, the gaudy fly, and worm;
Can make each plant, and tree, the gardener's care,
Beſide their leaves, their proper inſects bear:
Then might the Heavens, in ſome peculiar ſtate,
Or lucky aſpect, beaſts and men create.
But late enquirers by their glaſſes find,
That every inſect of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheer'd by the ſolar rays,
Organs involv'd and latent life diſplays:
This truth, diſcover'd by ſagacious art,
Does all Lucretian arrogance ſubvert.

Proud

Proud wits, your fanzy own, and, overcome
By reason's force, be now for ever dumb.
If, learned Epicurus, we allow
Our race to earth primæval being owe,
How did she male and female sexes frame?
Say, if from fortune this distinction came?
Or did the conscious parent then foresee
By one conception she should barren be,
And therefore, wisely provident, design'd
Prolific pairs to propagate the kind;
That, thus preserv'd, the godlike race of man
Might not expire ere yet it scarce began?
Since, by these various arguments, 'tis clear
The teeming mould did not our parents bear;
By more severe enquiries let us trace
The origin and source of human race.
I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been, I still have been the same,
Since, from an infant, I a man became.
But though I am, few circling years are gone,
Since I in Nature's roll was quite unknown.
Then, since 'tis plain I have not always been,
I ask, from whence my being could begin?
I did not to myself existence give,
Nor from myself the secret power receive,
By which I reason, and by which I live.
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.
If I had form'd myself, I had design'd
A stronger body, and a wiser mind,

From ſorrow free, nor liable to pain;
My paſſions ſhould obey, and reaſon reign.
Nor could my being from my parents flow,
Who neither did the parts or ſtructure know,
Did not my mind or body underſtand,
My ſex determine, nor my ſhape command:
Had they deſign'd and rais'd the curious frame,
Inſpir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
Faſhion'd the heart, and hollow channels made,
Through which the circling ſtreams of life are play'd;
Had they the organs of my ſenſes wrought,
And form'd the wondrous principle of thought;
Their artful work they muſt have better known,
Explain'd its ſprings, and its contrivance ſhown.
If they could make, they might preſerve me too,
Prevent my fears, or diſſipate my woe.
When long in ſickneſs languiſhing I lay,
They with compaſſion touch'd did mourn and pray;
To ſooth my pain, and mitigate my grief,
They ſaid kind things, yet brought me no relief.
But whatſoever cauſe my being gave,
The Power that made me can its creature ſave.
If to myſelf I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive;
It could not from my predeceſſors flow,
They, than my parents, could not more beſtow.
Should we the long depending ſcale aſcend
Of ſons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then muſt we through the order run
To ſome one man, whoſe being ne'er begun:

If

If that [illegible] was sempiternal, why
Did he, since independent, ever die?
If from himself his own existence came,
The cause, that could destroy his being, name.
To seek my Maker, thus in vain I trace
The whole successive chain of human race.
Bewilder'd I my Author cannot find,
Till some First Cause, some Self-existent Mind,
Who form'd, and rules all Nature, is assign'd.
When first the womb did the crude embryo hold,
What shap'd the parts? what did the limbs unfold?
O'er the whole work in secret did preside,
Give quickening vigour, and each motion guide?
What kindled in the dark the vital flame,
And, ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the reddening [stream?
Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung?
And in the breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit,
Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;
And made them all in that just order stand,
Which motion, strength, and ornament, demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread?
Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill,
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill?
The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid,

What

What gave the bounding current to the blood,
And to and fro convey'd the reſtleſs flood?
The living fabrick now in pieces take,
Of every part due obſervation make;
All which ſuch art diſcover, ſo conduce
To beauty, vigour, and each deſtin'd uſe;
The Atheiſt, if to ſearch for truth inclin'd,
May in himſelf his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.
When the crude embryo careful Nature breeds,
See how ſhe works, and how her work proceeds;
While through the maſs her energy ſhe darts,
To free and ſwell the complicated parts,
Which only does unravel and untwiſt
Th' invelop'd limbs, that previous there exiſt.
And as each vital ſpeck, in which remains
Th' entire, but rumpled animal, contains
Organs perplext, and clues of twining veins;
So every fœtus bears a ſecret hoard,
With ſleeping, unexpanded iſſue ſtor'd;
Which numerous, but unquicken'd progeny,
Claſp'd and inwrap'd within each other lie:
Engendering heats theſe one by one unbind,
Stretch their ſmall tubes, and hamper'd nerves unwind:
And thus, when time ſhall drain each magazine
Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unſeen,
Nor yet of parts unfolded; no increaſe
Can follow, all prolific power muſt ceaſe.
Th' elaſtic ſpirits, which remain at reſt
In the ſtrait lodgings of the brain compreſt,

While

While by the ambient womb's enlivening heat
Cheer'd and awaken'd, first themselves dilate;
Then quicken'd and expanded every way
The genial labourers all their force display:
They now begin to work the wondrous frame,
To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame;
For when th' extended fibres of the brain
Their active guests no longer can restrain,
They backward spring, which due effort compels
The labouring spirits to forsake their cells;
The spirits, thus exploded from their seat,
Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
Force their admission, and their passage beat;
Their tours around th' unopen'd mass they take,
And by a thousand ways their inroads make,
Till there resisted they their race inflect,
And backward to their source their way direct.
Thus with a steady and alternate toil
They issue from, and to the head recoil;
By which their plastic function they discharge,
Extend their channels, and their tracks enlarge;
For, by the swift excursions which they make,
Still sallying from the brain, and leaping back,
They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
And stretch th' arterial channels, which contain
The various streams of life, that to and fro
Through dark meanders undirected flow;
Th' inspected egg this gradual change betrays,
To which the brooding hen expanding heat conveys.
The beating heart, demanded first for use,
Is the first muscle nature does produce:

By this impulfive engine's conſtant aid
The tepid floods are every way convey'd;
And did not Nature's care at firſt provide
The active heart, to puſh the circling tide,
All progreſs to her work would be denied.
The ſalient point, ſo firſt is call'd the heart,
Shap'd and ſuſpended with amazing art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compreſt,
Expels and entertains the purple gueſt:
It ſends from out its left contracted ſide
Into th' arterial tube its vital pride;
Which tube, prolong'd but little from its ſource,
Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double courſe.
One channel to the head its way directs,
One to th' inferior limbs its path inflects:
Both ſmaller by degrees, and ſmaller grow,
And on the parts, through which they branching go,
A thouſand ſecret, ſubtle pipes beſtow;
From which by numerous convolutions wound,
Wrapt with th' attending nerve, and twiſted round,
The complicated knots and kernels riſe,
Of various figures, and of various ſize.
Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
Unnumber'd glands, and of important uſe;
But after, as they farther progreſs make,
The appellation of a vein they take;
For though th' arterial pipes themſelves extend
In ſmalleſt branches, yet they never end;
The ſame continued circling channels run
Back to the heart, where firſt their courſe begun.

The

The heart, as ſaid, from its contractive cave
On the left ſide, ejects the bounding wave;
Exploded thus, as ſplitting channels lead,
Upward it ſprings, or downward is convey'd;
The crimſon jets with force elaſtic thrown
Aſcend, and climb the mind's imperial throne;
Arterial ſtreams through the ſoft brain diffuſe,
And water all its fields with vital dews:
From this o'erflowing tide the curious brain
Does through its pores the purer ſpirits ſtrain;
Which to its inmoſt ſeats their paſſage make,
Whence their dark riſe th' extended ſinews take;
With all their mouths the nerves theſe ſpirits drink,
Which through the cells of the fine ſtrainer ſink;
Theſe all the channel'd fibres every way
For motion and ſenſation ſtill convey.
The greateſt portion of th' arterial blood,
By the cloſe ſtructure of the parts withſtood,
Whoſe narrow meſhes ſtop the groſſer flood,
By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
Which here diſcharge the office of a vein,
Invert their current, and the heart regain.
The ſhooting ſtreams, which through another road
The beating engine downward did explode,
To all th' inferior parts deſcend, and lave
The members with their circulating wave:
To make th' arterial treaſure move as flow,
As nature's ends demand, the channels grow
Still more contracted, as they farther go:
Beſides, the glands, which o'er the body ſpread
Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,

Involv'd and twiſted with th' arterial duct,
The rapid motion of the blood obſtruct:
Theſe labyrinths the circling current ſtay
For noble ends, which after we diſplay.
Soon as the blood has paſt the winding ways,
And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
From the entangled knot of veſſels freed,
It runs its vital race with greater ſpeed;
And from the parts and members moſt remote
By theſe canals the ſtreams are backward brought,
Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres wrought;
Till all the confluent rills their current join,
And in the ample Porta vein combine.
This larger channel by a thouſand roads
Enters the liver, and its ſtore unloads;
Which from that ſtore by proper inlets ſtrains
The yellow dregs, and ſends them by the veins
To the large ciſtern, which the gall contains;
Then to the vein, we Cava name, the blood
Calls in the ſcatter'd ſtreams, and re-collects the flood.
As when the Thames advances through the plain,
With his freſh waters to dilute the main;
He turns and winds amidſt the flowery meads,
And now contracts, and now his waters ſpreads;
Here in a courſe direct he forward tends,
There to his head his waves retorted bends:
See, now the ſportive flood in two divides
His ſilver train, now with uniting tides
He wanton claſps the intercepted ſoil,
And forms with erring ſtreams the reedy iſle;
At length collecting all his watery band,
The ocean to augment he leaves the land.

So

So the red currents in their secret mage
In various rounds through dark meanders pass,
Till all, assembled in the Cava vein,
Bring to the heart's right side their crimson train,
Which now compress with force elastic drives
The flood, that through the secret passes strives;
The road that to the lungs this flow transmits
Into unnumber'd narrow channels splits;
The venal blood crowds through the winding ways,
And through the tubes the broken tide conveys;
Those numerous streams, their ruby beauty gone,
Poor by exhaust, and faint with labour grown,
Are in the lungs enrich'd, which reinspire
The languid liquors, and restore their fire.
The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
By which the blood is from the heart convey'd,
Through either lobe ten thousand branches spread.
Here its bright stream the bounding current parts,
And through the various passes swiftly darts,
Each subtle pipe, each winding channel, fills
With sprightly liquors, and with purple rills;
The pipe, distinguish'd by its griftly rings,
To cherish life aërial pasture brings,
Which the soft breathing lungs with gentle force
Constant embrace by turns, by turns divorce;
The springy air this nitrous food impells
Through all the spungy parts and bladder'd cells,
And with dilating breath the vital bellows swells;
Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
Revives its fire, and re-ferments the blood.

Behold,

Behold, the ſtreams now change their languid blue,
Regain their glory, and their flame renew;
With ſcarlet honours re-adorn'd, the tide
Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian pride,
Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
On the left ſide, which the firſt motion gave;
Now through the ſame involv'd arterial ways,
Again th' exploded jets th' impulſive engine plays.
No ſons of wiſdom could this current trace,
Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race:
From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd,
Though yielding nature much to thee reveal'd;
Though with the curious knife thou didſt invade
Her dark receſſes, and haſt oft' diſplay'd
The crimſon mazes, and the hollow road,
Which to the heart conveys the refluent blood.
It was to thee, great Stagyrite, unknown,
And thy Preceptor of divine renown.
Learning did ne'er this ſecret truth impart
To the Greek maſters of the healing art.
'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd,
And did attentive Galen's ſearch elude.
Thou, wondrous Harvey! whoſe immortal fame,
By thee inſtructed, grateful ſchools proclaim;
Thou, Albion's pride, didſt firſt the winding way,
And circling life's dark labyrinth diſplay;
Attentive from the heart thou didſt purſue
The ſtarting flood, and keep it ſtill in view;
Till thou with rapture ſaw'ſt the channels bring
The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.

See,

See, how the human animal is fed,
How nouriſhment is wrought, and how convey'd:
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
Firſt entertains, and then divides the food;
Two adverſe rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer;
Nature has various tender muſcles plac'd,
By which the artful gullet is embrac'd;
Some the long funnel's curious mouth extend
Through which ingeſted meats with eaſe deſcend;
Other confederate pairs for nature's uſe
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently puſhes on the grateful food
To the wide ſtomach, by its hollow road;
That this long road may unobſtructed go,
As it deſcends, it bores the midriff through;
The large receiver for concoction made
Behold amidſt the warmeſt bowels laid;
The ſpleen to this, and to the adverſe ſide
The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd;
Beneath, the pancreas has its proper ſeat,
To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
More to aſſiſt it for its deſtin'd uſe,
This ample bag is ſtor'd with active juice,
Which can with eaſe ſubdue, with eaſe unbind,
Admitted meats of every different kind;
This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
The leaven'd maſs to milky chyle converts;
The ſtomach's fibres this concocted food,
By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,

Which by the mouth on the right ſide deſcends
Through the wide paſs, which from that mouth depends;
In its progreſſion ſoon the labour'd chyle
Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
Which by the liver ſever'd from the blood,
And ſtriving through the gall-pipe, here unload
Their yellow ſtreams, more to refine the flood;
The complicated glands, in various ranks
Diſpos'd along the neighbouring channel's banks,
By conſtant weeping mix their watery ſtore
With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
Th' inteſtine roads, inflected and inclin'd,
In various convolutions turn and wind,
That theſe meanders may the progreſs ſtay,
And the deſcending chyle by this delay
May through the milky veſſels find its way,
Whoſe little mouths in the large channel's ſide
Suck-in the flood, and drink the cheering tide:
Theſe numerous veins (ſuch is the curious frame!)
Receive the pure inſinuating ſtream;
But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit,
To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit,
Th' inteſtine ſpiral fibres theſe protrude,
And from the winding tubes at length exclude.
  Obſerve, theſe ſmall canals conſpire to make
With all their treaſure one capacious lake,
Whoſe common receptacle entertains
Th' united ſtreams of all the lacteal veins.
Hither the rills of water are convey'd
In curious aquæducts by nature laid,

To

To carry off the limpid humour strain'd,
And from the blood divided by the gland;
Which mingling currents with the milky juice
Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for use;
These liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
Prepar'd with labour, and refin'd with skill,
Another course to distant parts begin,
Through roads that stretch along the back within;
This useful channel, lately known, ascends,
And in the vein near the left shoulder ends,
Which there unloads its wealth, that with the blood
Now flows in one incorporated flood;
Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
And is by that elastic engine play'd
Into the lungs, whence, as describ'd before,
It onward springs, and makes the wondrous tour.

Now all the banks the branching river laves
With dancing streams, and animated waves;
New florid honours and gay youth bestows,
Diffusing vital vigour, where it flows;
Supplies fresh spirits to the living frame,
And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame;
Muscles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
And every bone is with rich marrow fed;
Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
And life regal'd displays its purple pride.

But how the wondrous distribution 's made,
How to each part its proper food convey'd;
How fibrous strings for nourishment are wrought,
By what conveyance to the muscles brought;

How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd;
With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
How they agree in various ways to join
In a tranſverſe, a ſtraight, and crooked line;
Here loſt in wonder we adoring ſtand,
With rapture own the wiſe Director's hand,
Who Nature made, and does her works command.
Let us howe'er the theme as far purſue,
As learn'd obſervers know, or think they do.
Mixt with the blood in the ſame circling tide,
The rills nutritious through the veſſels glide:
Thoſe pipes, ſtill leſſening as they further paſs,
Retard the progreſs of the flowing maſs.
The glands, that Nature o'er the body ſpreads,
All artful knots of various hollow threads,
Which lymphæducts, an artery, nerve, and vein,
Involv'd and cloſe together wound, contain,
Make yet the motion of the ſtreams more ſlow,
Which through thoſe mazes intricate muſt flow:
And hence it comes the interrupted blood
Diſtends its channels with its ſwelling flood;
Thoſe channels, turgid with th' obſtructed tide,
Stretch their ſmall holes, and make their meſhes wide,
By ſkillful Nature pierc'd on every ſide.
Meantime, the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
In all th' arterial perforated ſhores;
The liquid food, which through thoſe paſſes ſtrives,
To every part juſt reparation gives;
Through holes of various figures various juice
Inſinuates, to ſerve for Nature's uſe.

See, ſofter fibres to the fleſh are ſent,
While the thin membrane finer ſtrings augment:
The tough and ſtrong are on the ſinews laid,
And to the bones the harder are convey'd;
But what the maſs nutritious does divide,
To different parts the different portions guide,
What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
In youth augment them, and in age repair,
The deepeſt ſearch could never yet declare.
Nor leſs contrivance, nor leſs curious art,
Surprize and pleaſe in every other part.
See, how the nerves, with equal wiſdom made,
Ariſing from the tender brain, pervade
And ſecret paſs in pairs the channel'd bone,
And thence advance through paths and roads unknown;
Form'd of the fineſt complicated thread,
Theſe numerous cords are through the body ſpread;
A thouſand branches from each trunk they ſend,
Some to the limbs, ſome to the bowels tend;
Some in ſtrait lines, ſome in tranſverſe, are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round;
The entrails theſe embrace in ſpiral ſtrings,
Theſe claſp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
The tendons ſome compacted cloſe produce,
And ſome thin fibres for the ſkin diffuſe.
Theſe ſubtle channels (ſuch is every nerve!)
For vital functions, ſenſe, and motion ſerve;
Included ſpirits through their ſecret road
Paſs to and fro, as through the veins the blood;
Some to the heart advancing take their way,
Which move and make the beating muſcle play;

Part to the ſpleen, part to the liver, flows,
Theſe to the lungs, and to the ſtomach thoſe;
They help to labour and concoct the food,
Refine the chyle, and animate the blood;
Exalt the ferments, and the ſtrainers aid,
That, by a conſtant ſeparation made,
They may a due œconomy maintain,
Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.
Yet we theſe wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
Functions, by which we move, by which we live;
Unconſcious we theſe motions never heed,
Whether they err, or by juſt laws proceed.
But other ſpirits, govern'd by the will,
Shoot through their tracks, and diſtant muſcles fill:
This Sovereign by his arbitrary nod
Reſtrains, or ſends his miniſters abroad;
Swift and obedient to his high command,
They ſtir a finger, or they lift a hand;
They tune our voices, or they move our eyes;
By theſe we walk, or from the ground ariſe;
By theſe we turn, by theſe the body bend;
Contract a limb at pleaſure, or extend:
And though theſe ſpirits, which obſequious go,
Know not the paths through which they ready flow,
Nor can our mind inſtruct them in their way,
Of all their roads as ignorant as they;
Yet ſeldom erring they attain their end,
And reach that ſingle part, which we intend;
Unguided they a juſt diſtinction make,
This muſcle ſwell, and leave the other ſlack;

And when their ſtores this limb or that inflects,
Our will the motions of that force directs;
The ſpirits which diſtend them, as we pleaſe,
Exert their power, or from their duty ceaſe.
These out-guards of the mind are ſent abroad,
And ſtill patrolling beat the neighbouring road;
Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
Keep poſts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie.
The watchful centinels at every gate,
At every paſſage to the ſenſes wait;
Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
And their impreſſions to the brain convey,
Where their report the vital envoys make,
And with new orders are remanded back;
Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go,
Through different paths to different organs flow,
Whence they reflect as ſwiftly to the brain,
To give it pleaſure, or to give it pain.
Thus has the Muſe a daring wing diſplay'd,
Through trackleſs ſkies ambitious flight eſſay'd,
To ſing the wonders of the human frame;
But, oh! bewails her weak, unequal flame.
Ye ſkilful maſters of Machaon's race,
Who Nature's mazy intricacies trace,
And to ſublimer ſpheres of knowledge riſe
By manag'd fire, and late-invented eyes;
Tell, how your ſearch has here eluded been,
How oft' amaz'd and raviſh'd you have ſeen
The conduct, prudence, and ſtupendous art,
And maſter-ſtrokes in each mechanic part.

CREATION.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction, in imitation of King Solomon's ironical conceſſions to the Libertine. The Creator aſſerted, from the contemplation of animals. Of their ſenſe of hearing, taſting, ſmelling, and eſpecially of ſeeing. Of the nobler operations of animals, commonly called inſtincts. The Creator demonſtrated farther, from the contemplation of human underſtanding, and the perfections of the mind. The vigour and ſwiftneſs of Thought. Simple perception. Reflexion. Of the mind's power of abſtracting, uniting, and ſeparating ideas. Of the faculty of reaſoning, or deducing one propoſition from two others. The power of human underſtanding, in inventing ſkillful works, and in other inſtances. The mind's ſelf-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and chuſing means to attain that end. Of controling our appetites, rejecting pleaſures, and chuſing pain, want, and death itſelf, in hopes of happineſs in a diſtant unknown ſtate of life. The Concluſion, being a ſhort recapitulation of the whole; with a Hymn to the Creator of the World.

WHILE

WHILE roſy Youth its perfect bloom maintains,
Thoughtleſs of age, and ignorant of pains;
While from the heart rich ſtreams with vigour ſpring,
Bound through their roads, and dance their vital ring;
And ſpirits, ſwift as ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Dart through thy nerves, and ſparkle in thy eyes;
While Nature with full ſtrength thy ſinews arms,
Glows in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms;
Indulge thy inſtincts, and intent on eaſe
With raviſhing delight thy ſenſes pleaſe.
Since no black clouds diſhonour now the ſky,
No winds, but balmy genial zephyrs, fly,
Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
Thy pendants looſe, and ſpread thy ſilken ſail;
Sportive advance on pleaſure's wanton tide
Through flowery ſcenes, diffus'd on either ſide.
See how the hours their painted wings diſplay,
And draw, like harneſs'd doves, the ſmiling day!
Shall this glad ſpring, when active ferments climb,
Theſe months, the faireſt progeny of time,
The brighteſt parts in all duration's train,
Aſk thee to ſeize thy bliſs, and aſk in vain?
To their prevailing ſmiles thy heart reſign,
And wiſely make the proffer'd bleſſings thine.
Near ſome fair river, on reclining land,
Midſt groves and fountains let thy palace ſtand;
Let Parian walls unrival'd pomp diſplay,
And gilded towers repel augmented day;

Let

Let porphyry pillars in high rows uphold
The azure roof enrich'd with veins of gold;
And the fair creatures of the ſculptor's art
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part;
Here let the ſcentful ſpoils of opening flowers
Breathe from thy citron walks, and jaſmine bowers;
Heſperian bloſſoms in thy boſom ſmell;
Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.
That coſtly banquets and delicious feaſts
May crown thy table, to regale thy gueſts,
Ranſack the hills, and every park and wood,
The lake unpeople, and deſpoil the flood;
Procure each feather'd luxury, that beats
Its native air, or from its clime retreats,
And by alternate tranſmigration flies
O'er interpoſing ſeas, and changes ſkies;
Let artful cooks to raiſe their reliſh ſtrive,
With all the ſpicy taſtes the Indies give.
While wreaths of roſes round thy temples twine,
Enjoy the ſparkling bleſſings of the vine;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inſpire,
Solace thy heart, and raiſe the vital fire.
Next let the charms of heavenly muſic cheer
Thy ſoul with rapture liſtening in thy ear;
Let tuneful chiefs exert their ſkill, to ſhow
What artful joys from manag'd ſound can flow;
Now hear the melting voice and trembling ſtring;
Let Pepuch touch the lyre, and Margarita ſing.
While wanton ferments ſwell thy glowing veins,
To the warm paſſion give the ſlacken'd reins;

Thy

Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feaſt,
Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breaſt;
From fair to fair with gay inconſtance rove,
Taſte every ſweet, and cloy thy ſoul with love.
But midſt thy boundleſs joys, unbridled youth,
Remember ſtill this ſad, but certain truth,
That thou at laſt ſeverely muſt account;
To what will thy congeſted guilt amount?
Allow a God; he muſt our deeds regard;
A righteous Judge muſt puniſh and reward:
Yet that he rears no high tribunal here,
Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe, is clear.
His ſword unpuniſh'd criminals defy,
Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die;
While Heaven's adorers, preſt with want and pain,
Their unrewarded innocence maintain.
See his right hand he unextended keeps,
Though long provok'd, th' unactive vengeance ſleeps.
Hence we a world ſucceeding this infer,
Where he his juſtice will aſſert; prepare
To ſtand arraign'd before his awful bar.
Where wilt thou hide thy ignominious head?
Shuddering with horror, what haſt thou to plead?
Deſpairing wretch! he 'll frown thee from his throne,
And by his wrath will make his being known.
Yet more Religion's empire to ſupport,
To puſh the foe, and make our laſt effort;
Let beings with attention be review'd,
Which, not alone with vital power endued,
Can move themſelves, can organiz'd perceive
The various ſtrokes, which various objects give.

By

By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell
How living creatures see, or hear, or smell?
How is the image to the sense convey'd?
On the tun'd organ how the impulse made?
How, and by which more noble part, the brain
Perceives th' idea, can their schools explain?
'Tis clear, in that superior seat alone
The judge of objects has her secret throne;
Since, a limb sever'd by the wounding steel,
We still may pain, as in that member, feel.
Mark how the spirits watchful in the ear
Seize undulating sounds, and catch the vocal air.
Observe how others, that the tongue possess,
Which salts of various shape and size impress,
From their affected fibres upward dart,
And different tastes by different strokes impart.
Remark, how those, which in the nostril dwell,
That artful organ destin'd for the smell,
By vapours mov'd, their passage upward take,
And scents unpleasant or delightful make.
If in the tongue, the nostril, and the ear,
No skill, no wisdom, no design, appear;
Lucretians, next, regard the curious eye;
Can you no art, no prudence, there descry?
By your mechanic principles, in vain
The sense of sight you labour to explain.
You say, from all the objects of the eye
Thin colour'd shapes uninterrupted fly.
As wandering ghosts (so ancient poets feign)
Skim through the air, and sweep th' infernal plain;

So

So theſe light figures roam by day and night,
But undiſcover'd till betray'd by light.
  But can corporeal forms with ſo much eaſe
Meet in their flight a thouſand images,
And yet no conflict, no colliſive force,
Break their thin texture, and diſturb their courſe?
What fix'd their parts, and made them ſo cohere,
That they the picture of the object wear?
What is the ſhape, that from a body flies?
What moves, what propagates, what multiplies,
And paints one image in a thouſand eyes?
When to the eye the crowding figures paſs,
How in a point can all poſſeſs a place,
And lie diſtinguiſh'd in ſuch narrow ſpace?
Since all perception in the brain is made,
(Though where and how was never yet diſplay'd)
And ſince ſo great a diſtance lies between
The eye-ball, and the ſeat of ſenſe within;
While in the eye th' arreſted object ſtays,
Tell, what th' idea to the brain conveys?
  You ſay, the ſpirits in the optick nerve,
Mov'd by the intercepted image, ſerve
To bear th' impreſſion to the brain, and give
The ſtroke, by which the object we perceive.
  How does the brain, touch'd with a different ſtroke,
The whale diſtinguiſh from the marble rock?
Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?
Can ſpirits weak or ſtronger blows expreſs,
One body greater, and another leſs?

How

do they make us ſpace and diſtance know?
see diſtinct a thouſand objects ſhow?
ecretians, now proceed; contemplate all
nobler actions of the animal,
ch inſtinct ſome, ſome lower reaſon, call.
what contexture did by chance arrive,
ch to brute creatures did that inſtinct give
nce they at ſight diſcern and dread their foe,
r food diſtinguiſh, and their phyſic know?
hich the lion learns to hunt his prey,
the weak herd to fear and fly away?
birds contrive inimitable neſts?
dens are haunted by the foreſt beaſts?
nce ſome in ſubterranean dwellings hide,
e in the rocks, and thoſe in woods abide?
nce timorous beaſts, through hills and lawns pur-
rtful ſhifts the ravening foe elude? [ſued,
hat various wonders may obſervers ſee
ſmall inſect, the ſagacious bee!
, how the little untaught builders ſquare
r rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
re's mechanics, they unwearied ſtrive,
fill with curious labyrinth the hive.
what bright ſtrokes of architecture ſhine
ugh the whole frame, what beauty, what deſign!
odoriferous cell, and waxen tower,
yellow pillage of the rifled flower,
twice three ſides, the only figure fit
hich the labourers may their ſtores commit
out the loſs of matter, or of room,
l the wondrous ſtructure of the comb.

Next

Next view, ſpectator, with admiring eyes,
In what juſt order all th' apartments riſe!
So regular their equal ſides cohere,
Th' adapted angles ſo each other bear,
That, by mechanic rules refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this ſkill ev'n vie with reaſon's reach?
Can Elucid more, can more Palladio, teach?
Each verdant hill th' induſtrious chemiſts climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
And, provident of winter long before,
They ſtock their caves, and hoard their flowery ſtore;
In peace they rule their ſtate with prudent care,
Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive war.
Maro, theſe wonders offer'd to his thought,
Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught:
Then rais'd his voice, and in immortal lays
Did high as Heaven the inſect nation raiſe.
If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
Does not a wiſe Creator's hand proclaim,
To view the intellectual world advance;
Is this the creature too of Fate or Chance?
Turn on itſelf thy godlike reaſon's ray,
Thy mind contemplate, and its power ſurvey.
What high perfections grace the human mind,
In fleſh impriſon'd, and to earth confin'd!
What vigour has ſhe! what a piercing ſight!
Strong as the winds, and ſprightly as the light!
She moves unweary'd, as the active fire,
And, like the flame, her flights to Heaven aſpire;

By

[illegible] ceasing streams
lear; by night they strive in troubled dreams.
ws ten thousand landscapes in the brain,
of airy forms an endless train,
all her intellectual scenes prepare,
y turns the stage, and disappear.
remoter regions of the sky
ift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
o the heights of Heaven, to be employ'd
ing thence th' interminable void;
k beyond the stream of time, to see
gnant ocean of eternity.
ts in an instant through the zodiack run,
s long journey for the labouring sun;
own they shoot, as swift as darting light,
opposing clouds retard their flight;
h subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
rch the hidden wonders of the deep.
a man with reason dignify'd is born,
ges his naked mind adorn;
ces or arts enrich his brain,
cy yet displays her pictur'd train:
nnate ideas can discern,
vledge destitute, though apt to learn.
llectual, like the body's, eye,
n the womb, no object can descry;
ispos'd to entertain the light,
ge of things when offer'd to the sight.
bjects through the senses passage gain,
with various imagery the brain,

Th' ideas, which the mind does thence perceive,
To think and know the firſt occaſion give.
Did ſhe not uſe the ſenſes' miniſtry,
Nor ever taſte, or ſmell, or hear, or ſee,
Could ſhe poſſeſt of power perceptive be?
Wretches, who ſightleſs into being came,
Of light or colour no idea frame.
Then grant a man his being did commence,
Deny'd by Nature each external ſenſe,
Theſe ports unopen'd, diffident we gueſs,
Th' unconſcious ſoul no image could poſſeſs;
Though what in ſuch a ſtate the reſtleſs train
Of ſpirits would produce, we aſk in vain.
The mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
Perceives ſhe does perceive, and knows ſhe knows;
Reviews her acts, and does from thence conclude
She is with reaſon and with choice endued.
From individuals of diſtinguiſh'd kind,
By her abſtracting faculty, the mind
Preciſely general natures can conceive,
And birth to notions univerſal give;
The various modes of things diſtinctly ſhows,
A pure reſpect, a nice relation knows,
And ſees whence each reſpect and each relation flows;
By her abſtracting power in pieces takes
The mix'd and compound whole, which Nature makes;
On objects of the ſenſes ſhe refines,
Beings by Nature ſeparated joins,
And ſevers qualities, which that combines.

The

The mind, from things repugnant, some respects
In which their natures are alike selects,
And can some difference and unlikeness see
In things which seem entirely to agree:
She does distinguish here, and there unite;
The mark of judgement that, and this of wit.
As she can reckon, separate, and compare,
Conceive what order, rule, proportion, are,
So from one thought she still can more infer;
Maxim from maxim can by force express,
And make discover'd truths associate truths confess:
On plain foundations, which our reason lays,
She can stupendous frames of science raise;
Notion on notion built will towering rise,
Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies;
The mathematic axioms, which appear
By scientific demonstration clear,
The master builders on two pillars rear:
From two plain problems by laborious thought
Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.
The soul, as mention'd, can herself inspect,
By acts reflex can view her acts direct;
A task too hard for sense; for though the eye
Its own reflected image can descry,
Yet it ne'er saw the sight by which it sees,
Vision can shew no colour'd images.
The mind's tribunal can reports reject
Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers, shows:

Crooked the ſhape our cheated eye believes,
Which through a double medium it receives;
Superior mind does a right judgement make,
Declares it ſtraight, and mends the eye's miſtake.
Where dwells this ſovereign arbitrary ſoul,
Which does the human animal control,
Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
O'er miniſterial ſenſes does preſide,
To all their various provinces divide,
Each member move, and every motion guide,
Which, by her ſecret unconteſted nod,
Her meſſengers the ſpirits ſends abroad,
Through every nervous paſs, and every vital road,
To fetch from every diſtant part a train
Of outward objects, to enrich the brain?
Where ſits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
With numberleſs ideas pour'd around?
Where ſciences and arts in order wait,
And truths divine compoſe her god-like ſtate?
Can the diſſecting ſteel the brain diſplay,
And the auguſt apartment open lay,
Where this great queen ſtill chuſes to reſide
In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
Or can the eye, aſſiſted by the glaſs,
Diſcern the ſtrait, but hoſpitable place,
In which ten thouſand images remain,
Without confuſion, and their rank maintain?
How does this wondrous principle of thought
Perceive the object by the ſenſes brought?
What philoſophic builder will eſſay
By rules mechanic to unfold the way

How a machine muſt be diſpos'd to think,
Know how to frame, and how to link?
Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus, tell,
And you in wit unrival ſhall excel,
How through the outward ſenſe the object flies,
How in the ſoul her images ariſe;
What thinking, what perception is, explain;
What all the airy creatures of the brain;
How to the mind a thought reflected goes,
And how the conſcious engine knows it knows.
The mind a thouſand ſkilful works can frame,
Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
Merchants for eaſtern pearl and golden ore
To croſs the main, and reach the Indian ſhore,
Prepare the floating ſhip, and ſpread the ſail,
To catch the impulſe of the breathing gale.
Warriors in framing ſchemes their wiſdom ſhow,
To diſappoint or circumvent the foe.
Th' ambitious ſtateſman labours dark deſigns,
Now open force employs, now undermines;
By paths direct his end he now purſues,
By ſide approaches now, and ſlanting views.
See, how reſiſtleſs orators perſuade,
Draw out their forces, and the heart invade;
Touch every ſpring and movement of the ſoul,
This appetite excite, and that controul;
Their powerful voice can flying troops arreſt,
Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breaſt;
Chace from the ſad their melancholy air,
Sooth diſcontent, and ſolace anxious care.

When threatening tides of rage and anger rife,
Uſurp the throne, and reaſon's ſway deſpiſe,
When in the ſeats of life this tempeſt reigns,
Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins;
See, eloquence with force perſuaſive binds
The reſtleſs waves, and charms the warring winds,
Reſiſtleſs bids tumultuous uproar ceaſe,
Reca'ls the calm, and gives the boſom peace.
Did not the mind, on heavenly joy intent,
The various kinds of harmony invent?
She the theorbo, ſhe the viol found,
And all the moving melody of ſound?
She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
To ſpeak inſpir'd with accents not their own;
Taught tuneful ſons of muſic how to ſing,
How, by vibrations of th' extended ſtring,
And manag'd impulſe on the ſuffering air,
T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.
See, how celeſtial reaſon does command
The ready pencil in the painter's hand;
Whoſe ſtrokes affect with nature's ſelf to vie,
And with falſe life amuſe the doubtful eye:
Behold the ſtrong emotions of the mind
Exerted in the eyes, and in the face deſign'd.
Such is the artiſt's wondrous power, that we
Ev'n pictur'd ſouls and colour'd paſſions ſee,
Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
The buſy figures ſpeak their various ſenſe.
What living face does more diſtreſs or woe,
More finiſh'd ſhame, confuſion, horror, know,
Than what the maſters of the pencil ſhew?

Mean

Mean time the chizel with the pencil vies;
The ſiſter arts diſpute the doubtful prize.
Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital ſtate,
More juſt and ſtrong, more free and delicate,
Than Buonomo's curious tools create?
He to the rock can vital inſtincts give,
Which thus transform'd can rage, rejoice, or grieve:
His ſkilful hand does marble veins inſpire
Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire;
So well th' imagin'd actors play their part,
The ſilent hypocrites ſuch power exert,
That paſſions, which they feel not, they beſtow,
Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their woe.
There Niobe leans weeping on her arm:
How her ſad looks and beauteous ſorrow charm!
See, here a Venus ſoft in Parian ſtone;
A Pallas there to ancient fables known;
That from the rock aroſe, not from the main,
This not from Jove's, but from the ſculptor's brain.
Admire the carver's fertile energy,
With raviſh'd eyes his happy offspring ſee.
What beauteous figures by th' unrival'd art
Of Britiſh Gibbons from the cedar ſtart!
He makes that tree unnative charms aſſume,
Uſurp gay honours, and another's bloom;
The various fruits, which different climates bear,
And all the pride the fields and gardens wear;
While from unjuicy limbs without a root
New buds deviſ'd, and leafy branches, ſhoot.
As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reaſon and reflect:

So the Self-moving Spring has power to chuſe,
Theſe methods to reject, and thoſe to uſe;
She can deſign and proſecute an end,
Exert her vigour, or her act ſuſpend;
Free from the inſults of all foreign power,
She does her godlike liberty ſecure;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and ſcorns coercive chains;
She can her airy train of forms diſband,
And makes new levees at her own command;
O'er her ideas ſovereign ſhe preſides,
At pleaſure theſe unites, and thoſe divides.
The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the buſy intellectual dance;
While her fair ſcenes to vary, or ſupply,
She ſingles out fit images, that lie
In memory's records, which faithful hold
Objects immenſe in ſecret marks inroll'd;
The ſleeping forms at her command awake,
And now return, and now their cells forſake,
On active Fancy's crowded theatre,
As ſhe directs, they riſe or diſappear.
Objects, which through the ſenſes make their way,
And juſt impreſſions to the ſoul convey,
Give her occaſion firſt herſelf to move,
And to exert her hatred, or her love;
Ideas, which to ſome impulſive ſeem,
Act not upon the mind, but that on them.
When ſhe to foreign objects audience gives,
Their ſtrokes and motions in the brain perceives,

As

As theſe perceptions, we ideas name,
From her own power and active nature came,
So when diſcern'd by intellectual light,
Herſelf her various paſſions does excite,
To ill her hate, to good her appetite;
To ſhun the firſt, the latter to procure,
She chuſes means by free elective power;
She can their various habitudes ſurvey,
Debate their fitneſs, and their merit weigh,
And, while the means ſuggeſted ſhe compares,
She to the rivals this or that prefers.
By her ſuperior power the reaſoning ſoul
Can each reluctant appetite control;
Can every paſſion rule, and every ſenſe,
Change Nature's courſe, and with her laws diſpenſe;
Our breathing to prevent, ſhe can arreſt
Th' extenſion, or contraction, of the breaſt;
When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuſe,
And wholeſome abſtinence, or famine chuſe.
Can the wild beaſt his inſtinct diſobey,
And from his jaws releaſe the captive prey?
Or hungry herds on verdant paſtures lie,
Mindleſs to eat, and reſolute to die?
With heat expiring, can the panting hart
Patient of thirſt from the cool ſtream depart?
Can brutes at will impriſon'd breath detain?
Torment prefer to eaſe, and life diſdain?
From all reſtraint, from all compulſion free,
Unforc'd, and unneceſſitated, we
Ourſelves determine, and our freedom prove,
When this we fly, and to that object move.

Had

Had not the mind a power to will and chuſe,
One object to embrace, and one refuſe;
Could ſhe not act, or not her act ſuſpend,
As it obſtructed, or advanc'd her end;
Virtue and Vice were names without a cauſe,
This would not Hate deſerve, nor that Applauſe;
Juſtice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
Whom can her ſentence puniſh, whom reward?
If impious children ſhould their father kill,
Can they be wicked, when they cannot will;
When only cauſes foreign and unſeen
Strike with reſiſtleſs force the ſprings within,
Whence in the engine man all motion muſt begin?
Are vapours guilty, which the vintage blaſt?
Are ſtorms proſcrib'd, which lay the foreſt waſte?
Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
If forc'd to treaſon, or compell'd to ſteal?
Why does the warrior, by auſpicious fate
With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of ſtate,
In triumph ride amidſt the gazing throng
Deaf with applauſes, and the Poet's ſong;
If the victorious, but the brute machine
Did only wreaths inevitable win,
And no wiſe choice or vigilance has ſhown,
Mov'd by a fatal impulſe, not his own?
Should trains of atoms human ſenſe impel,
Though not ſo fierce, ſo ſtrong, ſo viſible,
As ſoldiers arm'd, and do not men arreſt
With clubs upheld and daggers at their breaſt;
Yet means compulſive are not plainer ſhown,
When ruffians drive, or conquerors drag us on;

As much we're forc'd, when by an atom 's sway
Control'd, as when a tyrant we obey;
And, by whatever cause constrain'd to act,
We merit no reward, no guilt contract.
Our mind of rulers feels a conscious awe,
Reveres their justice, and regards their law.
She rectitude and deviation knows,
That vice from one, from one that virtue flows;
Of these she feels unlike effects within,
From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin;
Hopes of a just reward by that are fed,
By this of wrath vindictive secret dread.
The mind, which thus can rules of duty learn,
Can right from wrong, and good from ill, discern,
Which, the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,
Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent;
From fate or chance her rise can never draw,
Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law.
She can a life succeeding this conceive,
Of bliss or woe an endless state believe.
Dreading the just and universal doom,
And aw'd by fears of punishment to come,
By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
And certain pleasures in a world unknown;
She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
Renounce delight, and chuse distress and pain;
Can rush on danger, can destruction face,
Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace;
She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
And chains and want to prosperous guilt prefer;

Unmov'd,

Unmov'd, theſe wild tempeſtuous ſeats ſurvey,
And view ſerene this reſtleſs rolling ſea.
In vain the monſters, which the coaſt infeſt,
Spend all their rage to interrupt her reſt;
Her charming ſong the ſyren ſings in vain,
She can the tuneful hypocrite diſdain;
Fix'd and unchang'd the faithleſs world behold,
Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.
Sages remark, we labour not to ſhow
The will is free, but that the man is ſo:
For what enlighten'd reaſoner can declare
What human will and underſtanding are?
What ſcience from thoſe objects can we frame
Of which we little know, beſides the name?
The learned, who with anatomic art
Diſſect the mind, and thinking ſubſtance part,
And various powers and faculties aſſert,
Perhaps by ſuch abſtraction of the mind
Divide the things, that are in nature join'd.
What maſters of the ſchools can make it clear
Thoſe faculties, which two to them appear,
Are not reſiding in the ſoul the ſame,
And not diſtinct, but by a different name?
Thus has the Muſe purſued her hardy theme,
And ſung the wonders of this artful frame.
Ere yet one ſubterranean arch was made,
One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid;
Ere the high rocks lid o'er the ſhores ariſe,
Or ſnowy mountains tower'd amidſt the ſkies;
Before the watery troops fil'd off from land,
And lay amidſt the rocks entrench'd in ſand;

Before

Before the air its boſom did unfold,
Or burniſh'd orbs in blue expanſion roll'd;
She ſung how Nature then in embryo lay,
And did the ſecrets of her birth diſplay.
When after, at th' Almighty's high command,
Obedient waves divided from the land;
And ſhades and lazy miſts were chac'd away,
While roſy light diffus'd the tender day;
When uproar ceas'd, and wild confuſion fled,
And new-born Nature rais'd her beauteous head;
She ſung the frame of this terreſtrial pile,
The hills, the rocks, the rivers, and the ſoil;
She view'd the ſandy frontiers, which reſtrain
The noiſy inſults of th' impriſon'd main;
Rang'd o'er the wide diffuſion of the waves,
The moiſt cœrulean walks, and ſearch'd the coral caves.
She then ſurvey'd the fluid fields of air,
And the crude ſeeds of meteors faſhion'd there;
Then with continued flight ſhe ſped her way,
Mounted, and bold purſued the ſource of day;
With wonder of celeſtial motions ſung,
How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung,
How the bright ſluices of ætherial light,
Now ſhut, defend the empire of the night,
And now, drawn up with wiſe alternate care,
Let floods of glory out, and ſpread with day the air.
Then with a daring wing ſhe ſoar'd ſublime,
From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb:
Swift through the ſpacious gulph ſhe urg'd her way,
At length emerg'd in empyrean day;

Where

Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals see,
In the void diſtricts of immenſity,
The mind new ſuns, new planets, can explore,
And yet beyond can ſtill imagine more.
Thus in bold numbers did th' adventurous Muſe
To ſing the lifeleſs parts of Nature chuſe;
And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
Survey'd and ſung the vegetable kind;
Did lofty woods, and humble brakes review,
Along the valley ſwept, and o'er the mountain flew.
Then left the Muſe the field and waving grove,
And unfatigued with grateful labour ſtrove
To climb th' amazing heights of ſenſe, and ſing
The power perceptive, and the inward ſpring
Which agitates and guides each living thing.
She next eſſay'd the embryo's riſe to trace
From an unfaſhion'd, rude, unchannel'd maſs:
Sung how the ſpirits waken'd in the brain
Exert their force, and genial toil maintain;
Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,
Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame;
How the ſmall pipes are in meanders laid,
And bounding life is to and fro convey'd;
How ſpirits, which for ſenſe and motion ſerve,
Unguided find the perforated nerve,
Through every dark receſs purſue their flight,
Unconſcious of the road, and void of ſight,
Yet, certain of the way, ſtill guide their motions right.
From thence a nobler flight ſhe did eſſay,
The mind's extended empire to ſurvey.

She ſung the godlike principle of thought,
And how, from objects by the ſenſes brought,
The intellectual imagery is wrought;
How ſhe the modes of beings can diſcern,
A nice reſpect, a meer relation learn;
Can all the thin abſtracted notions reach,
Which Grecian wits, or, Britain, thine can teach.
Thus has the Muſe ſtrove to diſplay a part
Of thoſe unnumber'd miracles of art,
Of prudence, conduct, and of wiſe deſign,
Which to th' attentive thought conſpicuous ſhine.
Still, vanquiſh'd Atheiſts! will you keep the field,
And, hard in error, ſtill refuſe to yield?
See, all your broken arms lie ſpread around,
And ignominious rout deforms the ground;
Be wiſe, and once, admoniſh'd by a foe,
Where lies your ſtrength, and where your weakneſs, know;
No more at Reaſon's ſolemn bar appear,
Hardly no more ſcholaſtic weapons bear;
Diſband your feeble forces, and decline
The war; no more in tinſel armour ſhine;
Nor ſhake your bullruſh ſpears, but ſwift repair
To your ſtrong place of arms, the ſcoffer's chair;
And thence, ſupported with a mocking ring,
Sarcaſtic darts and keen invectives fling
Againſt your foes, and ſcornful at your feaſts
Religion vanquiſh with deciſive jeſts;
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs laughter, Heaven aſſail,
Relinquiſh Reaſon, and let Mirth prevail.
Good Heaven! that men, who vaunt diſcerning ſight,
And arrogant from wiſdom's diſtant height

Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere
A Cauſe Supreme, ſhould their proud building rear
Without one prop the ponderous pile to bear!
How much the Judge, who does in Heaven preſide
Re-mocks the ſcoffer, and contemns his pride!
Behold, the ſad unſufferable hour
Advances near, which will his error cure;
When he compell'd ſhall drink the wrathful bowl,
And ruin'd feel immortal vengeance roll
Through all his veins, and drench his inmoſt ſoul.
O'erwhelm'd with horror, ſunk in deep deſpair,
And loſt for ever, will the wretch forbear
To curſe his madneſs, and blaſpheme the power
Of his juſt Sovereign, which he mock'd before?
  Hail, King Supreme! of Power Immenſe Abyſs!
Father of Light! Exhauſtleſs Source of Bliſs!
Thou uncreated, Self-exiſtent Cauſe,
Control'd by no ſuperior Being's laws,
Ere infant light eſſay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heavenly ſweet, and try'd to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of æther were diſplay'd,
Or ſilver ſtars cœrulean ſpheres inlaid;
Ere yet the eldeſt child of Time was born,
Or verdant pride young Nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didſt eternity employ
In unmoleſted peace, in plenitude of joy,
  In its ideal frame the world, deſign'd
From ages paſt, lay finiſh'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect art th' amazing work began.

Th

Thy glance ſurvey'd the ſolitary plains,
Where ſhapeleſs ſhade inert and ſilent reigns;
Then in the dark and undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace,
Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wild of face,
Thy compaſs for the world mark'd out the deſtin'd place.
Then didſt Thou through the fields of barren Night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where Thou almighty vigour didſt exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black boſom of the empty ſpace:
The gulphs confeſs th' omnipotent embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental ſeed,
Unfiniſh'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude maſs, Omniſcient Architect,
Thou for each part materials didſt ſelect,
And with a maſter-hand thy world erect.
Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vaſt lucid buoys,
By Thee uplifted, float in liquid ſkies:
By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by Thy impulſive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didſt the earth ſuſpend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend;
People the plains with flocks, with beaſts the wood,
And ſtore with ſcaly colonies the flood.
Next, Man aroſe at Thy Creating Word,
Of Thy terreſtial realms vicegerent lord.
His ſoul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,

Ennobled by Thy Image, ſpotleſs ſhone,
Prais'd Thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne:
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.

Since Thou didſt all the ſpacious worlds diſplay,
Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering ſtars, that dance their deſtin'd ring
Sublime in ſky, with vocal planets ſing
Confederate praiſe to Thee, O Great Creator King!
Let the thin diſtricts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of ſound, Thy ſkill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the ſkies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or ſea; then one loud triumph raiſe,
And all their blaſts employ in ſongs of praiſe.

While painted herald-birds Thy deeds proclaim,
And on their ſpreading wings convey Thy fame:
Let Eagles, which in Heaven's blue concave ſoar,
Scornful of earth ſuperior ſeats explore,
And riſe with breaſts erect againſt the ſun,
Be miniſters to bear Thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praiſes to Thy throne.

Ye fifh, aſſume a voice: with praiſes fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks expreſs,
With acclamations ſhake the wilderneſs.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With ſalvos loud ſalute Thee as they roll.
Ye monſters of the ſea, ye noiſy waves,
Strike with applauſe the repercuſſive caves.

Let

Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this bleſt work conſpire.
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads incline,
Let every ſpicy odoriferous tree
Preſent its incenſe and its balm to Thee.
And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this bleſt taſk ſuperior ardour ſhow:
To view thyſelf, inflect thy reaſon's ray,
Nature's repleniſh'd theatre ſurvey;
Then all on fire the Author's ſkill adore,
And in loud ſongs extol Creating Power.
Degenerate minds, in mazy error loſt,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boaſt;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breaſt inſpires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll ſtretch a pious wing,
And ſing His praiſe, who gave me power to ſing.

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END OF BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

John Dickinson

1786

BUCKINGHAM.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

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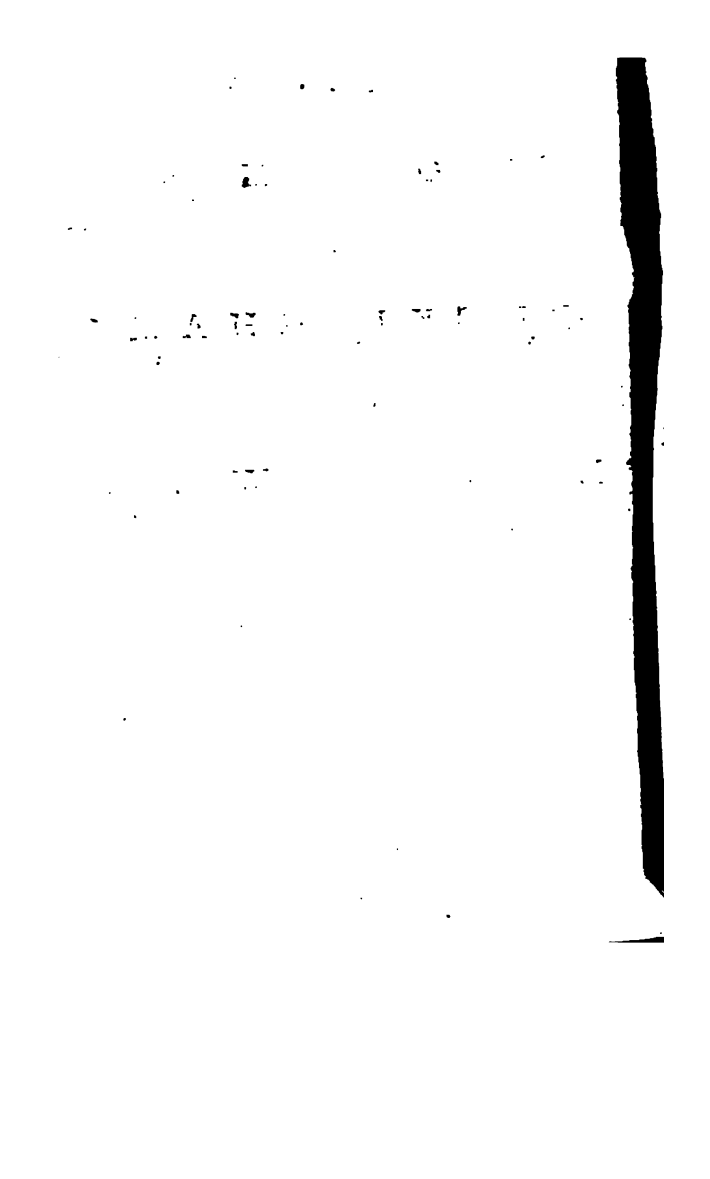
M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF BUCKINGHAM AND LANSDOWNE.



THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

EARL OF MULGRAVE,

MARQUIS OF NORMANDY,

AND

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

" —— Nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."
VIRG.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS,

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND,

AND MORE PERECT IMAGE OF

HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUTCHESS:

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED

TO THE TEST OF

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON, Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

HAPPY that author! whoſe correct eſſay *
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN, Abſalom and Achitophel.

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe---In Sanhedrin's debate,
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate.

DRYDEN, Verſes to Lord Roſcommon.

How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer?
How he embelliſhes his Helen's love,
Outdoes in ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves.

DRYDEN, Preface to Virgil's Æneis.

"Your Eſſay on Poetry, which was publiſhed without "a name, and of which I was not honoured with the "confidence, I read over and over with much delight, "and as much inſtruction; and, without flattering you, "or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without

* Eſſay on Poetry.

" ſome envy, I was loth to be informed how an epic " poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be " contrived and managed in better verſe, and with more " judgment, than I could teach others.

" I gave the unknown author his due commendation, " I muſt confeſs; but who can anſwer for me, and for " the reſt of the poets who heard me read the poem, " whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have " ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? " Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might " ſeem to be above the cenſure, &c."

DRYDEN, Ibid.

" This is but doing juſtice to my country, part of " which honour will reflect on your lordſhip, whoſe " thoughts are always juſt, your numbers harmonious, " your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, " your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they " are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your ex- " ample would make all precepts needleſs. In the " meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and " that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not " over-laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries) as a par- " ticular ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt " eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes."

DRYDEN, Dedication to Aurengzebe.

How great and manly in your lordſhip is your con- tempt of popular applauſe, and your retired virtue, which ſhines only to a few, with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely,

freely, that you make it evident you have a ſoul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of friendſhip, and that you only retire yourſelf from thoſe who are not capable of returning it! Your kindneſs, where you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it is to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an argument on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell; I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, becauſe I have the honour to be one. After which, I am ſure, you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have reſcued, not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of enemies, my own modeſty and lazineſs: which favour, had it been employed on a more deſerving ſubject, had been an effect of juſtice in your nature; but as placed on me, is only charity. Yet withal it is conferred on ſuch a man, as prefers your kindneſs itſelf before any of its conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your favours, thoſe of your love, and of your converſation. From this conſtancy to your friends I might reaſonably aſſume, that your reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting if they were not reſtrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generoſity; for certainly it is the ſame compoſition of mind, the ſame reſolution and courage, which makes the greateſt friendſhips and the greateſt enmities. To this firmneſs in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the intereſt your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is conſtant to himſelf, and

ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree:

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

Such a one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence on him whom no adverſity, no change of courts, no bribery of intereſt, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of honour and fidelity.

" Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
" Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro."

How well your lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophecy: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your king and country, when you offered yourſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the ſea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and which was worſe, the company of common ſeamen; that you have made it evident you will refuſe no opportunity of rendering yourſelf uſeful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct ſhall be required.

Biſhop BURNET, Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the correction that was given by the Rehearſal; and it is to be hoped

that the Eſſay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the beſt piece of its kind that even Auguſtus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear ſenſe, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers than that unmerciful expoſing of them has done.

ADDISON, Spectator, N° 253.

We have three poems in our tongue, which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſter-piece in its kind: the Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Lord LANSDOWNE, Eſſay on Unnatural Flights, &c.

Roſcommon firſt, then Mulgrave roſe, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight:
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide;
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May from their leſſons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR, Alma, Cant. 2.

Happy the poet! bleſt the lays!
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe.

GARTH, Diſpenſary.

Now Tyber's ſtreams no courtly Gallus ſee,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE, Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Yet ſome there were among the founder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well."

POPE, Miſcellanies.

Muſe, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain;
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POEMS

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle
On which indulgent heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds receives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:

Millions

Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield;
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.
Old age and pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is, who ſways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood.
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;

Who,

Who, wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that sees the light
Closest for ever in the shades of night!
Goddess, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
But wish my hapless life a shorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom heaven invades on every side:
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds opprest,
The port where wearied spirits are at rest;
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife;
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;

Yielding

Yielding unwillingly what heaven will have,
Their fears eclipſe the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breaſt,
And he a murderer who was a prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for every grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft' have found,
With like ſucceſs can never heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature or of art,
Nothing but death can eaſe a broken heart:
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.

Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;

Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their firſt aſſurance from my conqueſt took;
By wounding me, ſhe learn'd the fatal art,
And the firſt ſigh ſhe had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moiſtening her ſnowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I ſooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all thoſe ſlaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my ſubmiſſive heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breaſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſs'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were caſt on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and theſe with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the ſame deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not poſſeſſor of her charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms;
Paſt joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not ſuch bliſs before my eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe ſcenes from my tormenting thought;

And in their place disdainful beauty shew;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so:
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind:
No cold repulses my desires suppress,
I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least allay.
As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings came
Which break through darkness with a glorious flame;
Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.

When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.

A sacrifi

A ſacrifice to time, fate dooms to us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whoſe bold hand will bring alike to duſt
Mankind, and temples too in which they truſt.
Her waſted ſpirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate 's like Semele's; the flames deſtroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its ſpring decay'd,
Pale grow the roſes, and the lilies fade;
Her ſkin has loſt that luſtre which ſurpaſs'd
The ſun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardeſt hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Thoſe ſtars now heavily and ſlowly move;
And ſickneſs triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whoſe diſdain ſo many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they ſigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring air,
Wounds my ſad heart, and weakens my deſpair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loſs,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other croſs,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This ſends up humble prayers, while that blaſphemes:

I aſk their help, whoſe malice I defy,
And mingle ſacrilege with piety.
But, that which muſt yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I muſt ſeem unkind:
So unconcern'd a face my ſorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on diſſembling forms,
I ſhew a calmneſs in the midſt of ſtorms;
I ſeem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almoſt dead with grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his miſtreſs die?
When paſſion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehenſions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my ſorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted ſoon perceives my tears,
Explains my ſighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With ſad preſages of her hopeleſs caſe,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and ſhe bewails my fear:
Though thus we ſuffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only thoſe of love which reach our hearts.
Meanwhile the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our ſighs, and rages at our tears:

Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like wind and oil, increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips, and cloſe her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her paſſion in a dying voice expreſs'd
Half, and her ſighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this pang --- Nature gives o'er the ſtrife;
Thou muſt thy miſtreſs loſe, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conqueſt over me, but not my love:
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In ſpite of death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
Deareſt Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breaſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are fled,
And love ſurvives it though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my paſſion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raiſe:
That ſtill remains, though I from hence remove;
I loſe my lover, but I keep my love.
The ſighs which ſent forth that laſt tender word,
Up tow'rds the heavens like a bright meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her lover's arms.
Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:

Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

LET others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by Vanity or Spite;
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love:
That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd.

Oh

Oh love, thou trance divine! in which
Unclogg'd with wordly cares, may range
And soaring to her heaven, from thence
High myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, Prudence ſome aid may prove
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs
than love.

Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine all o'er the mind,
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they 'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find,
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but love the heart;
O the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;

Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young, and complaiſant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch.
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what Nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Senſe to Reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reaſon turns to Love.

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;

One

One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love, the timorous baſhful maid,
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks heaven for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas, ſhining all before
The Muſes' ſighs, forbids me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY

ELEGY

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF R——,

THOU lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure,
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we every-where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:
Thoſe eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while ſo fair (do fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Unleſs, unſatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers,
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;

Expect

Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn;
And that with wonder men should statues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife:
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part,
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know;
But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAirest, if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this notes my constancy assures,
You 'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:
So may it do with you, but strait return;
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn

His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and ſighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true.
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker fate
To be inconſtant, than unfortunate;
Remember all thoſe vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs, till I with joy return;
And ſoon may pitying heaven that bleſſing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, becauſe they are
By that defect ſecure
From ſlavery and toils of war,
Which all the reſt endure.

So I, who ſuffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to reſpect
Theſe fools that ſeem ſo wiſe.

'Tis true, they fondly ſet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To paſs all day for men of parts,
They paſs alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted ſcornful brow,
Soon the fond miſtake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error ſo,
When Juno's form the cloud reſign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a ſhape that could not fail.

There my Celia's ſnowy arms,
Breaſts, and other parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown charms,
To my tranſported ſoul appear.

Then

Then you ſo much kindneſs ſhow,
My deſpair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams beſtow
What your cruelty denies.

Bluſh not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliſs
Can ſuch griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantaſtic is,
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant love.

The virtue which you value ſo,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is ſolid here below,
Except my love and your diſdain.

To One who accuſed him of being too ſenſual in his Love.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis ſin or ſhame,
To bleſs the man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a name,
To all thoſe favours he implores.
Beauty is heaven's moſt bounteous gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet

TO ONE SENSUAL [illegible]

Yet wish not vainly for a love
  From all the force of [illegible]
That is reserv'd for those above,
  And 'tis a fault [illegible]
For sensual joys ye [illegible]
But love without them [illegible]

THE [illegible]

LOVERS, [illegible]
  In passion [illegible]
Who dream of [illegible]
  And doat upon your [illegible]

I should not here your fancy [illegible]
  From such a pleasing state.
Were you not sure at last [illegible]
  And find your [illegible]

Then learn [illegible]
  Our care [illegible]
Compos'd of false [illegible]
  And soft [illegible]

With anger, [illegible]
  They cruel [illegible]
And then [illegible]
  With as affected [illegible]

As if some injury was meant
  To those they kindly [illegible]
Those lovers are the most content
  That have been [illegible]

Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA

WHEN I held out againſt your eyes,
You took the ſureſt courſe;
A heart unwary to ſurprize,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My fooliſh heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.

A heart by kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

OH, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's ſight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs heaven forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

I Muſt confeſs, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that 's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire;
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come, and raiſe me from deſpair;
Your heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the mind's moſt cruel pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cauſe of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex!

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow,
Thy very ſoul will ſtart:
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow
To him, who of all mortal men
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

On Apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gained.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in beauty's flame;
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind
When little favours ſhew'd you kind!
And though, when coldneſs oft' prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor love itſelf ſuch joys expect.
After ſuch embraces paſt,
Whoſe memory will ever laſt,
Love is ſtill reflecting back;
All my ſoul is on a rack:
To be in hell 's ſufficient curſe,
But to fall from heaven is worſe.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkneſs too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boaſt;
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now heart-devouring eagerneſs,
And ſharp impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs cares, conſuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce deſires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

COME, let us now reſolve at laſt
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot ſo very faſt,
That Time ſhall ne'er untie it. Th

The trueſt joys they ſeldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the moſt tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No pleaſure, nor no reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.

Own but the ſame to me, you 'll find
How bleſt will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

FROM all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If love and you had let me reſt:
Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires,
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear:
Yet I 'll defy the worſt of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues come no ſuch harms,
As from a nymph ſo full of charms;
So much ſweetneſs in her face,
In her motions ſuch a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a ſoft enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her ſoftneſs, we
Are but ſlaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all deſire,
Except to ſet the world on fire.
Thou, fair diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.
Like a reſtleſs monarch, thou
Wouldſt rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But truſt me, Celia, truſt me, when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my pen,
One hour of love's delight out-weighs
Whole years of univerſal praiſe;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your ſex deſerve?

Why

Why ſuch ſoft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loſs you nothing gain:
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

LIKE children in a ſtarry night,
When I beheld thoſe eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Inſenſible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with deſire.

By all the helps of human art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much ſenſe,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away deſpair,
And now my ſighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the riſing ſun.

If once again my vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a lover;
In love, that languiſhing diſeaſe,
A ſad relapſe we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair,
Neglecting all the world beſide:

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might fail if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from heaven and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert, but yours.

THE

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe:

I then did vulgar joys purſue,
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad remorſe, and guilty ſhame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face,
As your flattery would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here:
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Celia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her noſe,
And lips juſt opening, that diſcloſe

Teeth

Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid:
What are words in ſuch a caſe;
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part;
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.
Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her —— but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

On Don ALONZO's being killed in Portugal, t Account of the INFANTA, in the Year 168

IN ſuch a cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dangerous foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRIZ

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,

I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blaſts of cold diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all ſuch grief or joy,
That did my heedleſs ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantaſtic powers,
But the diſeaſe of idle hours;
Amuſement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer paſſion,
Whoſe raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, faireſt, what I ſing,
Can from a love platonic ſpring;
That formal ſoftneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of huſband, rivals, friends afraid!
Amidſt all this ſeraphic fire,
Am almoſt dying with deſire,
With eager wiſhes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildeſt faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty patriarch did of old)
Would force a bleſſing from thoſe charms,
And graſp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD, AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring;
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEPHERD.

I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gayly:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Chear my ſoul, and crown my paſſion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

EACH APART FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGETHER.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's arms.
Love and Nature's chiefeſt bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing charms.
So the deareſt joys of loving,
Which ſcarce heaven can go beyond,
We 'll be every day improving,

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

On One who died diſcovering her Kindneſs.

SOME vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain:
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſt above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH

COME all ye doleful, diſmal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have loſt--- but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?

Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be:
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only ſighs and endleſs pains!

TO A

LADY RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breaſt but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your zeal ſo bright
Whoſe glaring flames eclipſe his gentler light:
Leſs ſeems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But ſhall ſome threatening prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his curſes do?
Thus with a fright ſome have reſign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.
Heaven ſees our paſſions with indulgence ſtill,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, thoſe high-priz'd gifts of fate,
The low concerns of a leſs happy ſtate,
Are far beneath us: fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no impreſſion make;

Let worldlings aſk her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bleſt ſaints, eternal raptures know,
And ſlight thoſe ſtorms that vainly reſt below.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itſelf, from whence all miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a thing.
With ſuch a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer ſex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much art,
Hers was his power, his perſon, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She ſooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When ſtrait a guſt of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchleſs till now, for love or for deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Taſſo only feigns:
And after all our vows, our ſighs, our tears,
My baniſh'd ſorrows, and your conquer'd fears:
So many doubts, ſo many dangers paſt,
Viſions of zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;

But

But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

Written during a Sea Voyage, when ſent to command the Forces for the Relief of TANGIER.

WIthin the ſilent ſhades of ſoft repoſe,
Where Fancy's boundleſs ſtream for ever flows;
Where the infranchis'd ſoul at eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome buſineſs of the day;
Where princes gladly reſt their weary heads,
And change uneaſy thrones for downy beds;
Where ſeeming joys delude deſpairing minds,
And where ev'n jealouſy ſome quiet finds;
There I and ſorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a ſighing heart.
But here too ſoon a wretched lover found
In deepeſt griefs the ſleep can ne'er be found;
With ſtrange ſurprize my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic ſhapes of wild unheard-of things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My ſoul was ſhook with an unuſual fear.
But as when viſions glad the eyes of ſaints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will ſhine,
And ſpreads a glory round, that 's all divine;

Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monſters vaniſh, and with them my fears.
The faireſt ſhape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er ſaw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to ſhew ſuch excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the ſoul, as well as ſenſe!
And, while our eyes tranſporting pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very mind.
Some angel ſpeaks her praiſe; no human tongue,
But with its utmoſt art muſt do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring words repeat,
Nor ſtudy'd looks of languiſhing deceit.
Fantaſtic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks ſome pride muſt to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mein,
Something that ſeems to ſay, I would be ſeen.
But of all womankind this only ſhe,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler Muſe her fame to raiſe,
By making the whole ſex beſide her pyramid of praiſe.
She, ſhe appear'd the ſource of all my joys,
The deareſt care that all my thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd, as when I left her laſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, and held it faſt:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then ſhe eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could ſcarce from tears refrain:

Why,

Why, gentle ſwain, ſaid ſhe, why do you grieve
In words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe;
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of falſe mankind though you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their reſt.
I ſee your pain, and ſee it too with grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not, give relief.
Thus, for a huſband's ſake as well as yours,
My ſcrupulous ſoul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs ſwain,
A paſſion moving, but a paſſion vain:
Not chance nor time ſhall ever change my thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my doom
Juſt to ſee heaven, where I muſt never come?
Your ſoft compaſſion, if not ſomething more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no ſight of ſhore.
Farewell, too ſcrupulous fair-one; oh! farewell;
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell:
Thank heaven, my fate tranſports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with eaſe and ſafety die.
With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo;

For though I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.
Tormenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I wondering found
A ſtrange appearance all in tainteleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mein.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
"What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look!
"Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevel'd hair,
"And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph, to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,
But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)
And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,

Which

Which prove fatal? Of both I know the mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal love 's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or abſence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
To others love, I 'll ſomething ſoften hers:
Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray;
Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride;
For circumſtances alter every ill,
And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.
Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of intereſt, children, and remote affairs;

But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her husband's stead.
I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd---Ev'n our base world is just in this;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame,
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?
When honour checks, and conscience pleads in vain;
When parents threats and friends persuasions fail,
When interest and ambition scarce prevail,
To bound that sex when nothing else can move,
They 'll live reserv'd, to please the man they love!
The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then she will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. DRYDEN.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies;
r dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
riage and hoſpitable rights profane?
; it for this your fate did ſhelter find
n ſwelling ſeas and every faithleſs wind?
· though a diſtant country brought you forth,
r uſage here was equal to your worth.)
; this deſerve to be rewarded ſo!
you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
r partial judgment may perhaps complain,
think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
red then let me be, but not unchaſte,
my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
igh in my face there 's no affected frown,
in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
p my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
has my love made any coxcomb vain.
· boldneſs I with admiration ſee:
t hope had you to gain a queen like me?
uſe a hero forc'd me once away,
I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?

Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I 'll not complain, for who 's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear---not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt---
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was couzen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe;
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?

Though you to heroes, and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that springs herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would shew I valued, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess,
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field
As would move goddesses themselves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which, (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you 'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;

Which

Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He 'll for my ſake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For, oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice,
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate:
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill;

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey:
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But, firſt, I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praiſe,
A goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay; for 'tis confeſt,
The men who flatter higheſt pleaſe us beſt:
That I ſuſpect it ought not to diſpleaſe,
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy thoſe nymphs whom uſe has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade:

Ev'n

Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurprize:
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud.
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay,
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away:
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence:
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden, for the more I 'm prais'd
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd:
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt,
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.

You bid me watch occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near,
Our flames are mutual, and my husband 's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ;
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said! for both of us 't were best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions range.
Hypsipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guest betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But, lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.

But

But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I, from your rage, a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land;

To

To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue:
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words; but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls theſe judgments down;
Whoſe ſpouſe, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft' would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulph and diſmal ſhade;
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart 's inflexible to human prayers.
All hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a ſong;
Light ſouls and airy ſpirits glide along

In

R Y.

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A spirit

Much he would fain have ſpoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already paſs'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him eaſe?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appeaſe?
'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long moons bewail'd his loſs
To bleak and barren rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the ſad nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough ſwain who ſtole her young away,
Bewails her loſs beneath a poplar ſhade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs waſtes the day;
Her melting ſongs a doleful pleaſure yield,
And melancholy muſic fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of Bacchus ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, ſwims
Down that ſwift current where the Heber flows,
And ſtill its tongue in doleful accents goes.
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice reſounds from every ſide.

AN

ESSAY ON POETRY*.

OF all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high,
As ſacred and ſoul-moving poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch,
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But heaven forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun,
Which, though ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious ſound,
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the ſoul:

* The "Eſſay on Satire," which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidſt conceptions fit;
Ev'n ſomething of divine, and more than wit;
Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleaſures of the night, and buſineſs of the day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy courſe, and uſe the needful rein,
As all is dulneſs, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundleſs influence
Not only in the choice of words, or ſenſe,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful part,
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the heart.
Here I ſhall all the various ſorts of verſe,
And the whole art of poetry rehearſe;
But who that taſk would after Horace do?
The beſt of maſters, and examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the deſign, and fruitleſs were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with eaſe;
But who with that mean ſhift himſelf can pleaſe,

With-

Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new abſurdities inſpire new thoughts;
What need has ſatire then to live on theft,
When ſo much freſh occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our ſoil, and full of rankeſt weeds,
And monſters worſe than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear;
'Tis wit and ſenſe that is the ſubject here:
Defects of witty men deſerve a cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will ev'n this endure.
Firſt then, of Songs; which now ſo much abound,
Without his ſong no fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt Apollo's laws.
Though nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richeſt pearl there lies
Many a blemiſh that eſcapes our eyes,
The leaſt of which defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall ring, and brings the value down:
So ſongs ſhould be to juſt perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be ſeen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As wrought with care, yet ſeem by chance to fall.

Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauſeous ſongs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling cenſure on his ſhade.
Not that warm thoughts of the tranſporting joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But words obſcene, too groſs to move deſire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deſerves our praiſe;
But palls that appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next, Elegy, of ſweet, but ſolemn voice,
And of a ſubject grave, exacts the choice;
The praiſe of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft' deſpairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy nonſenſe, and ſuch fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtic ſex.
This to the praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The many raiſe the value of the few.
But here (as all our ſex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;

* The Earl of Rocheſter.---It may be obſerved, however, that many of the worſt ſongs aſcribed to this nobleman were ſpurious. N.

If

If yet a juſt coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher riſe,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill,
No * Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's-Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muſes' moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſſ'd.
The poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But ſometimes diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may ſound a little too ſevere;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.

Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.

* Waller's. † Denham's.

'Tis

'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more,
Without repeating things ſaid oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we 'll remove,
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the ſubject rough;
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only buſineſs was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a ſatyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A ſatyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.
Here reſt, my Muſe, ſuſpend thy cares awhile,
A more important taſk attends thy toil.
As ſome young eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted journey through the ſky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and ſeas ſhe is to ſoar,

* Mr. Dryden.
† A famous ſatirical Poem of his.
‡ A poem call'd The Hind and Panther.

Doubts

Doubts her own ſtrength ſo far, and juſtly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by ſome bold deſign,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herſelf with care,
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt:
So (though too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper note to ſing.
And why ſhould truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muſe, adventurouſly engage
To give inſtructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give plays ſo great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the preſent age,
Leſs obvious errors of the Engliſh ſtage.

Firſt then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in paſſion too.
Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when Bellario * confeſſes all.

* In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chuſe but pity
A dying hero, miſerably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where juſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock;
Or elſe, like bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within, to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a ſoul.
All this united yet, but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;

Yet

Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Firſt, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
This oft', alone, has given ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There 's no ſuch thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe:
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.

Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice,
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff * ſtands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all;
That ev'n his fools ſpeak ſenſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That ſilly thing men call ſheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.

But ſince the poets we of late have known,
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.

* The matchleſs character of Shakeſpeare.

First,

First, a ſoliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums;
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves:
But ſome ſad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now,
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtrait appears; but who can fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has given himſelf the cruel ſtroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe!
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben Jonſon's head;
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;

But

But that muſt fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.
By painful ſteps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top
The Epick poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt pride behold the reſt below.
Heroic poems have a juſt pretence
To be the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſenſe;
A work of ſuch ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what ſacred awe,
Do thoſe mere ſounds the world's attention draw!
Juſt as a changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beaſt;
So theſe gigantic ſouls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human kind!
Nature's whole ſtrength united! endleſs fame,
And univerſal ſhouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Boſſu never writ, the world had ſtill,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of ſkill;
As ſomething of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.

Some

Sure from ſome angel he the ſecret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To ſee this promis'd land, yet ſtay behind?
The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
Who can all ſciences profoundly know?
Whoſe fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt diſcernment, Virgil-like, is ſuch,
Never to ſay too little or too much?
Let ſuch a man begin without delay;
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'TIS ſaid, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another ſo.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beaſts we claim,
Reaſon our beſt credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how abſurdly, we may ſee with ſhame.

Reaſon, that ſolemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by cenſure or applauſe;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the leaſt prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ſnare.
In any nice and weighty cauſe,
How weak, at beſt, is Reaſon! yet the grave
Impoſe on that ſmall judgment which we have.

II.

In all thoſe wits, whoſe names have ſpread ſo wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be deſcry'd.
Among the reſt, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæſar's death;
By which he yet ſurvives in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the reſt,
In whom we ſhould that deed the moſt deteſt,
Is of mankind eſteem'd the beſt.
As ſnow deſcending from ſome lofty hill,
Is by its rolling courſe augmenting ſtill,
So from illuſtrious authors down have roll'd
Thoſe great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will ſhew eſteem,
And gild their eloquence with praiſe of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright ſun appears,
To ſhine away this heap of ſeventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illuſtrious wit,
(To whom in all beſides I willingly ſubmit)

That Cæſar's life no pity could deſerve
From one who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve.
Had Brutus choſe rather himſelf to ſlay,
Than any maſter to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.
For he, whoſe ſoul diſdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would ſure much rather kill himſelf, than only hurt his friend.
To his own ſword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at laſt did yield:
But in thoſe times ſelf-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from deſpair:
He might have choſen elſe to live,
In hopes another Cæſar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conſpire againſt a life which had ſpar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmoſt care,
And in our thoughts deſerves the tendereſt ſhare;
Her to a thouſand friends we ſhould prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no deſert can move,
A miſtreſs or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does beſides enjoy;
But may he, for their ſakes, his ſire or ſons deſtroy!

But 'tis not ſurely of ſo fair renown
To ſpill another's blood, as to expoſe our ow
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much
But what belongs to friendſhip, oh! 'tis ſacrileg

V.

Can we ſtand by unmov'd, and ſee
Our mother robb'd and raviſh'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the ra
Thus ſings our bard with heat almoſt divin
'Tis pity that his thought was not as ſtrong a
Would it more juſtly did the caſe expreſs,
Or that its beauty and its grace were leſs.
(Thus a nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft ſurprize,
We ſcarce durſt truſt our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambuſh to eſcape.

Loud was the Hymenean ſong;
The violated dame * walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his ſight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring glance
On the bold ſtruggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he ſo deſir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Againſt a Roman of ſo great a ſoul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt thing!
The nobleſt quality, and chiefeſt good,
(In this dull age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual warmth her injur'd rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye angels! whoſe immortal bliſs,
Though more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A courſe, as far from any end, as when at firſt begun.
Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs pair,
Who ſtill betwixt them did ſo many virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to peace, and ſome to ſtrife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active life,

* Rome.

That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which Friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt cement could appear by which their ſouls were join'd.
That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace,
Though Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a caſe,
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon *;
(Though here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem'd to be outdone)
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe Ungrateful Brutus call.

* Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.

VIII.

In coolest blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed;
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.
Cæſar, mean time, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample marks of fond eſteem,
As made the graveſt Romans ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe love can the wiſe beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient proof to ſhow,
That Brutus did not ſtrike for his own ſake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by miſtake.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away,
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.
The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around:
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way,
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy

Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady feet, juſt fallen to ground,
Others at top, whoſe heads are turning round.
To this high ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are princes forc'd to chuſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none,
And ſoon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.

The Muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow duſt;
For that deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt.
Let other bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with envy what the miſer finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable vermin ſee,
Who creep through filth a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of infamy or praiſe:
Loaded with guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.

Not to enlarge on ſuch an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which tranſcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to loſe the end.

Like

Like heroes in romances, ſtill in fight
For miſtreſſes that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does moſt debaſe the mind,
Gold is itſelf th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no ſuch thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among thoſe harmleſs men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and ſilver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
Ev'n traffick now is intercourſe of ill,
And every wind brings a new miſchief ſtill;
By trade we flouriſh in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and exceſs devour the root.
Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs happy ſorts of ſin;
But now, more pleas'd, ſhe views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms ſurveys.
Dear luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure deceit!
Riſe of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou ſure preſage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of ſtates!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty power;
Not the worſt conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herſelf, while o'er the world ſhe flew,
And did by virtue all that world ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppreſs'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd Eaſt;
Whence all thoſe vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt foundations of renown and power.

By

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad effects at home,
Of wild exceſs? which we ſo plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred pleaſures of the ſenſe:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic ſeal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent delight,
But heaven and nature 's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give deſires that ſhall be doom'd for ſin.
Yet, that in height of harmleſs joy we may
Laſt to old age, and never loſe a day;
Amidſt our pleaſures we ourſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares aſleep:
It raiſes nature, ripens ſeeds of worth,
As moiſtening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varniſh we too oft' apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe: I would reſtrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now ſhe flies to love;
Shews me ſome rural nymph, by ſhepherd chac'd,
Soon overtaken, and as ſoon embrac'd:

The

The graſs by her, as ſhe by him is preſs'd;
For ſhame, my Muſe, let fancy gueſs the reſt:
At ſuch a point fancy can never ſtay,
But flies beyond whatever you can ſay.
Behold the ſilent ſhades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his loweſt ſphere, his country ſcene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet ſpringing up without the help of art,
Leaves a ſincerer reliſh in the heart,
More healthfully, though not ſo finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where moſt he makes a ſhow,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in hiſtories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in thoſe diſguiſes often ſmile,
And knows the cauſe was kindneſs all the while.
What ſtory, place, or perſon, cannot prove
The boundleſs influence of mighty love?
Where-e'er the ſun can vigorous heat inſpire,
Both ſexes glow, and languiſh with deſire.
The weary'd ſwain, faſt in the arms of ſleep,
Love can awake, and often ſighing keep;
And buſy gown-men, by fond love diſguis'd,
Will leiſure find to make themſelves deſpis'd.
The proudeſt kings ſubmit to beauty's ſway;
Beauty itſelf, a greater prince than they,
Lies ſometimes languiſhing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's ſide.

I mean to ſlight the ſoft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my ſatire into ſofteſt thoughts;
Of all that paſſion which our peace deſtroys
Inſtead of miſchiefs, I deſcribe the joys.
But ſhort will be his reign (I fear too ſhort)
And preſent cares ſhall be my future ſport.
Then love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Looſe from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll ſing ſuch counter-charms,
The fair ſhall liſten in their lovers arms.
Now the enthuſiaſtic fit is ſpent,
I feel my weakneſs, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high
For ſenſe to follow with a waking eye;
And in ſuch wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review theſe ſallies of my pen,
And modeſt reaſon is return'd again;
My confidence I curſe, my fate accuſe,
Scarce hold from cenſuring the ſacred Muſe.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit,
Is more ſevere from ignorance and ſpite,
Than I with judgment againſt all I write.

ON

MR. HOBBES, AND HIS WRITINGS

SUCH is the mode of theſe cenſorious days,
The art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, becauſe themſelves have none.
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praiſing is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As ſtrings, alike wound up, ſo equal prove,
That one reſounding makes the other move;
From ſuch a cauſe our ſatires pleaſe ſo much,
We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the ſharp infection ſpreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is eaſy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muſe inſpires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applauſe,
Content to ſuffer in ſo juſt a cauſe.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghoſts, and every empty ſhade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reaſon's light
Put ſuch fantaſtic forms to ſhameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs muſt be
To vice enſlav'd, if from vain terrors free;

T

The wiſe and good, morality will guide,
And ſuperſtition all the world beſide.

In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not ſometimes ſo eaſily underſtood;
That jewel oft' unpoliſh'd has remain'd;
Some words ſhould be left out, and ſome explain'd;
So that, in ſearch of ſenſe, we either ſtray,
Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a way.
But here ſweet eloquence does always ſmile,
In ſuch a choice, yet unaffected ſtyle,
As muſt both knowledge and delight impart
The force of reaſon, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful tranſparent ſkin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious ſtream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as woman, but as ſtrong as man.

Bacon himſelf, whoſe univerſal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice purſues her, like ſome bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels ceaſe;
Envy herſelf is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a flight,
Above her reach, and ſcarce within her ſight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers paſt:
But ſuch the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;

Long

Long ripening under-ground this China lies?
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
Thus nature, tir'd with his unuſual length
Of life, which put her to her utmoſt ſtrength,
Such ſtock of wit unable to ſupply,
To ſpare herſelf, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination;
For which the learned and the wiſe
His underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong.
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed?
But that, alas, it was decreed!

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they ſlight;
They neither act, nor reaſon right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unſkilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without ſenſe.

So Moſes once, and Joſhua,
And that virago Debora,
Beſtrid poor Iſrael:
Like reverence pay to theſe! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

GOOD angels ſnatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, ſinging and ſoaring through the ſky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd ſoul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went muſing all along,
Compoſing new their heavenly ſong.
A while his ſkilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But ſoon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleaſing ſound.
David himſelf improv'd the harmony,
David in ſacred ſtory ſo renown'd
No leſs for muſic, than for poetry!
Genius ſublime in either art!
Crown'd with applauſe ſurpaſſing all deſert!
A man juſt after God's own heart!

If human cares are lawful to the bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal reſt;
Needs muſt he wiſh that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For, ſure, the noble thirſt of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the ſoul aſcends the ſkies
From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little proof we have
That part of us ſurvives the grave,
And in our fame below ſtill bears a ſhare:
Why is the future elſe ſo much our care,
Ev'n in our lat[illegible] deſpair?
And death deſp[illegible] all the wiſe and brave?
Oh, all y[illegible]us choir!
Who power alt[illegible], and only that admire!
Look down wi[illegible] r peaceful bower,
On this fac[illegible] perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds, and each harmonious Muſe.
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind deſires.

On

On the Loſs of an only Son, ROBERT Marquis of NORMANBY.

OUR morning's gay and ſhining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night 's all void of care.

A fond tranſported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch an other
So bleſs'd by heaven as I?

A child at firſt was wanting;
Now ſuch a ſon is ſent,
As parents moſt lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind heaven
Not only hope beſtows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
His ſhare in ſuch a boy,
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
To all my other joy.

But ah! this ſhiny weather
Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears;
And diſmal ſad preſages
Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh,
Did worſe, far worſe than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguiſh,
Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion,
This fatal loſs to ſhow;
Alas, there 's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidſt adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.

But

But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways;
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

S T A N Z A S.

WHene'er my fooliſh bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhew my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whiſpering lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame:

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud;
But friendleſs merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may pleaſe
Such noble, hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe,
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT IN M.DCC.XIX.

A Famous aſſembly was ſummon'd of late :
To crown a new Laureat, came Phœbus in ſtate.
With all that Montfaucon himſelf could deſire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies ſo juſtle,
No country-election e'er made ſuch a buſtle :
From garret, Mint, tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for ſack, ſome ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, fluſh'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus ſmil'd on theſe laſt, but yet ne'ertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the preſs.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonſon to Curll every preſs had groan'd under;
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all theſe are my lays,
But at preſent I beg you'd but read my Eſſays.

Lampooners and critics ruſh'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came firſt ſide-by-ſide.
Apollo confeſs'd that their laſhes had ſtings,
But beadles and hangmen were never choſe kings.

Steele long had ſo cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wiſh,
But wiſh'd him good luck in his project of fiſh.

Lame Congreve, unable ſuch things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuſe ſuch a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
Till Phœbus deſir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of ſuch preferment would only make ſport,
And laugh'd at all ſuitors for places at court.

Notwithſtanding this law, yet Lanſdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindneſs his indolence blam'd,
And ſaid he would chuſe him, but that he ſhould fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo ſoon miſs'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidſt a whole bench, of which ſome are ſo bright,
No one of them ſhines ſo learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with reſpect,
Since he for the ſtate could the Muſes neglect:

* Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

But

But faid, in a greater aſſembly he ſhin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For ſome things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third ſure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, thoſe works muſt be good, which had Addiſon's praiſe;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Euſtace, 'tis known,
Moſt authors will praiſe whatſoever 's their own.

Then Philips came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple profeſſion 's a Paſtoral-maker;
Apollo adviſ'd him from playhouſe to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe but his dog and his ſheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came laſt in the train,
Too modeſt to aſk for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would need
More boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

Apollo, now driven to a curſed quandary,
Was wiſhing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honeſt Tom Southerne but been within call---
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And ſo ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verſe, and deſpiſer of plays;

To him in great ſtorm, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) preſented the bay.

All the wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election ſo odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the place.

Yet ſome thought the vacancy open was kept;
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well underſtood,
Though the function was wicked, the ſtipend was good.

At laſt in ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, "Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parſons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has loſt its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the ſame;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we ſee
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt lord.

The

The miſer ſtarves to raiſe a ſon,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift ſcarce ſerve a day,
Rake-hell ſquanders all away.
Huſbands ſeeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama 's intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having firſt at ſermon ſlept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worſe hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the nobleſt-born,
Moral virtue is a ſcorn;
Gratitude, but rare at beſt,
And fidelity a jeſt.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wiſdom raiſing ſtocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking ſide, or falling friend.
Long an officer may ſerve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may ſtarve:
No receipt, to make him riſe,
Like inventing loyal lies:
We, whoſe anceſtors have ſhin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a public ſhame.

Fatal

Fatal that inteſtine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever ſince, how ſad a race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I Feel a ſtrange impulſe, a ſtrong deſire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?)
To ſing on lofty ſubjects, and to raiſe
My own low fame, by writing James's praiſe.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Obſerv'd thoſe ſeeds of fortitude and truth,
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high,
The good diſtreſs'd beneath that ſhelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all heaven's gifts, no temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial fire makes all the ſpirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage;
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs;

Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes,
With that great man *, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.
Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floating caſtles in fierce flames engage
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land);
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not depreſt his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt heaven would all our joys reſtore.

* The Mareſchal de Turenne.

So when black clouds ſurround heaven's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The chearful ſight our fainting courage warms;
Fix'd upon that, we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heavenly tribute of due praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs power!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend,
Oh where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuſe.

While

While others vainly ſtrive to know Thee more,
Let me in ſilent reverence adore;
Wiſhing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakeſpeare! or to match his ſtyle!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt would make a Stoic ſmile.
Too fond of fame, our poet ſoars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft' in bluſhes yield to what they love.
Of greateſt actions, and of nobleſt men,
This ſtory moſt deſerves a poet's pen:
For who can wiſh a ſcene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That ſtate of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who ſuch a ſtate inſlav'd!
Yet loth he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a ſway,

At

At diſtance now of ſeventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely raviſher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuſe,
A nymph might pardon, and could ſcarce refuſe.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty maſter bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beſide,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearleſs he will his life expoſe;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten thoſe,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How ſtupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what ſlaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beaſt did e'er deſign
The ſetting up his fellow-creature,
And of two miſchiefs chuſe the greater? Oh!

Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts, and caves again.

IV.

There, secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way;
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep.

CHORUS II.

LO! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design,
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruples make;
Others do ill, only for miſchief's ſake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus ſome for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold uſurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus ſtabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence ariſe
Theſe diſorders in our ſkies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in ſight of this day's ſun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to ſhroud the light
Of all this world in diſmal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greateſt ſince mankind began:
Learned, eloquent, and wiſe,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a ſacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to ſave?

II.

But will not goodneſs claim regard,
And does not worth deſerve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at ſtake?
Can they do too much for her ſake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Juſt is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

HOW great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human-kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or ſenſeleſs atoms, join
To form a ſoul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe powers we hold divine,
Deſtroy their own chief maſter-piece?
Where ſo much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the beſt of Romans ſends,
To do the very worſt of faults,
And kill *the kindeſt of* his friends.

All this is far above our reach,
Whatever prieſts preſume to preach.

PROLOGUE TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR ſcene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men ſo fam'd [illegible] prodigious parts,
As taught the wo[illegible]e [illegible] and arts.
Amidſt all theſe [illegible]old a man
The moſt applauded [illegible]ind began,
Out-ſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?

Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve:
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives,
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care, what-e'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act, or poets write;
Should our miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You 'll have the joy of being more cenſorious:
Shew your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye;
Each petty critic can objections raiſe,
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTI

*CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæſar bled,
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe,
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome muſt herſelf enthral;
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not how to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne

* See the firſt and ſecond choruſes, in the poem Mr. Pope.

Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than fought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus chearfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim,
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May ſhe no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood:
And, for reward, &c.

Our ſenators, great Jove, reſtrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The ſhining arms with haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

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THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LANSDOWNE.

THE POEMS OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

On the Earl of PETERBOROUGH's happy Negotiation of the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs and the Princeſs MARY D'ESTE of Modena.

HIS Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
Our Britiſh Jove his nuptial hours employs.
So fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our ſafety, gallant York, in thee.
By the fame with aſpiring queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wiſdom, and his early fame,
Create in every breaſt a rival flame:
Remoteſt kings ſit trembling on their thrones,
As if no diſtance could ſecure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wiſely they contend
To bribe with beauty ſo renown'd a friend:
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the ſureſt bait for heroes hearts:

Nor can the fair conceal as high concern
To ſee the prince, for whom, unſeen, they burn.
Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length reſolves to make the wiſh'd-for choice;
To noble Peterborough, wiſe and juſt,
Of his great heart he gives the ſacred truſt:
"Thy eyes, ſaid he, ſhall beſt direct that heart,
"Where thou, my beſt below'd, haſt ſuch a part;
"In council oft', and oft' in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy maſter, and the world decide."
The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently, ye winds, convey,
And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Calchos ſail'd, to fetch the golden fleece.
As when the goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bad high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy:
With balls and banquets his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial judge ſurveys, with vaſt delight,
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright:
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſte gives the famous prize.
Of antique ſtock, her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings:

Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that Paris found in three?
O equal fair! when both were ſet above
All other merit, but each other's love.
Welcome, bright princeſs, to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high heaven, who bore
That ſhining race of goddeſſes and gods,
Who rul'd the world, and fill'd the bleſt abodes:
From thee, my Muſe expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes all from thy womb ariſe,
Our preſent joy and ſafety from your eyes;
Thoſe charming eyes that ſhine, to reconcile,
To harmony and peace, our ſtubborn Iſle:
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal ſo ſalutes the day.
The Britiſh dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now, but for the ſecond place;
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here:
So ſang the Syrens, with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd,
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain,
They ceas'd to ſing, or ſinging charm'd in vain.
This bleſt alliance, Peterborough, may
Th' indebted nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy ſtatues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threſhold ſtand.

Spoken

Spoken by the AUTHOR, being then but Twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, at Trinity-College in Cambridge.

WHEN join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes' humble ſeat,
Though in [illegible]ir vaſt joys declare,
Yet, for ſincerity [illegible]y dare
With your own [illegible] ſelf compare.
Then, bright [illegible]s heaven, receive
From them [illegible]heaven they give,
Their praiſes [illegible]uence,
Which thoſe a[illegible] your eyes, diſpenſe.
Thoſe radiant e[illegible]iſtleſs flame
Strikes Envy [illegible] Sedition tame:
They can to g[illegible]ul[illegible] give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the duke; where-e'er you tread,
Millions of proſelytes behind are led,
Through crouds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that prince, who has by you attain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd:
With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome,
But love 's a gentler victory at home.
Securely here he on that face relies,
Lays-by his arms, and conquers with your eyes;
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a wife. TO

TO THE KING,

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, propitious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t' unſheath thy conquering blade;
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now become the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Through-out the world, to court ſo brave a friend;
The guilty ſenates that refus'd thy ſway
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and offerings bring,
Confeſs their phrenzy, and confirm their king.
Who with their venom over-ſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſt,
Although by daily miracles confeſt,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
Their rightful lord they impiouſly refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their king in glory riſe,
Dread and amazement ſeiz'd the trembling crowd,
Who, conſcious of their crime, adoring bow'd.

TO THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chuſeſt not to conquer men, but hearts.
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of juſt to great.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject world to doom,
Which would he pleaſe to thunder, he 'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade,
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe,
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws:
Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar, and great Pompey, rivals be,
Or rivals only who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato gives his voice for regal ſway.

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame did all the world embroil.
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread king, might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs.
But chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide;

By

By thy example kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.
The Grecian leaders were but half divine;
Neſtor in council, and Ulyſſes ſhine:
But in the day of combat, all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore:
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

Mr. WALLER to the Author, on his foregoing Verſes to the KING.

AN early plant, which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgement that could make ſo fair a choice,
So high a ſubject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing,
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs king!

TO MR. WALLER.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame,
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood,
The prieſt inſpir'd ſaluted him a god;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
So own'd by heaven, as I thus prais'd by you:

Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the powers of old,
When in thy verſe of greater gods they 're told;
Our beauteous queen, and martial monarch's name,
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by Fame,
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sachariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand;
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO THE

IMMORTAL MEMORY OF MR. WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALike partaking of celeſtial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aſpire;
Till, crown'd with honour and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods, that breath'd the noble flame:
Homer ſhall laſt like Alexander long,
As much recorded, and as often ſung.
A tree of life is ſacred poetry;
Sweet is thy fruit, and tempting to the eye.
Many there are who nibble without leave;
But none, who are not born to taſte, ſurvive.

Waller

Waller ſhall never die, of life ſecure,
As long as Fame or aged Time endure:
Waller, the Muſe's darling, free to taſte
Of all their ſtores, the maſter of the feaſt;
Not like old Adam ſtinted in his choice,
But lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.

Thoſe foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Favouring his fame, once to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critick interrupts his praiſe,
No rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond place:
No want conſtrain'd, the writer's uſual fate;
A poet, with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals, who before the tomb
Struck the pernicious monſter, Envy, dumb,
Malice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more
Than, living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muſe employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age:
No ſatyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound,
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound:
His Eden with no ſerpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Miſtaken men his Muſe of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name:
We raiſe our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd he did oppoſe.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate and buſineſs ſhar'd his ample mind:
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So ſenates to his counſels would ſubmit:
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong.
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.

Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the hearſe,
Immortal made in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
Clear like her brow, and graceful was his ſong,
Great like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.

Parent of gods, who do'ſt to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy ſeat above?
Waller the god of verſe we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
Of joyful bards the ſweet ſeraphic quire
Acknowledge thee their oracle and ſire;
The ſpheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
Waller the god of verſe, who was the king.

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE, GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

OF the rude Indians, artleſs and untaught,
So brighteſt jewels are with trifles bought:
Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is ſhow'd,
Imperial Juno given for a cloud.

ON

ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming queen,
Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mein:
Majeſtic Juno in her air we find,
The form of Venus with Minerva's mind:
Who was ſo grac'd, ſhe, ſhe was fit alone
With Royal James to fill the Britiſh throne.

LOVE.

TO love, is to be doom'd, in life, to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' ſide
Is bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Love: the ſtone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning ſtill,
Love: thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs thirſt,
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand,
All this is Love, that to diſſembled joys
Incites vain men, and real griefs deſtroys.

THE
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE God of Day, deſcending from above,
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of Love:
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone, who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lover's toil ſhe gratefully repaid;
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And ſhew'd the world that beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm;
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire fought;
Beauty and love the nobleſt cauſe afford
That can try valour, or employ the ſword:
Not men alone, incited by her charms,
But heaven 's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan, gloriouſly poſſeſt,
Enjoys, and lets deſpairing fools conteſt:
"Secure, ſaid he, of that for which they fight,
"Theirs be the toil, and mine be the delight;
"Your dull reflections, moraliſts, forbear;
"His title 's beſt, who beſt can pleaſe the fair."
Ten years, a noble ſpace! he kept his hold;
Nor loſt, till Beauty was decay'd and old,
And Love by long poſſeſſion pall'd and cold.

And

And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diviſions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun;
Hence follow'd arts, each ſtudying with care
Some new production to delight the fair.
To bright Egeria, Socrates retir'd;
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd:
Thoſe rocks and oaks that ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids, whom Orpheus taught to melt:
Muſic and ſongs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury, 's no defence from love,
Nor, Mars, thy target, nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals, in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer rapes;
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes:
The wife, though a bright goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace:
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love is ſweet variety.
In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys;

Phœbus

Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno, jealous, ſtorms at Ganymede.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean:
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate;
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their bonfted ſkill,
To marble and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day;
Be this, my Muſe, thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to beauty to record the fair;
Still wandering in Love's ſweet delicious maze,
To ſing the triumphs of a heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown;
From Venus down to Mira bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.
From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of ſwarthy dames
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty by no complexion is defin'd,
Is of all colours, and to none confin'd:

Jewels

Jewels that ſhine in gold or ſilver ſet,
As ſparkling and as precious are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow;
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Low at her feet preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful eagles, that had fac'd the ſun
From pole to pole, at length fall dazzled down.
Her dying truth ſome generous tears would coſt,
But that her fate inſpir'd "The World Well Loſt*;"
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revel'd with delight:
The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind:
See! in the liſts, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's ſound;
Some love-device is wrought on every ſword,
And every ribbon bears ſome myſtic word:
As when we ſee the winged winds engage,
Mounted on courſers foaming flame and rage,

* All for Love; or, The World Well Loſt, written by Mr. Dryden.

Ruſtling

Ruſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
North, eaſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie,
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war:
So when the trumpet ſounding gives the ſign,
The juſtling chiefs the rude rencounter join;
So meet, and ſo renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Their clattering arms with the fierce ſhock reſound,
Helmets and broken lances ſpread the ground.
Still as one falls another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome, or none can win:
The victor, from the glittering dame, whoſe eyes
Aided his conquering arm, receives a precious prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
Till the proud Spaniard gave thoſe glories date:
Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes:
Granada * loſt, behold her pomps reſtor'd,
And Almahide † again by kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright eyes the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances, that relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of adventurous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiſs, record,
From Britain's faireſt nymph, was the reward.

* The Conqueſt of Granada, written by Mr. Dryden
† The part of Almahide, acted by Nell Gwyn.

Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,
Which like our flag upon the ſeas gives law,
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
Our gallant kings, of whom long annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love;
A monarch's right o'er beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry, on the ſtage
By a late Muſe preſented in our age,
With aching hearts and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true:
In Bracegirdle the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.
Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd:
Thy ſtatues, Venus, though by Phidia's hand
Deſign'd immoral, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's garter ſhall for ever laſt;
Which, through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
If ſuch their fame, who gave theſe rites divine
To ſacred Love, O what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful queen, who ſever'd that bright head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed!
Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and beauty been preferr'd.

But

But ah! what mighty magic can asswage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage!
Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to smile,
Flying from scenes of horror, quits our isle;
With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and he were one.
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
But oh, how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames, with opposition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent:
As a fierce torrent hinder'd in his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace;
From the loud palace to the silent grove,
All by the king's example live, and love:
The Muses with diviner voices sing,
And all rejoice to please the god-like king.
Then Waller in immortal verse proclaims
The shining court, and all the glittering dames.
Thy beauty, Sidney *, like Achilles' sword,
Resistless stands, upon as sure record;
The foremost hero, and the brightest dame,
Both sung alike, shall have their fate the same.
And now, my Muse, a nobler song prepare,
And sing it loud, that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy a wandering ray
Of moving light illuminates the day,

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated under the name of Sachariſſa.

Northward

Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe:
What though the fullen fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line;
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight:
Thou who haſt never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter folly or deſcend to vice,
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye, ſome proſpect to purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
Some beauteous ſpot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe,
Flies other objects this bright theme to chuſe.
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd; if verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where'er the Britiſh lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love:
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddeſs of the Sea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has Thee.

O happy

O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy queen is kind;
To lie but at whoſe feet, more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on ſceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly ſtate!
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from heaven, forſook their bleſt abodes;
Wandering in woods they fled from den to den,
Or, leading flocks, turn'd hirelings to men:
Or, as the ſtately pine erecting high
Her beauteous branches, ſhooting to the ſky,
If ſtrucken by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with loweſt earth lies the tall head,
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread:
So ——————
But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil thoſe griefs that none can paint:
This ſun is ſet---but ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly light recruit the day!
Love in a ſhining galaxy appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars:
Ten thouſand loves ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade the lookers-on, who die to gaze,

Knowin

Knowing our dooms, as to the Syren's voice,
So ſweet 's th' enchantment, that our fate 's our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her, let next be nam'd,
Villiers for wiſdom as for beauty fam'd:
Of a high race that conquering Beauty brings
To charm the world, and ſubjects make of kings.
With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies,
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes;
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her aery wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings,
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Oſſory.
Richmond 's a title that but nam'd implies
Majeſtic graces and victorious eyes;
Holmes and St. Albans rich in charms appear;
Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare:
By Eſſex, and fair Rutenberg, we find
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of royal blood, with modeſt grace,
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Careleſs, but yet ſecure of conqueſt ſtill,
Lu'ſon, unaiming, never fails to kill *,
Guiltleſs of pride, to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign.
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart;
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing ſake;

* Lady Gower.

Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight, for glory, not for prize.
The ſkilful Muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarin;
The poet * and his theme, in ſpight of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.
With charms ſo numerous Myra can ſurprize,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee another Brudenell heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine.
Fain would my Muſe to Stowel bend her flight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light;
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy height.

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong,
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould recorded be
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy gallery †.

* St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarin under the name of Hortenſe.

† The gallery of beauties at Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

ON

ON MY LADY HYDE,

HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhow other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces keep their court,
In her chief reſidence beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.
On things immortal all attempts are vain,
Tyrant Diſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes,
As much vermilion, as much luſtre take,
As might a Helen or a Venus make;
Like Thetis ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.
The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean ſhould the rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D and made wiſe by others flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came,
Shunning the ſex that kills at ſight,
I ſought my ſafety in my flight.

But ah! in vain from fate we fly!
For, firſt or laſt, as all muſt die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That, firſt or laſt, we all muſt love.

My heart, that ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

TO MYRA.

SONG.

FOOLISH Love, begone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy attempts on me,
Thy ſoft allurements I defy;
Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly;
My heart 's not made for thee.

Love heard, and ſtrait prepar'd a dart:
Myra, revenge my cauſe, ſaid he.
Too ſure 'twas ſhot; I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart:
O Love! my conqueror, pity me.

TO

TO MYRA.

THE SURRENDER.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah, how I tremble at her ſight!
She comes! ſhe comes! before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.
Love, a deſtroyer fierce and young,
Adventurous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor age nor ſex,
Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.
A wiſe commander he, for council fit,
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynods, nor appear'd of late
In courts or camps, or in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.
My very boſom-friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are;

My weakneſs from the conqueror's pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my guide!
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too
Surrenders now;
Preſuming longer to reſiſt,
His very name
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim,
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

TO MY R
S O N G.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling ac
Alas! a thouſand thouſand fears
Still over-awe when ſhe appears,
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drow

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like ſudden death it came,
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe, ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught:
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MYRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart?
O Death, how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, Death itſelf, like Myra flies.

II.

Love and Deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt:
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

IV.

That without hope 'twould die as ſoon,
A little hope---but I have none.
On air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

V.

As tougheſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpite of winds, and ſpread,
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to other's love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

I.

TUNE, tune thy lyre; begin, my Muſe;
What nymph, what queen, what goddeſs wilt thou chuſe?
Whoſe praiſes ſing? what charmer's name
Tranſmit immortal down to fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy ſtrings; let Echo take the ſound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round:
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

II.

Nor Venus, nor Diana, will we name,
Myra is Venus and Diana too;
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true:
Then ſing, my Muſe, let Myra be your theme.

As

As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with pains the fragrant meadows round,
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The ſweeteſt flowers, with which ſome nymph is crown'd:
In framing Myra ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.

III.

Where Myra is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures, and the Cyprian groves:
When Myra walks, ſo charming is her mien,
In every motion every grace is ſeen:
When Myra ſpeaks, ſo juſt 's the ſenſe and ſtrong,
So ſweet 's the voice, 'tis like the Muſe's ſong.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine,
Where all is ſcorch'd---whatever you decree,
Ye gods! whatever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

My

My Lady Hyde, ſitting for her Picture.

WHILE Kneller with inimitable art
Attempts that face, whoſe print 's on every heart,
The poet with a pencil leſs confin'd
Shall draw her virtues, and deſcribe her mind.
Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems, and all the inward gold.
To only patterns do the Muſes name
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame:
A Venus and a Helen have been ſeen
Both perjur'd wives, the goddeſs and the queen:
In this, the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of fair and chaſte.
This dazzling beauty is a lovely caſe
Of ſhining virtue, ſpotleſs as her face,
With graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe 's divinely fair;
With beauty nor affected, vain, nor proud,
With greatneſs eaſy, affable, and good.
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire without one gale of hope:
Like the chaſte moon ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here :
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flowers ari
Unſeen by any light but Flavia's eyes :
Where'er ſhe treads, beneath the charmer
The roſe, the jaſmine, and the lilies mect
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth :
In midſt of mountains and unfruitful grot
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.
In this new paradiſe ſhe reigns in ſtate
With ſovereign pride, diſdainful of a mat
Like the firſt charmer fair, but not ſo frail
Againſt whoſe virtue all temptations fail :
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from h
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies :
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours r
But bears an ice. and ſprings from frozen

TO DAPHNE.

A Roman and a Greek our praiſe divide,
Nor can we yet who beſt deſerv'd decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes declare,
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Cybel the lions, Pallas has the ſpear;
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

TO A
VERY LEARNED YOUNG LADY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known;
But Delia, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conquering the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſt in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love, and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So Rome, for wiſdom as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.

Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice.
Learning and Love in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her form, and ſo adorn'd is her mind.

Long has Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends, confeſt to human eyes:
Behold in Delia that inſpiring queen!
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain,
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardour ſue,
Thyrſis, you know but one can move us;
Can I be yours and Strephon's too?
My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert,
To both alike eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I,
With equal merit, equal paſſion,
Thus the victim choſe to die?
Why am I
The victim choſe to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And Fancy Reaſon over-rules,
Or, why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to fools?
'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe,
Love does predeſtinate our pity;
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

MY LADY HYDE.

WHEN fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhow how one immortal ſhin'd.
Had Hyde thus ſat by proxy too,
As Venus then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the train
Of goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;

The painter muſt have ſearch'd the ſkies
To match the luſtre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new,
In her we many mortals ſee,
As many goddeſſes in thee.

AN APOLOGY

FOR AN

UNSEASONABLE SURPRIZE.

FAireſt Zelinda, ceaſe to chide, or grieve,
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give.
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms.
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his ſight, and envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the god:
So to be caught was every god's deſire;
Nor leſs than Venus can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair.
All that we know which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is that they ſee the raptures of the bleſt,
And view the joys that they muſt never taſte.

MYRA

MYRA SINGING.

THE Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
Ty'd to the maſt, Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd:
Had Myra's voice entic'd his liſtening ear,
The Greek had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra ſings, we ſeek th' inchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes, that can ſo ſweetly wound:
What muſick needs muſt dwell upon that tongue,
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong?
Such harmony, ſuch wit, a face ſo fair,
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart or glittering ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering gun.

MYRA IN HER RIDING HABIT.

WHEN Myra in her ſex's garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be;
Now, fair Adonis, in this male-diſguiſe,
Or Cupid, killing with his mother's eyes:
No ſtile of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.

SONG TO MYRA.

FOrſaken of my kindly ſtars,
Within thy melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ungrateful love.
The happy ſtill untimely end:
Death flies from grief; or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?
Ye powers! take pity of my pain,
This, only this, is my deſire;
Ah! take from Myra her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

SONG TO MYRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender break?
O Myra! give its anguiſh eaſe:
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.
Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd,
That boſom to be preſt,
Your eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For amorous arms your waſte:
Each thing has its appointed right
Eſtabliſh'd by the powers above;
The ſun and ſtars give warmth and light,
The fair diſtribute love.

T

TO MYRA.

NAture, indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that excel ſome uſe deſign'd,
The radiant ſun, of every heavenly light
The firſt, did Myra not diſpute that right,
Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down,
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone;
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the ſight.
Plants, fruits, and flowers, the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;
Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create deſire, than to content:
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have rais'd thee ſo above thy ſex
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And beauty ſhould be kind, as well as charm.

From Jove in feathers, harmleſs to the f
Læda, without a bluſh, accepts delight.
Myra, as chaſte as Læda, and more fair
Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care,
And O take heed, for, if ſuch tales wer
The gods may practiſe theſe deſigns on y
Their heaven and all their brightneſs the
For any form, that may to you admit.
See, how the wanton bird, at every glan
Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an am
Preſt by that hand, he melts at every tou
Preſt by that hand, who would not melt
The Queen of Beauty ſhall forſake the d
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love

TO MYR

SINCE truth and conſtancy are vain

Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Scarce one, perhaps, but who is kind.
Minerva, naked from above
With Venus, and the wife of Jove,
Expoſing every beauty bare,
Deſcended to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom poets name
Goddeſs of Charity and Fame.
Penelope, her lord away,
Gave amorous audiences all the day;
Now round the bowl the ſuitors ſit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit:
Then down they take the ſtubborn bow;
Their ſtrength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know:
Thus twenty cheerful winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.
Smile, Myra, then; reward my flame,
And be as much ſecure of fame:
By all thoſe matchleſs beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs love inſpir'd,
So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That, when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Myra ſhall be th' immortal name,

THE DISCOVERY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF N———

WITH Myra's charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long has my Muſe amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends with pity heard the mournful ſound,
And all enquir'd who gave the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, and knew not whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from burning Ætna flies,
Yet none can tell from whence thoſe flames ariſe.

My timorous tongue, ſtill trembling to confeſs,
Fearful to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Slight paſſions with great eaſe we can unfold,
Were my love leſs, my tongue had been more bold;
But who can live, and endleſs torments feel?
Compell'd by racks, the moſt reſolv'd reveal
Thoſe ſecrets, that their prudence would conceal.
My weeping Muſe, oppreſt with hopeleſs vows,
Flies to her feet, and thus for mercy bows.

Survey your ſelf, and then forgive your ſlave,
Think what a paſſion ſuch a form muſt have;
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heavenly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?
My vows to Myra all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with ſeveral names;

For

For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd,
Altars for Pallas, to Athena ſmok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd of heavenly beuties, Myra 's thine.

MYRA AT A REVIEW.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Myra will by thouſands kill,
Through armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands ten thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes nor reſiſt nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

TO MYRA.

I.

SO calm and ſo ſerene but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her aguiſh love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding locks and ſmiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs, to ſee my torments never end.

III.

So up the ſteepy hill with pain
The weighty ſtone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the labourer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

THoughtful nights, and reſtleſs waking,
O the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.
Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Every, every way undone.
Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
O the pangs of jealouſy!
From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah how ſweet, could love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce immortal ecſtaſy.

TO MYRA.

SONG.

PRepar'd to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd maid,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With

With the leaſt glance a little kind,
Such wondrous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
And all my rage diſarms.
Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her ſlave repine.

TO MYRA.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In Imitation of the PHARMACEUTRIA of THEOCRITUS.

MIX, mix the philtres---Quick---ſhe flies, ſhe flies,
Deaf to my call, regardleſs of my cries.
Are vows ſo vain? Could oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah with what eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe chains of love!
Whom Love with all his arts had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Queen of the night, bright empreſs of the ſtars,
The friend of love, aſſiſt a lover's cares:
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh,
At whoſe approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs diſcloſe their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground; Ariſe, ariſe.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So ſtruggling in Love's flames her lover dies:
It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires;
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As the wax melts that to the flames I hold,
So may ſhe melt, but never more grow cold;
Pliant and warm may ſtill her heart remain,
Soft for the print, but ne'er turn hard again.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As with impetuous motion whirl'd apace,
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its place,
Ever returning: ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more th' appointed round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Diana, hail! all hail! Moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
O thou who canſt the powers of hell perſuade,
Now try thy charms upon a faithleſs maid.
Hark! the dogs bark! She comes, the goddeſs comes:
Sound, ſound aloud, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
How calm 's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſh'd, the very tempeſts ſleep,

The drowſy winds breathe gently through the trees,
And ſilent on the beach repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes: the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt:
O Love! reſentleſs Love! tyrant accurſt!
In deſerts bred, by cruel tigers nurſt!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
This riband that once bound her lovely waſte,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more,
Than the rich zone th' Idalian goddeſs wore.
This riband, this lov'd relick of the fair,
So kiſs'd, and ſo preſerv'd---Thus, thus I tear.
O Love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? Ah, why torment thy friend!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and proſtrate thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye powers, the ſacrifice.
Who-e'er he is, whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Malignant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightning ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead,
Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake;
If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
And curſt and ſcorn'd, like Menelaus he.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Theſe powerful drops thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hovering round.
Haſte, and obey: and binding be the ſpell.
Here ends my charm: O Love, ſucceed it well:
By force of magick ſtop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone; and painful is reſtraint:
Eaſe thy preſt heart, and give thy ſorrows vent,
Whence ſprang, and how began theſe griefs, declare,
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair.
Ye moon and ſtars, by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon,
I ſaw, and lov'd: her heart, engag'd, was gone:
A happier man poſſeſs'd whom I adore;
O I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
What ſhall I do? Shall I in ſilence bear,
Deſtroy myſelf, or kill the raviſher?
Die, wretched lover, die: but ah beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her.
Wait for a better hour, and truſt thy fate:
Thou ſeek'ſt her love, beget not then her hate,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh and its ſecret ſmart.

My

My life consuming with eternal grief,
From herbs and ſpells I ſeek a vain relief;
To every wiſe magician I repair,
In vain! for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sibyl books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
As melted gold preſerves its weight the ſame,
So burnt my love, nor waſted in the flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the ſtrife,
A glimmering hope recals her parting life;
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Witneſs ye hours, with what unweary'd care,
From place to place I ſtill purſued the fair.
Nor was occaſion to reveal my flames
Slow to my ſuccour, for it ſwiftly came:
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O gods! And how I trembled at her ſight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Diſmay'd and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faltering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds and broken accents came
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.

Tell,

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint:
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs---And ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
O Syren, Syren, fair deluder, ſay
Why ſhould you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Secure of innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow;
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conſcious flames.
Can this be true? Ah flattering miſchief, ſpeak,
Can you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the ſpace ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O Jealouſy! All other ills at firſt
My love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Ungrtateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore:
Though now by philtres I 'd avert thy change,
The philtres failing, poiſon ſhall revenge:
Already ſtands prepar'd the deadly draught,
Of an Aſſyrian was the ſecret bought:

Fo

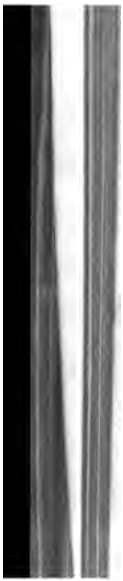
For whom that draught? Ah feeble rage and vain!
With how ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain?
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canſt thou hurt her, for whom thou yet would'ſt die!
Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul 's her ſlave.
But ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon,
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love 's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague, to me alone was given.
Evils we cannot ſhun we muſt endure,
Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia farewel, go reſt thy weary light,
I muſt for ever wake---We 'll meet again at night.

TO MYRA.

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind,
Through paths untrodden day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love.
Who moſt deſire to live untimely fall,
But when we beg to die Death flies our call.

Adonis



I call to heaven, and tell the gods my pain;
The gods, averſe, like Myra, to my prayer,
Conſent to doom whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my ſide the power to die?
Be keen, my ſword, and ſerve thy maſter wel
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with de
Strait up I roſe, and to my aching breaſt,
My boſom bare, the pointed blade I preſt,
When lò! aſtoniſh'd! an unuſual light
Pierc'd the thick ſhade, and all around grew
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light like beams of burning go
Eternal rays his ſhining temples grace *,
Eternal youth ſat ſmiling on his face;
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and muſic 's in

Ceaſe, lover, ceaſe thy tender heart to vex
In fruitleſs plaints of an ungrateful ſex:
In fate's eternal volumes it is writ
That women ever ſhall be foes to wit:

With noiſy fopperies their hearts aſſail,
Renounce all ſenſe; how ſhould thy ſongs prevail,
When I, the god of wit, ſo oft' could fail?
Remember me; and in my ſtory find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind.
I by whom all things ſhine, who tune the ſpheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with ſtars,
Whoſe youth and beauty from all ages paſt
Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall laſt:
How oft' with fruitleſs tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful nymphs! and, though a god, ador'd!
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move one hard heart? or mov'd, ſecure its truth?
Here a proud nymph with painful ſteps I chace,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, ſtay---in vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry;
O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs;
But caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree, ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.
In my next love a different fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the falſe or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis choſe,
A kinder nymph---too kind for my repoſe.
The joys I give but more inflame her breaſt,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim *
Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.

* Diſcovered by a crow.

Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the falſe, or to the proud;
By ſeveral ways they bring us equal pain,
The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
Scorn'd, and abus'd! from mortal loves I fly,
To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky;
Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confeſſing hot deſires,
She ſummons heaven and earth to quench her fires;
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore
Who neither god nor man refus'd before:
Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies.
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimſy, not reaſon, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their maſter does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train.
What vows have fail'd! Hark how Catullus mourns,
How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns.
In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe hears what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft' with ſuch ambitious choice
Haſt rais'd to Myra thy aſpiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah, what return? Ungrateful to thy praiſe!
Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return
Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn;
Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue:

The

The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
Are only fierce when they diſcover fear.
Thus ſpake the god; and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The furies round, and dip my pens in gall;
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the cozening ſex,
Vex'd ſhall they be who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to ſoft complaint and amorous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone; be bold, ſaid I,
Satire 's thy theme---in vain again I try.
So charming Myra to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.
So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound;
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till, having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe,
If not in joy, I'll live in peace.
Since for the pleaſures of an hour
We muſt endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more;
Love give me back my heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my breaſt,
Now Falſehood, a more cruel gueſt.
O, for the peace of human-kind,
Make women longer true, or ſooner kind;
With juſtice or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again.

DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my ſoul of worldly noiſe,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this buſy world provide at beſt,
But brittle goods that break like glaſs,
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt,
And pleaſures like the winds that in a moment paſs?

Thy

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah how vain
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe glories are,
That vex our days and nights with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee.
Such Helen is; ſuch, Myra, thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life! why will vain courtiers toil
And crowd a vainer monarch for a ſmile?
What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted names of conquerors and kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd period men in common have,
The great, the vile; the coward, and the brave,
Are food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

SENT THE AUTHOR INTO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

WHY, 'Granville, is thy life confin'd
To ſhades? Thou, whom the gods deſign'd
In public, to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious lance *
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.
In the firſt trials that are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe:
But why ſhould you? who ſtill ſucceed
In all you do, whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe and the firſt place to thee.
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?

* At a carouſal at Paris, in the year 1689.

If

If Myra is unkind, if it can be
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If, penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong and your melodious ſtrain
Can never be addreſt in vain,
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING.

WHOE'ER thou art, who tempt'ſt in ſuch a ſtrain,
Sweet is thy Syren ſong, but ſung in vain;
When the winds rage, and the loud billows roar,
What fool will truſt the ſea, and quit the ſhore?
Early and vain into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame,
Till, looking round me ere the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran:
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the liſt retire,
And thank the gods who my retreat inſpire.
Survey the world, and with impartial eyes
Conſider, and examine, all who riſe,
Weigh well their actions and their treacherous ends,
How greatneſs grows, and by what ſteps aſcends,
What murders, treaſons, perjuries, deceit,
How many fall, to make one monſter great.
Would you command, have fortune in your power?
Hug whom you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour:

Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lie,
Turn pandar, pathic, paraſite, or ſpy;
Such thriving arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
At leaſt a general be, perhaps a king.
Fortune we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all,
But on ſuch terms as only ſuit the baſe,
Honour denies, and ſhuns the foul embrace;
The honeſt man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue, keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new ſenates laws;
But, on vile terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his choice, and not his fate:
Honour and life th' uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken men good fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his eyes
An honeſt death, which he accepts, and dies.
O glorious reſolution! noble pride!
More honour'd than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More prais'd, more lov'd, more envy'd in his doom
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear but life with ſhame,
And death's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed;
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honeſty!

Fortune and life depend on fate alone,
My honour and my conſcience are my own.
Ye great diſturbers, who in endleſs noiſe,
In blood and horror, ſeek unnatural joys;
For what is all this buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in miſery, oppreſt with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardleſs if the cauſe be bad or good,
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies, who would paſs for gods:
For me, unpractis'd in the courtier's ſchool,
Who loath a knave, and tremble at a fool,
Who honour generous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt;
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain.
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And every element exchange its kind,
When thriving honeſty in courts we find.
Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace within himſelf, content;

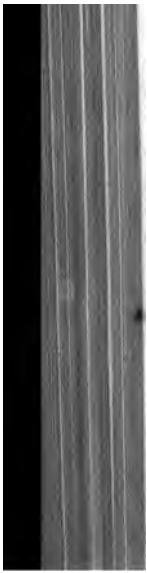
In

In thought or act accountable to none
But to himſelf and to the gods alone.
O ſweetneſs of Content! ſeraphic joy,
That, nothing wanting, nothing can deſtroy!
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where, but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace-gate.
Farewel then cities, courts and camps farewel,
Welcome ye groves, here let me ever dwell;
From care, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,
All but the Muſes and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet the morn, how gentle is the night!
How calm the evening, and the noon how bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, that like ſome wood does ſhow,
Where ſeveral wanderers travel day and night
Through ſeveral paths, and none are in the right.

AN IMITATION
OF THE
SECOND CHORUS IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt,

For impious greatneſs vengeance is in ſtore,
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies;
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes nor ſparkling diadems,
Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
He 's only great who can himſelf command:
Whoſe guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful Reaſon; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train:
Who without ſtrife or envy can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold,
Nor covets other wealth but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.
Fearleſs he ſees who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound:
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
Whether upon the ſcaffold or the throne;
Serenely as he liv'd, reſigns his breath,
Meets deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.
Ye ſovereign lords, who ſit like gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controls, and wild deſires direct,
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides:
What is this fame, thus crouded rou
The breath of fools, the bait of ſl



Of battering engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt king and conqueror is he
Who lord of his own appetites can be:
Bleſt with a power that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing ſure.
Place me, ye powers! in ſome obſcure retreat
O keep me innocent, make others great;
In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble
Unheard-of I may live, and die in peace.
Happy the man who thus, retir'd from ſight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other light;
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye,
Whoſe follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a ſecret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil fame, much worſe than none.

CHLOE.

CHLOE 's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender'
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
Nor bent to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs will to eaſe us.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning fair,
Such Chloe is---and common as the air.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs poſſeſs'd,
Chloe complains, and wondrouſly is aggriev'd.
That free, and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt and the fouleſt of her race;
She 's mine, or thine, and ſtrolling up and down
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in town,
I not deny, this, I have ſaid 'tis true;
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due!

Chloe

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover;
Regardleſs of the tendereſt truth,
No ſoft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers: all at her feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The witty, handſome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now, grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time and pleaſure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But Love's a ſummer flower, that dies
With the firſt weather changing;
The lover, like the ſwallow, flies
From ſun to ſun, ſtill ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is Virtue's ſeaſon.

ON THE SAME.

SO well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows ſhe'll never more be coy;
She drinks eternal draughts of pleaſure:
Eternal draughts will not ſuffice,
Ah give me, give me more, ſhe cries,
'Tis all too little meaſure.
Thus wiſely ſhe makes up for time
Miſ-ſpent while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waſte the day
Careful and cautious of their way,
Noting at length the ſetting ſun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their ſpeed to reach their inn,
And whip and ſpur through thick and thin.

BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride 's an arrant cheat,
A fooliſh artifice to blind;
Some honeſt glance, that ſcorns deceit,
Does ſtill reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd diſdain,
She idly acts the ſaint;
We ſee through this diſguiſe, as plain
As we diſtinguiſh paint.

The pains ſhe takes are vainly meant
To hide her amorous heart,
'Tis like perfuming an ill ſcent,
The ſmell 's too ſtrong for art.

So have I ſeen grave fools deſign
With formal looks to paſs for wiſe;
But Nature is a light will ſhine,
And break through all diſguiſe.

CLARINDA.

IN vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtrait ſhe 's aw'd.
Fooliſh creature,
Follow Nature,
Waſte not thus your prime;
Youth 's a treaſure,
Love 's a pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by Time.

THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In ſcornful poſtures ſets her face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.

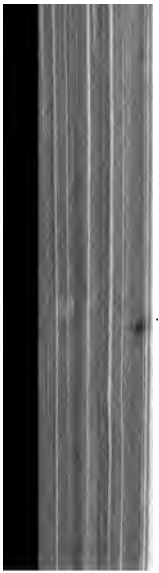
Though I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you 're too proud to eaſe my pain,
I am too proud for your diſdain.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wiſh, ſhe weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear,
Perſia and both the Indies muſt provide
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
And gems ſurround her lovely neck like ſtars:
Drawn by ſix greys of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the Park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The ladies' envy, and the mens' deſire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry: but ſhift the gaudy flattering ſcene,
View her at home in her domeſtic light,
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night.

What has ſhe there? a ſurly, ill-bred lord,
That chides, and ſnaps her up at every word;
A brutal ſot, who, while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken ſilth bedaubs the nuptial bed:
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſcous fume
Of odious ſteams that poiſon all the room:
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe:
But moſt ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind:
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
Muſt bear, though much averſe, the loathſome load.
What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe freſh reeking from the ſtews:
The ſecret venom, circling in her veins,
Works through her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains;
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe, and wonted grace,
And an unuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth;
Of ſharp nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
The conſcious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the guilt of their diſeaſe,
Affecting fury, acts a madman's part,
He 'll rip the fatal ſecret from her heart!
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand names,
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
Scarce with her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adultereſs's name;

Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.
Such is the vengeance the juſt gods provide
For thoſe who barter liberty for pride;
Who impiouſly invoke the powers above
To witneſs to falſe vows of mutual love.
Thouſands of poor Cleora's may be found,
Such huſbands and ſuch wretched wives abound.
Ye guardian powers, the arbiters of bliſs,
Preſerve Clarinda from a fate like this:
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a ſpark too much of pride;
Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill,
O ſave her from the curſe of chuſing ill.
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this prayer.
Though more than death I dread to ſee thoſe charms
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms;
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.



— Which I, his friend and ſervant, th
On his dark forehead a falſe friend is writ
Let none condemn the light that ſhews a
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his hea
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can perſuac
Seeing, we truſt; and, truſting, are betra
His looks are ſnares; but Macro's cry be
Believe not, though ten thouſand oaths h
If thou 'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this r
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the foo
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their maſter, ſo did he.

PHYLLIS DRINK

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, Love
alliance,
With forces united bid reſiſtleſs defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine ſparkles

By cordials of wine, love is kept from expiring,
And our mirth is enliven'd by love and deſiring;
Relieving each other, the pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

Then Phyllis begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiſs and a glaſs be ſtill going round;
Our joys are immortal while thus we remove
From love to the bottle, from the bottle to love.

CELIA.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide:
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte;
Celia, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, Love, how came your ſlave ſo dull
To read no better there?

Thus, to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd,
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe 's unkind.

FLAVIA.

OF two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind.
Flavia preſcribes deſpair: I urge, be kind.
Flavia be kind; the remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

LOVE.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed;
Deſtroy'd by Knowledge, and at beſt
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſt.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away;
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

FANCY.

LOVE is by Fancy led about,
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now a goddeſs call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Strait 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature:
Love and Hate are fancy all.

'Tis

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's bleſt, or dies;
Viſions of mighty pains, or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

LIBERALITY.

THOUGH ſafe thou think'ſt thy treaſure lies,
Conceal'd in cheſts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veſſel that yon ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden duſt and gems,
Purchas'd with ſo much pains and coſt,
Yet in a tempeſt may be loſt.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleſs crew,
Prieſts, pick-pockets, and lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
Thanking themſelves for what they gain.
The liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

Written in CLARINDA's Prayer-Book.

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the gods you pray:
What arrogance on heaven to call
For that, which you deny to All!

F U L V I A.

WHY pines my dear? to Fulvia, his young bride,
Who penſive ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſuch viſions break my reſt,
The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
My ſymptoms I have told a man of ſkill,
And---if I would---he ſays---I might---be well:
Take his advice, ſaid he, my poor dear wife,
I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.
Blushing ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields: from White's, or Will's, or
Tom's,
No matter which, he 's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace,
Entreats his care: then bows, and quits the place;
For little ailments oft' attend the fair,
Not decent for a huſband's eye or ear.

Something the dame would ſay: the ready knight
Prevents her ſpeech---Here's that ſhall ſet you right;
Madam, ſaid he---with that the door's made cloſe,
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe.
Alas! ſhe cries; ah me! ah cruel cure!
Did ever woman yet like me endure!
The work perform'd; upriſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the ſight.
A ſprightly red vermilion's all her face,
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace.
With tears of joy freſh guſhing from his eyes,
O wondrous power of art! old Cornus cries;
Amazing change! aſtoniſhing ſucceſs!
Thrice happy I! what a brave man is this!
Maids, wives, and widows, with like whims poſſeſt,
May thus find certain eaſe---*Probatum eſt.*

TO CELIA.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great
For pay let armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If

To her own wool the silk of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines.
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to chuse:
Feasting our sense in many various ways.
Say, is 't thy bounty? or thy thirst of praise?
That, by comparing others, all might see
Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

Upon a Hearing, in the House of Lords, of a Cause between her Grace the Dutchess of Grafton and the Lord Chief Justice.

THE princes sate. Beauty and Law contend
The Queen of Love will her own cause defend.
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with such commanding eyes!
Must I then speak? O heavens! the charmer cries;
O barbarous clime, where beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to persuade!
Will Discord never leave with envious Care
To raise debate? But Discord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, Wisdom, Fame, and Power,
Long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Consest to fight, three goddesses descend
On Ida's Hill, and for a prize contend.

Nobly

TO MY FRIEND MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS.

AS flowers tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die,
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught:
While we tranſfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire;
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius and the flame:
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Celeſtial charmer! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee,
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight,
Deckt in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For forcing wealth, impatient ſtill of more:

The Sire Omnipotent prepares the brand
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
And in the vaſt abyſs confounds the mimic Jove.
Preſumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the Thunderer.
Caſſiope, preferring with diſdain
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain:
The daughter, for the mother's guilty ſcorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the mother's borne
Above the clouds, where by immortal light
Revers'd ſhe ſhines, expos'd to human ſight,
And to a ſhameful poſture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.
Did thus the gods ſuch private nymphs protect,
What vengeance might the Queen of Love expect?
But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; more juſtice ſhall obtain:
Who to a huſband better can ſucceed,
Than his lov'd wife, the partner of his bed?
Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
And in his royal veins reſpect your kings;
Immortal Jove upon a mortal ſhe
Begat his ſire: ſecond from Jove is he.
Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
Following the cry of liberty and laws,
If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life,
You ſpoil ungratefully the ſon and wife.

Wha

What need I more? 'twere treaſon to diſpute?
The grant was royal: that decides the ſuit:
Shall vulgar laws imperial power conſtrain?
Kings and the gods can never act in vain.
  She finiſh'd here, the queen of every grace,
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly face;
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates,
My ſword ſhould end what now my Muſe relates.
Up roſe the judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes-like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks:
In you, my lords, who judge, and all that hear,
Methinks I read your wiſhes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder; even I contend
With ſecret pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence
That may diſpleaſe ſuch heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe.
Let Niobe's juſt doom, the vile diſgrace
Of the Propetides polluted race,
Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy, ſurprize,
Who dare to match the luſtre of her eyes:
Aloud the faireſt of the ſex complain
Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain:
At her appearance all their brightneſs ends,
Thoſe ſtars of beauty ſet when ſhe aſcends.

Where

Where Love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the prize,
But rigid law has neither ears nor eyes;
Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and Rhadamanthus diſavow:
Juſtice, by nothing biaſs'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe.
What then avails it that a beardleſs boy
Took a raſh fancy for a female toy?
Th' inſulted Argives with a numerous hoſt
Purſue revenge, and ſeek the Dardan coaſt:
Though the gods built, and though the gods defen
Thoſe lofty towers the hoſtile Greeks aſcend,
Nor leave they till the town in aſhes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies.
The queen of Paphos mixing in the fray
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day,
In perſon in the foremoſt ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands:
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air
His feather'd javelin, ſtrikes the heavenly fair;
The vaulted ſkies with her loud ſhrieks reſound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
In cauſes juſt ſhould all the gods oppoſe,
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo Cato choſe.
Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, ſhall birth avail?
Blood and high deeds in diſtant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.

Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But thoſe who could bring deſert or boaſt of blood,
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd!
Take a juſt view, how many may remark
Who 's now a lord, his grandſire was a clerk:
Then, O beware, nor do thoſe robes deſpiſe,
But honour that, from whence your honours riſe.
How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe?
Kings are the common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
Such fatal precedents might awe the throne
From lawleſs grants: who gives what 's not their own,
The gift is void: 'twere a cheap way to clear
The crown accounts, by robbing from the bar!
That power which takes from me, may force from you:
To your own intereſts---you were ever true:
Conſider that: I plead but your own cauſe:
Give ſentence then, protect, maintain the laws.
He ſpoke. The princes differ, and divide;
Some follow law, and ſome with beauty ſide.
So once th' apoſtate angels brav'd the power
Whom they were wont to worſhip and implore:
Like impious is their rage, who have in chace
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
Bold Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the goddeſs with the charming eyes:
Beauty her orders, like th' Almighty, ſends,
And Rocheſter, like Michael, cleaves the fiends:

And O may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries:
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

TO MY LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE

BOMBARDING AND BURNING THE TOWN OF GRANVILLE IN NORMANDY.

THOUGH built by gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall ſhine, though with theſe walls were loſt
All the records thy anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, though not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe: nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Thoſe arms which for nine centuries had brav'd*
The wrath of time, on antic ſtone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies by thy valour rais'd:

* The arms of his family, at that time ſtill remaining on one of the gates of the town.

Safe

TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

Safe on thy * eagle's wings they ſoar, above
The rage of war or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæſar and of Jove.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick; in every face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys, repairs;
The bold carouſer, and adventuring dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuſe the flame;
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, and piety.
Sire of all arts, defend thy darling ſon,
O ſave the man, whoſe life's ſo much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And, by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

* Created a Count of the Roman empire, with pri
ege to quarter his arms on the Imperial eagle,
icknowledgment of his bravery at the relief of Vienna,
l ſeveral other occaſions in the war of Hungary,
re his lordſhip ſerved a volunteer.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

I.

THE happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

II.

But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains the greateſt pain
Is to love---and love in vain.

TO FLAVIA.

Her Gardens having eſcaped a Flood that had deſtroyed all the Fruits of the Ground in her Neighbourhood.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,

The choſen Noah ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of heaven than of mankind;
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair;
Theſe favours, thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage that they ſend her down.
O Flavia, may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings endleſs as thy love!

Written in a Novel, entitled, LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her.
Who'd truly know Love's power or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes, and read my heart.

PROLOGUE TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

AS quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones
In ſports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with guilt and ſhame
That not one ſtroke had yet been given for fame;

Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the paſt,
To bold attempts and rugged labours haſte.
Our poet ſo with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of his love-ſick Muſe;
To amorous toils, and to the ſilent grove,
To Beauty's ſnares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids farewell: his ſhield and lance prepares,
And mounts the ſtage to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like ſome monſter, ſuffering none t' eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the town, and varies ſtill her ſhape.
Here, like a general, ſhe ſtruts in ſtate,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait.
There, like ſome penſive ſtateſman, walks demure,
And ſmiles, and hugs, to make deſtruction ſure;
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then, in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to ſee the face.
In pulpits and at bar ſhe wears a gown,
In camps a ſword, in palaces a crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley beaſt,
Our poet comes to ſtrike one ſtroke at leaſt.
His glaſs he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he hopes to ſhow,
On choſen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery at all.
Yet to the fair he fain would quarter ſhow,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he give too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

EPI-

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN

By Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE in Mens Cloaths.

I Who have been the poet's ſpark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally diſlike a damning face.
Pleas'd or diſpleas'd, no matter now 'tis paſt,
The firſt who dares be angry breathes his laſt:
Who ſhall preſume to doubt my will and pleaſure,
Him I defy to ſend his weapon's meaſure:
If war you chuſe, and blood muſt needs be ſpilt here,
By Jove, let me alone to match your tilter,
I 'll give you ſatisfaction if I can;
'Sdeath, 'tis not the firſt time I've kill'd my man.
On pain of being poſted to your ſorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

EPILOGUE TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

EACH in his turn, the Poet *, and the Prieſt †,
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſt:
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage.
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err: for, without mincing, to be plain,
The guile 's your own of every odious ſcene.
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode;
The vices that you practiſe we explode:
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The ſcribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit;
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be writ.
Good plays we try, which after the firſt day
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your ſires an age ago,
Is loſt, without the garniture of ſhow.

* Mr. Dryden, in his prologue to the Pilgrim.
† Mr. Collier, in his View of the Stage.

A vaſt

At vaſt expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd---and beaten---is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon without muſic moraliz'd;
Shakeſpeare's ſublime in vain entic'd the throng
Without the aid of Purcell's Syren ſong!
In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good morals and juſt thought,
True nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
To trifling jeſts, and fulſome ribaldry:
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gormon * take the ſtage---or Lady Mary †.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you:
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene, to poliſh every line,

* A famous prize-fighter.
† A famous rope-dancer.

Judg-

Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a mother's pains;
Vain fools! thus to diburb and rack their brains.
When more indulgent to the writer's eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe:
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write---the pretty things which you admire.
Our author then, to pleaſe you in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play;
In gingling rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line
Should chance, through inadvertency, to ſhine,
Forgive him, beaux; he means you no offence,
But begs you, for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon---all the poetry and ſenſe.

EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs.
Till by fruition novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes;
So fares it too with plays, in vain we write
Unleſs the muſic or the ſhow invite,
Not Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love:

Judge

Judge our deſire by our coſt and pains,
Sure in-expence, uncertain in our gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our foppories of tune and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe.
Howe'er to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every fop prefers his mother-wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who, for another's ſenſe, would quit his own.
In all things elſe to love of change inclin'd,
Scarce in two following ſeſſions can we find
That politician---but has chang'd his mind:
But ſure ſuch patriots change not, but forget,
'Tis want of memory, the curſe of wit.
Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens;
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muſe the more---for being a boy;
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, though not content,
To find ſo young a thing not impotent.
Our ſtage reformers too he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm;
And therefore, to atone for paſt abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his thirds to charitable uſes.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Higgons's excellent Tragedy, called THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

Y[illegible] a common fire.
When one [illegible] in peace, or be a beau;
Nor [illegible] can be [illegible],
Nor [illegible] the [illegible].
But [illegible] of wit,
[illegible] and [illegible] naked to the pit.
[illegible] be branded foes,
[illegible] the [illegible]:
[illegible] they
[illegible] of a play,
[illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible].
[illegible].
[illegible] they [illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible];
[illegible] arms,
[illegible] charms,

* [illegible]

[illegible]LEUS

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus, obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus in deſpair conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology; upon whoſe prophecy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the ſon of Thetis by Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

Prometheus appears upon Mount Caucaſus chained to a rock, with the vulture at his breaſt. Peleus enters, addreſſig himſelf to Prometheus.

PELEUS.

CONdemn'd on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!

To whoſe inſpecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the ſtarry heaven;
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROM. From Jupiter ſpring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine;
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppoſe
Thy torturer---and mine.
Contented with deſpair,
O wretched man! reſign
Whom you adore, or elſe prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppoſe
Thy torturer and mine.

PEL. In change of torments would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confeſs
There is no vulture like Deſpair.

PROM. Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour.
PEL. Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

THETIS ENTERS.

THE. Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.
PROM. Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour.
PEL. Ceaſe cruel Thetis, to diſdain.
THE. Peleus, unjuſtly you complain,
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs fates ordain:
I ſtill am true---and would be kind.

PEL.

PEL. To love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How killing 's the anguiſh,
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THE. Accurſed Jealouſy,
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chuſe to die,
Rather than live with Jove.

JUPITER APPEARS DESCENDING.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments while Jupiter is deſcending.

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER BEING DESCENDED]

JUP. Preſumptuous ſlave, rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal, thus defy
A goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous mortal, hence---
Tremble at omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.

JUP.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haſte, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods,
And every hour by Love is made
Some heaven-defying encelade.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
PEL. and THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
PEL. and THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

THET. Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free,
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semelé?
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROM. Son of Saturn, take advice
From one, whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the gods, but Fate rules thee.
Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing
Shall taſte the joy, and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to out-ſhine,
And be the greateſt of his line.

JUP. Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon!
Juſtly th' impartial fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the fire
Of ſuch another ſon.
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe,
And guilt, that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
[*Giving her to Peleus.*
Peleus, take the maid divine:
Jove conſenting, ſhe is thine;
The fatal bleſſing I reſign.
PEL. Heaven had been loſt, had I been Jove;
There is no heaven like mutual love.

JUP. to PROM. And thou, the ſtars interpreting,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty;
Ariſe, and be thyſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus, his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with Jupiter, to a loud flouriſh of all the muſic.*]

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!

But to gaze
On thy face,
r gentle hand thus preſſing,
eavenly, heavenly bleſſing.
O my ſoul!
ither, whither art thou flying?
in ſweet tumultuous dying,
ither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

HET. You tremble, Peleus---So do I:
ay, and we'll together die.
ortal, and of race divine,
ſoul ſhall take her flight with thine:
diſſolving in delight,
ing breaſts, and ſwimming ſight,
ering ſpeech, and gaſping breath,
toms of delicious death,
diſſolving in delight,
ul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul!
her, whither art thou flying?
n ſweet tumultuous dying,
her, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

L. and THET. repeat together. } O my ſoul, &c.

CHORUS of all the Inſtruments and Voices. Singing and Dancing.

When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſt is the ſwain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain.
When the ſtorm, &c.

Written under Mrs. HARE'S Name upon a Drinking Glaſs.

THE gods of wine, and wit, and love, prepare
With chearful bowls to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toaſt,
And Hare's the goddeſs that delights him moſt;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpets ſound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, ſends it round.

Written under the Dutcheſs of BOLTON'S Name upon a Drinking-Glaſs.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are charming Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddeſs poiſons with deſpair;
The God of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe.

A LATIN

A LATIN INSCRIPTION on a MEDAL for LEWIS XIV.

PRoximus & ſimilis regnas Ludovice tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate geris:
Magnus & expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED, and applied to the QUEEN.

NEXT to the Thunderer let ANNA ſtand,
In piety ſupreme, as in command,
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread:
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle YOU the Thunder join.

A MORNING HYMN.

To Her Grace the Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the Day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy charming eyes,
And ſhow the ſun a brighter ray:

Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to ſalute the ſkies,
Or ſleeps, or elſe ſuſpends his note,
Diſclaiming day till you ariſe.
Goddeſs awake, thy beams diſplay,
Reſtore the univerſe to light;
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
And when ſhe diſappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
For lovers never, never ſleep!
Wait for the riſing of the fair,
To offer ſongs and hymns of prayer,
Like Perſians to the ſun:
Even life and death and fate are there,
For in the rolls of ancient deſtiny
Long ſince 'twas noted down,
The dying ſhall revive, the living die,
But as you ſmile or frown.

Awake, bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy charming eyes,
And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray:
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

AN ESSAY

UPON

UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

AS when ſome image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object his deſign;
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are ſhown,
And Nature is their object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud or blame,
But as the juſt proportions are the ſame.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhock'd diſdains to own.
By true reflection I would ſee my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying-glaſs?
" But poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
" Leaves Truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
" And raſh hyperboles that ſoars ſo high,
" And every ornament of verſe muſt die.

Miſtake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very ſame,
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn:
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold;
Ladies and beaux to pleaſe, is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.
As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When through the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth with ſuch obvious meanings will diſpenſe.
The reader what in reaſon 's due believes,
Nor can we call that falſe which not deceives:
Hyperboles ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our ſight,
They mount with Truth, and make a towering flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander through incredible to true:
Fallehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.
Thus Poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore;
Such vaunts as his who can with patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his hero when he 's dead?
"In heat of action ſlain, yet ſcorns to fall,
"But ſtill maintains the war, and fights at---All."

The noiſy culverin, o'er-charg'd, lets fly,
And burſts, unaiming, in the rended ſky;
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature ſuffers in the wild extreme.
The captive Canibal, oppreſt with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping croud,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmoſt ſtretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulſome, falſe, and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiouſly divides
His hero and his gods to different ſides,
I would condemn, but that, in ſpite of ſenſe,
Th' admiring world ſtill ſtands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to ſucceed,
Become not parties in an impious deed,
And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find,
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſterous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe;
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth by ſome judicious hand,
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand.
Our king return'd, and baniſh'd peace reſtor'd,
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd ſtage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word:

Dryden

Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd through choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's ſin,
Almanſor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury ſpent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roſcommon firſt, then Mulgrave roſe, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide;
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May from their leſſons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That every line the teſt of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric riſe
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies.
From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd Truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove;
Cheriſh, ye Muſes, the forſaken fair,
And take into your train this beauteous wanderer.

A CHA-

A
CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY*.

OF all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of Art;
But

* This character, however juſt in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being repreſented as a laborious writer, which every man who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him can contradict.

Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict enquiries into nature, ſuch cloſe obſervations on the ſeveral humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a diſſection of humankind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit and force of expreſſion, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writitings, are able to affirm theſe happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him to his facility of doing it; for, if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary ſize could not lift, was but a walking-ſtick for Hercules. Mr.

But Wycherley earns hard what e'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains, &c.

Lord Rocheſter's Poems.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the ſharpeſt ſatyriſt of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the ſoftneſs of the tendereſt diſpoſitions: in his writings he is ſevere, bold, undertaking: in his nature, gentle, modeſt, inoffenſive: he makes uſe of his ſatire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occaſions and for public good. He compaſſionates the wounds he is under a neceſſity to probe, or, like a good-natur'd conqueror, grieves at the occaſions that provoke him to make ſuch havock.

There are who object to his verſification: but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. Verſification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament: but if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours ſhould happen to be rough, or careleſsly laid on, yet may the piece be of ineſtimable value: whereas the fineſt and the niceſt colouring art can invent, is but labour in vain, where the reſt is wanting. Our preſent writers indeed, for the moſt part, ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they ſacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but ſound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is maſculine: his Muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution: he would be tried by the ſharpneſs of his blade, and not by the finery: like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and like thoſe heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous conſent of his coteporaries, is diſtinguiſhed by the juſt appellation of Manly Wycherley. LANSDOWNE.

VERSES

Written in a Leaf of the AUTHOR'S POEMS, preſented to the QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A Muſe expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this laſt homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of Death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more---and ſinging dies.
Hail, mighty Queen! whoſe powerful ſmile alone
Commands ſubjection, and ſecures the throne:
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute,
All, who have eyes, confeſs you abſolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own a right divine.
Thus ſang the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With CAROLINA's praiſe---and then expir'd.

Written

v v To ſome bright goddeſs we c
Minerva, wiſdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furniſhes the face:
In royal ANNE's bright form is ſeen
What comprehends them all---The

THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

UPON the ſeparation of the houſes, when muſical performances were confined to one theatre, and dramatic to the other, it became neceſſary to lengthen the repreſentation of the enſuing Poem with ſeveral alterations and additions, and ſome entire new ſcenes, to fill up the ſpaces occaſioned by the neceſſity of leaving out the mixture of muſical entertainment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

CELIUS, King of Britain, Father to Oriana.
CONSTANTIUS, Emperor of Rome, in love with Oriana.
AMADIS, a famous Knight-Adventurer, in love with Oriana, and beloved by her.
FLORESTAN, Companion to Amadis, in love with Coriſanda.
LUCIUS, a Roman.
ARCALAUS, an Enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

W O M E N.

ARCABON, an Enchantreſs, Siſter to Arcalaus.
ORIANA.
CORISANDA.
URGANDA, a good Enchantreſs.
DELIA, her Attendant.

Officers and Guards attending Celius; Romans attending Conſtantius; Ladies attending Oriana; Attendants to the ſeveral Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in BRITAIN.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain riſes to a flouriſh of all ſorts of loud muſic. The ſcene is a grove beautify'd with fountains, ſtatues, &c. Urganda is diſcovered as in the midſt of ſome ceremony of enchantment. Thunder during the muſic.

URGANDA, DELIA, AND ATTENDANTS.

URGANDA.

SOUND, ſound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the prieſt, and ſave a trembling bride;
Aſſiſt an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cauſe is worthy Jove.

DELIA.

Succeſsful is our charm: the temple ſhakes,
The altar nods, th' aſtoniſh'd prieſt forſakes
The hallow'd ſhrine, ſtarts from the bridegroom's ſide,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

[*Thunder again and muſic. Urganda walks down the ſcene, waving her inchanted rod during the following incantation.*

* See the Prologue, p. 217.

Ye ſweet muſicians of the ſky,
Hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic elſe ſupply.
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, and tune the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

A Single Voice.

Jaſon thus to Orpheus ſaid,
Take thy harp, and melt the maid;
Vows are vain, with muſic warm her,
Play, my friend, and charm the charmer.
Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,
The cedars dance, the grove obeys.
Hark, hark again!
Medea melts like Proſerpine.

Liſtening ſhe turns: how ſoft, ſhe cries!
How ſweet; ah how ſweet each ſtring replies,
Till on the warbling note ſhe dies.
Ah how ſweet, and how divine!
O! 'tis a pleaſure
Beyond meaſure,
Take the treaſure,
Greek, 'tis thine.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, and tune the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

First Dance of Statues.

A Single Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In every glance, and every grace,
What is that we ſee
But harmony;
Celeſtial harmony!
Our raviſh'd hearts leap up to meet
The muſic of her eyes, and dance around her feet.

URGANDA.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what 's a ſoldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DELIA.

By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And like Æneas driven from coaſt to coaſt,

The wandering hero would return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who, anxious of neglect, ſuſpecting change,
Conſults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URGANDA.

Juſt in the moment when reſentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires;
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the Roman's bride.

DELIA.

Did not your art, with timely aids, provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

URGANDA.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monſters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurſt with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods; but moſt the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect ſome patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and ſlaves to Fame,
And make a valiant chief enrol his name;
By ſhining marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various orders to various enſigns bear.
Bound by ſtrict oaths, to ſerve the brighteſt eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for glory than the prize;
While, to invite the toil, the faireſt dame
Of Britain, is the boldeſt champion's claim.

DELIA.

DELIA.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardieſt knight.
Nor Theſeus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

URGANDA.

O mighty Amadis! what thanks are due
To thy victorious ſword, that Ardan ſlew!
Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met ſpear to ſpear, thy great delivering hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana 's thine, by conqueſt as by love.

DELIA.

The haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's hatred, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.

URGANDA.

With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
Behold the time, when tender Love ſhall be
Nor vext with doubt, nor preſt with tyranny,
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero 's pay is love.

The tasks of glory painful are and hard,
But oh! how bleſt, how ſweet is the reward!

[Urganda retires down the ſcene as continuing the ceremony of enchantment; muſick playing, and her attendants repeating the Chorus of the foregoing incantation till out of ſight. The ſcene changes to an apartment in king Cellia's palace. Enter a numerous train of Britons and Romans preceding Conſtantius and Coriſanda, followed by other attendants, each nation the Britons in a painted dreſs, after the ancient manner.]

CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, CORISANDA.

CONSTANTIUS.

Lovers conſult not ſtars, nor watch the ſkies,
But ſeek their ſentence in their miſtreſs eyes,
Careleſs of thunder, from the clouds that breaks
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana frowns, from thence I date
My future hope, and when ſhe frowns, my fate.

ORIANA.

If from my looks your ſentence you would hear,
Behold and be inſtructed to deſpair.

CONSTANTIUS.

Loſt in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd, her ſcorn deſtroys;
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving and rejecting in a breath,
Now proffering mercy, now preſenting death:
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!

Cruel

Cruel eſtate of doubt! ah! Princeſs, try
Once to reſolve, or let me live, or die.

ORIANA.

Ceaſe, prince, the anger of the gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love;
Our holy men, interpreting the voice
Of heaven in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

CONSTANTIUS.

Strange rules for conſtancy your prieſts deviſe,
If love and hate muſt vary with your ſkies.
From ſuch vile ſervitude ſet Reaſon free;
The gods in every circumſtance agree;
To ſuit our union, pointing out to me,
In this right hand, the ſceptre that they place
For me to hold, was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the gods deſign'd,
And be the charming miſtreſs of mankind.
Ambition, Love, whatever can inſpire
A mutual flame, glory, and young deſire.
To guide and to adorn the deſtin'd choice conſpire.
If greatneſs then with beauty may compare,
(And ſure the great are form'd but for the fair)
Then 'tis moſt plain, that all the gods decree
That I was born for you, and you for me.

CORISANDA.

Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous Love declare,
And chuſe the needy virgin, chaſte and fair:

Let

Let women to ſuperior fortune born,
For naked virtue all temptations ſcorn,
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd,
And Providence, not niggardly, but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may riſe:
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find;
But friend and benefactor always bind.

Enter King CELIUS with a Guard of Britons.

CELIUS.

Our prieſts recover, 'twas a holy cheat,
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

ORIANA.

What heaven forbids---

CELIUS.

'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our prieſts have better learnt: what now is ill,
Can, when I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound, but what their king would hear.
Ere they interpret let them mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.
Prince, take your bride.

ORIANA.

'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my hand.

[*Refuſing to Conſtantius, who offers to take her hand.*

CELIUS.

CELIUS.

How dar'ſt thou diſobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
[*To Conſtantius.*
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears;
All feign'd and falſe; while her deſires are more
A real fire, but a diſſembled ſhower:
You'd ſee, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
On to the temple lead---

ORIANA.

Obedience is your due, which I muſt pay;
But as a lover I command you---Stay.
[*Again rejecting his hand.*
Obeying him, I 'll be obey'd by you.

CONSTANTIUS.

Nor ſaints to heaven with more ſubmiſſion bow:
I have no will but what your eyes ordain:
Deſtin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

CELIUS. [*Aſide.*]

Into what hands, ye gods! have you reſign'd
Your world? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
Theſe ſupple Romans teach our women ſcorn,
I thank you, gods, that I 'm a Briton born.
Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate?
Woman [*To her.*] no more of this, but follow ſtrait:
And you [*To him.*] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.
[*Exit Celius.*
[*Oriana*

[Oriana ſtands ſilent and weeping a-while. Conſtantius looking concerned. After a ſhort pauſe Oriana ſpeaks.

ORIANA.

Your ſtars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how generous men ſhould love;
All boaſt their flames, but yet no woman found
A paſſion, where ſelf-love was not the ground.
Now we're ador'd, and the next hour diſpleaſe,
At firſt your cure, and after, your diſeaſe:
Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences caught;
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CONSTANTIUS.

So much, ſo tenderly, your ſlave adores,
He has no thought of happineſs but yours.

ORIANA.

Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere words prevail;
I muſt have proofs; but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CONSTANTIUS.

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I 'll obey?

ORIANA.

Then to be ſhort, and put you out of pain,
Leave me, and never ſee my face again.
Start not, nor look ſurpriz'd, nor pauſing ſtand,
Be your obedience brief, as my command.

CONSTANTIUS.

Your ſtrange command you give with ſuch an air,
Well may I pauſe, who tremble but to hear.

Love

Love is a plant of the moſt tender kind,
That ſhrinks and ſhakes with every ruffling wind;
Such words in jeſt, ſcarce can my heart ſupport,
In pity, ah! forbear ſuch cruel ſport.

ORIANA.

Our ſerious fates no hours for mirth allow,
And one ſhort truth is all my refuge now.
Prepare then, prince, to hear a ſecret told,
That ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold;
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold;
Know then, I love---

CONSTANTIUS.

Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs;
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

ORIANA.

Miſtake me not---That I do love, is true;
But flatter not yourſelf, it is not you.

CONSTANTIUS.

Forbid it, gods! Strike any where but there:
Let but thoſe frowns, and that diſdainful air,
Be the accuſtom'd niceneſs of the fair;
Then I might hope, that time, affiduous love,
Vows, tears, and prayers, ſuch coyneſs might remove:
But if engag'd---Recal the fatal breath
That ſpoke the word--the ſound is inſtant death.

ORIANA.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth; if one muſt die,
You are the judge; ſay, is it you, or I?

Enter haſtily a BRITON.

BRITON.

The king is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

CONSTANTIUS.

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to ſtay.

ORIANA.

Bear back a gentler anſwer---We'll obey.

CONSTANTIUS.

Hence every ſound that 's either ſoft or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind:
Yes, by the gods! I could to atoms tear,
Confound mankind, and all the world--but her.
Say, flatterer, ſay, ah! fair deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my heart does break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORIANA.

To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a ſubject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains that duty have put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CONSTANTIUS.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire than his own;

No

No ties can bind, that from conſtraint ariſe,
Where either 's forc'd, all obligation dies:
Curſt be the man, who uſes other art
But only love, to captivate a heart.
O fatal law! requiring to reſign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

ORIANA.

Accuſe me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize;
Friendſhip, eſteem be yours: Bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more!
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame not me, ſince nothing bars your fate,
But that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

[*Conſtantius ſtands in a thoughtful poſture.*

CORISANDA.

Thus merit 's uſeleſs; fortune holds the ſcale,
And ſtill throws in the weight that muſt prevail;
Your rival is not of more charms poſſeſt,
A grain of better luck has made him bleſt.

CONSTANTIUS.

To love, and have the power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can fleſh and blood do this?
Shall nature, erring from her firſt command,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the ſprings of life deſtroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?

Senſual and baſe---Can Nature them approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing whom we love?
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt; renouncing I;
Where then's the doubt? Die, die, Conſtantius, die.
Honour, and Love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call direct my way,
To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides, behold your ſlave.

ORIANA.

Love 's an ignoble joy, below your care,
Glory ſhall make amends with Fame in war;
Honour 's the nobleſt chace, purſue that game,
And recompence the loſs of love with fame:
If ſtill againſt ſuch aids your love prevails,
Yet abſence is a cure that ſeldom fails.

CONSTANTIUS.

Tyrannic Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame! unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
That love, which ſpite of cruelty can live!
From your diſdain, ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Though ſeas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O! dire reverſe of hope, that I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewel, Oriana; yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding love?

Ah no, take heed, turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs rejoice, for your next news ſhall be,
Conſtantius dies to ſet Oriana free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE. A thick-wooded Foreſt.

Enter ARCABON ſeeming penſive, and ARCALAUS.

ARCABON.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like ſudden death it came;
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe, ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more,
And Fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from his beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught.
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

ARCALAUS.

Enchantreſs ſay, whence ſuch replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

ARCABON.

Swiftly he paſt, and as in ſport purſued
The ſavage herd, and hunted round the wood;
[*Seeming not to mind him.*
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong,
Like Jove majeſtic, like Apollo young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCALAUS.

Who paſs'd? who look'd?

ARCABON.

Ah! there's the fatal wound,
That tears my heart-ſtrings---But he ſhall be found:
Yes, ye Infernals, if there's power in art,
My arms ſhall hold him, as he graſps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ſtars confin'd, enchant the boiſterous deep,
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreſts move,
Shall I be baffled by this trifler, Love?

ARCALAUS.

Suſpend thoſe follies, and let rage ſurmount,
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murderer's in our power.

Leave

Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain.
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort joys,
Are fools, that barter precious life for toys.

ARCABON.

They 're fools who preach we waſte our days and ſtrength;
What is a life whoſe only charm is length?
Give me a life that 's ſhort and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy;
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

See it perform'd---and thou ſhalt be,
Dire inſtrument of hell, a god to me.
[*Exit Attendant.*
He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught.
Here Ardan fell, here on this fatal ſpot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple blood, that cries ſo loud for more:
Think on that image, ſee him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.
Think on the murderer, with inſulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding ſide,
Oh think——

ARCABON.

What need theſe bloody images to move?
Revenge I will---and would ſecure my love.

Why ſhould I of a frailty ſhameful be,
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
Nor Circe nor Calypſo 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
If hell has power, both paſſions I will pleaſe,
My anger and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
Lead on, magician, make revenge ſecure,
My hand 's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.

[They go off.

ORIANA and CORISANDA appear entering from the lower part of the Scene.

ORIANA.

Thrice happy they, who thus in woods and groves,
From courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the ſtate;
Our hopes, our wiſhes, all our paſſions, ty'd
For public uſe, the ſlaves of others' pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

CORISANDA.

So generous this emperor's love does ſeem,
'Twould juſtify a change, to change for him.

[Flouriſh of muſic, as in the Foreſt.

ORIANA.

Oft' we have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe,
Which, in ſoft muſic murmuring through the trees,
Salute us as we paſs.---

CORI-

CORISANDA.

The air we breathe ſure is inchanted air.

[*They liſten, looking about as ſurprized.*

Enter ſeveral of ARCALAUS's Magicians, repreſenting Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, ſinging and dancing.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Follow, ye nymphs and ſhepherds all,
Come celebrate this feſtival,
And merrily ſing, and ſport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

To Oriana.] Queen of Britain, and of Love,
Be happy as the bleſt above;
A joyful day is in thy power,
Seize, O ſeize the ſmiling hour.
Graces numberleſs attend thee,
The gods as many bleſſings ſend thee:
Be happy as the bleſt above,
Queen of Britain, and of Love.

[*Exeunt, ſinging in.*

CHORUS.

Follow, ye nymphs, &c.

ORIANA.

Prepoſterous nuptials, that fill every breaſt
With joy, but only her's who ſhould be bleſt.

CORISANDA.

Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here;
Princeſs retire, there may be danger near,

ORIANA.

What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony,
I'll follow thee---Play on---
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens every care,
[*Exeunt, following the muſic.*

ARCALAUS enters, with an Attendant, obſerving them.

ARCALAUS.

Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair.
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once the joys of ſweet revenge and love.
[*Exeunt, following.*

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

AMADIS.

Miſtake me not---No, Amadis ſhall die
If ſhe is pleas'd, but not diſturb her joy.
Nice honour ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes, and proud, with ſlight for ſlight.
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign,
In private grieve, but with a careleſs ſcorn
In public ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLORESTAN.

Hard is the taſk in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere, it will complain:

Doubts

Doubts that from rumour roſe you ſhould ſuſpend,
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a raſh diſtruſt,
Is the aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

AMADIS.

If ſhe is true, why all this nuptial noiſe
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty joys?
Who to a woman truſts his peace of mind,
Truſts a frail bark, with a tempeſtuous wind.
Thus to Ulyſſes, on the Stygian coaſt
His fate enquiring, ſpake Atrides' ghoſt:
Of all the plagues with which the world is curſt,
Of every ill, a woman is the worſt:
Truſt not a woman.---Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLORESTAN.

Thus in deſpair, what moſt we love we wrong,
Not heaven eſcapes the impious atheiſt's tongue.

AMADIS.

Enticing crocodiles, whoſe tears are death;
Syrens, that murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the ſight,
Pompouſly deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glittering gold and ſparkling gems they ſhine,
But apes and monkeys are the gods within.

FLORESTAN.

My love attends with pain, while you purſue
This angry theme: I have a miſtreſs too:
The faultleſs form no ſecret ſtains diſgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemiſh'd as her face,

Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin,
Without all goddess, all divine within,
By Truth maintaining what by Love she got,
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMADIS.

Forgive the visions of my frantic brain;
Far from the man I love be all such pain:
By the immortal gods I swear, my friend,
The fates to me no greater joy could send,
Than that your labours meet a prosperous end;
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true.

ORIANA and CORISANDA without.

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help, oh! heavens, help---

AMADIS.

What cries are these?

FLORESTAN.

It seem'd the call of women in distress.
Of savage beasts and men a monstrous brood
Possess this land---

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help----

AMADIS.

Again the cry 's renew'd.
Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress have a sure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt drawing their swords.*

[*Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by a Party belonging to Arcalaus.*

ORIANA.

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help.

PARTY.

Purſue, purſue.

[*Floreſtan croſſes the ſtage, following the purſuit.*

ARCALAUS enters fighting, and retreating before AMADIS.

ARCALAUS.

Forbear, raſh mortal, give thy phrenſy o'er,
For know thou tempt'ſt a more than mortal power.

AMADIS.

Think not my ſword ſhall give the leaſt reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let ſuch monſters live.

[*Floreſtan re-enters retreating before another party, is ſeized, diſarmed, and carried off.*

ARCALAUS.

Yet pauſe, and be advis'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life my vengeance is compleat;
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMADIS.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall,
Thus I 'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[*Fight again; Arcalaus ſtill retreating till off the ſtage. Inſtruments of horror are heard under ground, and in the air. Monſters and Damons riſe from under the ſtage, whilſt others fly down from above, croſſing to and fro in confuſion: claſhing of ſwords behind the ſcene's: thunder and lightning, during which time the ſtage is darkened. On the ſudden a flouriſh of all the muſic ſucceeds, the ſky clears, and the*

ſcene changes to a pleaſant proſpect; Amadis appears leaning on his ſword, ſurrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who with ſongs, muſic, and dances, perform the following enchantment.

A SHEPHERD.

Love, creator Love, appear,
Attend, and hear;
Appear.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Love, creator Love,
Parent of heaven and earth,
Delight of gods above,
To thee all Nature owes her birth,
Love, creator Love.

CHORUS.

Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.

SHEPHERD.

All that in ambient air does move,
Or teems on fertile fields below,
Or ſparkles in the ſkies above,
Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the ſeeds that thou doſt ſow,
Love, creator Love.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.

SHEPHERDESS.

When Love is away,
Or is not ours,
How dull is the day,
How ſlow the hours!
When Love is away, there's no delight;
How dull is the day,
When Love is away;
How dull is the day,
How ſlow the hours,
But wing'd with Love, how ſwift is the flight!

CHORUS.

Better in love a ſlave to be,
Than with the wideſt empires free.

Symphony for Diſcord.

ODE FOR DISCORD.

When Love's away, then Diſcord reigns:
The Furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The Norhern Wind,
That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains.

For

Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That dash againſt the ſky,
And ſeem to drown the ſtars.
Th' aſſaulted clouds return the ſhock,
Blue lightning's ſinge the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.
Then Jove uſurps his father's crown,
Inſtructing mortals to aſpire:
The father would deſtroy the ſon,
The ſon dethrones the ſire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a ſecond fight,
Briareus' arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.
Pelion upon Oſſa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
Horror, confuſion, vengeful ire,
Daggers, poiſon, ſword, and fire,
To execute the deſtin'd wrath conſpire:
The Furies loſe their ſnaky rods,
And laſh both men and gods.

Chorus of Inſtrumental Muſic for Diſcord.

SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

SHEPHERD-

SHEPHERDESS.

But when Love bids Diſcord ceaſe,
The jarring ſeeds unite in peace;
O the pleaſure paſt expreſſing!
All is joy, and all is bleſſing.
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious boy!
In Cyprus firſt the god was known;
Then coaſting to the main,
In Britany he fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

CHORUS.

Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love 's the flame in which he 's burning.
See the Zephyrs kiſſing cloſe,
On Flora's breaſt their wings repoſe,
Hail to Love! the ſofteſt pleaſure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

SHEPHERDESS TO AMADIS.

Now, mortal, prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now, mortal, prepare
And ſurrender.

For

For Love ſhall ariſe,
Whom no power can withſtand,
Who rules from the ſkies
To the center.
Now, mortal, prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now, mortal, prepare
And ſurrender.

[*Oriana riſes enchanted, repoſing on a bed of flowers. Amadis ſeeing her, throws away his ſword, and offers to run to her, but is ſeized in the ſame inſtant.*

AMADIS.

I 'll break through all enchantment to thoſe arms,
I am all love, and thou all over charms.

[*Here he is ſeized: Oriana wakes and riſes.*

ORIANA.

In what enchanted regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? or wander here a ghoſt?
Art thou too dead?

AMADIS.

Where-e'er you are, the realms of bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my goddeſs, and 'tis heaven to ſee!
Stand off---and give me way---

ORIANA.

No---keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Siſyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans;
With robbers and with murderers let him prove
Immortal pains---for he has murder'd Love.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

Have I done this?

ORIANA.

Baſe and perfidious man,
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your ſide
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your ſtay---Was it your love that bore
Your faithleſs veſſel from the Britiſh ſhore?
What ſaid I not, upon the fatal night,
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,
Repent your folly, but repent too late.

AMADIS.

Miſtaken princeſs! By the ſtars above,
The powers below, and that immortal Jove,
Unwilling and compell'd----

ORIANA.

Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain pretence,
For baſe neglect and cold indifference.
Was it your love, when by thoſe ſtars above,
Thoſe powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd before the firſt revolving moon
You would return---Did you return? The ſun
Thrice round the circled globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came nor ſent---Was this your love?

AMADIS.

Thrice has that ſun beheld me on your coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and in ſhipwrecks loſt.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

And yet you choſe thoſe perils of the ſea,
Of rocks and ſtorms, or any thing, but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd;
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Leſs I your abſence than your danger fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſued in vain,
More deaf than ſtorms, more cruel than the main,
No prayer nor gentle meſſage could prevail,
To wait a calmer ſky or ſofter gale;
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could fright, nor tenderneſs could move.

AMADIS.

Of our paſt lives, the pleaſure and the pain,
Fix'd in my ſoul for ever ſhall remain;
Recal more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breaſt, ſure Honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor Love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart;
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'twas death to part.

ORIANA.

In vain you'd cover with the thirſt of fame,
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name:
Could Honour ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too ſome remnants found a place;

From

From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy favourite blood reſpect:
Mother of Love, by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this prayer be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred and eternal war;
No league nor commerce let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land,
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

AMADIS.

Might I be heard one word in my defence---

ORIANA.

No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian ſtate,
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man, confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock when faithleſs tempeſts roar.

With one laſt glance his falſehood ſhe upbraids,
Then ſullenly retires, and ſeeks eternal ſhades.
Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding queen
With juſt reproaches loads perfidious men.
Baniſh'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endleſs night,
But keep---that odious object---from my ſight.

[*Exit.*

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

With her laſt words ſhe ſign'd his dying breath;
Convey him ſtrait to tortures and to death.

AMADIS.

Let me not periſh with a traitor's name!
Naked, unarm'd, and ſingle as I am,
Looſe this right hand, I challenge all thy odds
Of heaven or hell, of demons or of gods.

ARCALAUS.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.

[*They force him off.*

For him, let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars---But for her
Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bowers,
Muſic and ſongs, and all thoſe melting powers
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderneſs and yielding——
Superior charms enchant us to be kind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS and ARCABON meeting.

ARCALAUS.

WElcome as after darkneſs chearful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
Smile, ſmile, O Arcabon, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil:
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now,
See'ſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis----

ARCABON.

Dead, or in chains! Be quick in thy reply.

ARCALAUS.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die,
The gnawing vulture, and the reſtleſs wheel,
Shall be delight to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCABON.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys riſe,
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and ſtrip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks,
With chearful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note;
Let Envy's ſelf rejoice, Deſpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder ſhall triumph to-day.

ARCALAUS.

Ariſe, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

ARCABON.

Pluto ariſe, infernal king releaſe
Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his ſky,
For Amadis, his champion, 's doom'd to die.

ARCABON.

Death be my care: for, to compleat his woe,
The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCALAUS.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:
O never more let love diſguiſe a face,
By rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant grace.

ARCABON.

In ſweet revenge inferior joys are loſt,
And Love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy coaſt;
Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And, ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.

Should

Should this curſt wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I 'd ſtab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CONSTANTIUS, CELIUS, LUCIUS a Roman, and a Guard of Britons.

CONSTANTIUS.

Refus'd a ſafeguard, menac'd and confin'd!
Do royal gueſts no better uſage find?
Are theſe the cuſtoms of the Britiſh court!
Here only then let beaſts, not men, reſort.
This treatment, Briton, from another man---

CELIUS.

It is my will, and help it as you can.
From contracts ſign'd, and articles agreed,
With Britiſh faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the world interpret ſuch neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, conſider well what courſe you run,
Reſolve to be my priſoner or my ſon.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we Britons ſlight
The ſupple arts that foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on forms to vindicate our right.

[*Exit King Celius.*

LUCIUS.

Happy extremity? Now, prince, the bleſt,
Of all you love, and all you wiſh poſſeſt;
No cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chuſe,
Poſſeſt at once of pleaſure and excuſe.

CONSTANTIUS.

If for myſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual joy, and brutal happineſs:
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana, no---though certain death it be,
I 'll keep my word---I 'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius, haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms, though few, they 're Romans all,
Now tremble, ſavage king; a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a ſword command.

[*As they go off, re-enter Celius haſtily, attended as before.*

CELIUS.

Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found---
Diſperſe our parties, ſearch our kingdoms round:
Follow Conſtantius, ſeize him, torture, kill,
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will:
Well have thy gods, O Rome, ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhould'ſt feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite or the Gaul;
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our iſle, and grant

That wrath may riſe, and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exit.*

[*The ſcene changes to a ſcene of tombs and dungeons; men and women chained in rows oppoſite to each other; in the front of the captives Floreſtan and Coriſanda. A guard of damons. Plaintive muſick.*

To be ſung by a Captive King.

Look down ye powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down.
I who but now, on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontrol'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched ſlave,
A wretched ſlave,
Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.

Alas! the ſmiles of fortune prove
As variable as woman's love.
Look down, ye powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge affronted majeſty,
Avenge, avenge, avenge,
Affronted majeſty.

By a Captive Lover.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.
But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greateſt pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a Captive Libertine.

I.

Plague us not with idle ſtories,
Whining loves, and ſenſeleſs glories,
What are lovers, what are kings,
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things!

II.

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious ſlave betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

III.

Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true pleaſure,
Freedom is the only treaſure.

Chorus

Chorus of Dæmons, expreſſing Horror and Deſpair.

Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving:
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know.
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving:
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know,
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving.

[FLOR. to COR.] To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

CORISANDA.

So to th' appointed grove, the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the ſnare,
Purſuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain,
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious men.

CAPTIVES.

O heavens, take pity of our pains,
Let death give freedom from our chains.

[*Flouriſh of inſtruments of horror. Enter Arcabon with a dagger in her hand, attended by infernal ſpirits.*

ARCA-

ARCABON.

Your vows have reach'd the gods; your chains and breath
Have the ſame date---
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who ſo oft' has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no ſpells could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell;
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian deity himſelf 's our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle ſpectators of their hero's doom.

[*Other dungeons open, and diſcover more captives in chains.*

CORISANDA.

On me, on me, let every vengeance fall,
Make me the victim to atone for all.

FLORESTAN.

Rather on me let all your fury bend,
But ſave, O ſave my miſtreſs and my friend.

ARCABON.

As ſoon the lioneſs ſhall ſtarve, to ſpare
Her prey---Behold the ſacrifice appear.

[*A traverſe is drawn, diſcovering Amadis in chains. Arcabon advancing haſtily to ſtab him, ſtarts and ſtops.*

Thou dy'ſt---what ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs charms,
With ſecret force, arreſts my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art
Doſt make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

One who, disdaining mercy, sues to die;
I ask, not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, search the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found.
Let loose thy rage, like an avenging god,
Fain would my soul encumber'd cast her load.

ARCABON.

In every feature of that charming face,
The dear enchanter of my soul I trace:
[*Aside, observing him.*
My brother! had my father too been kill'd;
Nay, my whole race, his blood should not be spill'd.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The strongest tie of nature, is in love.
[*Stands gazing upon him.*

AMADIS.

O Floresian! I see those chains with shame,
Which I could not prevent---O stain to fame!
O honour lost for ever! Theseus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still,
And freed his friends---What man could do, I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we stood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limbs that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, these shameful bonds disdains,
And sinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLO-

FLORESTAN.

Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous is to be undone?
Sure Jupiter 's depos'd, ſome giant rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.

ARCABON.

He ſpoke, and every accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps---but reddens at the tears that fall--;
Is it for theſe? Be quick, and free 'em all.

[*Throws away her dagger.*

Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every grief, end every anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, raiſe tempeſts there:
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſure move,
And every voice ſound liberty and love.

[*Flouriſh of all the muſick. The captives are ſet at liberty. Arcabon frees Amadis herſelf.*

S O N G.

Liberty! Liberty!
Ah how ſweet is Liberty!
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die,
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying;
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die,
Liberty! Liberty!

Another

Another Voice.

Happy iſle, all joys poſſeſſing,
Clime reſembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy bleſſing,
Land of Liberty and Love!
When the nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set their ſelves and lovers free,
In the bleſſing of obtaining,
Ah! how ſweet is Liberty!

Fifth Dance of Captives.

FLORESTAN and CORISANDA run into each other's Arms.

FLORESTAN.

In this enchanting circle let me,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

CORISANDA.

Life of my life, and charmer of my heart,
From theſe embraces let us never part.

FLORESTAN.

Never, O never----In ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumult of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breaſt,
Within each other's arms we'll ever reſt:
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the night.

ARCABON advances with AMADIS, the reſt ſtand in Rows, bowing as they advance.

ARCABON.

When rage like mine makes ſuch a ſudden pauſe,
Methinks 'twere eaſy to divine the cauſe:
Soldiers, though rough, may in a lady's face
The ſecret meaning of her bluſhes trace.
When ſhort-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances, ſent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent.
All day in War's rude hazards take delight,
But Love and gentler pleaſures rule the night.

AMADIS.

The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have deſtin'd Fame no other joy for me,
My ſullen ſtars in that one circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for love.

ARCABON.

The ſtars that you reproach my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder courſe.
What conquer'd nations, driven from the field,
Can pleaſe your pride like tender maids that yield?
What ſound ſo ſweet or raviſhing, can move
Like the ſoft whiſper of conſenting love?
What ſpoils of Fame, what trophies, have the charms
Of Love, triumphant in a virgin's arms?
Freely as Nature made the treaſure mine,
And boldly riſe all, each gem is thine:
Unguarded ſee the maiden caſket ſtand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;

Honour

Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, ſoldier, while the dragon ſleeps.

AMADIS.

Enchanting are your looks, leſs magic lies
In your myſterious art than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a ſoft return,
Pity the hopeleſs love with which I burn:
Faſt bound already, and not free to chuſe,
I prize the bleſſing which I muſt refuſe.

ARCABON.

Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born love with honour firſt.
[*Turning angrily aſide.*
Who through fantaſtic laws are Virtue's fools,
And againſt Nature will be ſlaves to rules.
How cold he ſtands, unkindling at my charms!
[*Obſerving him.*
Thou rock of ice, I 'll melt thee in my arms.
[*To him gently.*
Your captive friends have freedom from this hour;
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks, caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore;
Who firſt arrive, unworthy of regard,
In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard:
But when Ulyſſes, with majeſtic mien,
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' Enchantreſs Queen,
Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold adventurer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqueror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[*She leads Amadis out. Floreſtan and Coriſanda go off together, looking back with concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives expreſs their joy for liberty with ſongs and dances, with which the act concludes.*

CHORUS.

I.

To Fortune give immortal praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings deſpairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

II.

'Tis Fortune governs all below:
The Stateſman's wiles, the Gameſter's throw,
The Soldier's fame, the Merchant's gains,
The Lover's joy, the Priſoner's chains,
Are but as Fortune ſhall beſtow;
'Tis Fortune governs all below.

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE. A Grove, &c.

Enter ARCASON and ARCALAUS.

ARCASON.

HIS firſt excuſes I to forms allow'd,
And deem'd them policy before the crowd;
But when alone, in ſhades where lovers hide,
Death! hell! and furies! then to be deny'd!

ARCALAUS.

Of women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in beauty's bloom,
Till, late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

ARCASON.

Who hate declares, is ſure of hate again!
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain:
Why, why, alas, ſhould love leſs equal prove?
Why is not love return'd with mutual love?

ARCALAUS.

Bleſſings when cheap or certain we deſpiſe,
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty deſtroy'd.

ARCASON.

To govern love, alas! what woman can!
Yet 'tis an eaſy province to a man.

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure---I'd aſk it---if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far;
I've learnt---my rival is your priſoner here:
If that be true---

ARCALAUS.

What thence would you infer?

ARCABON.

What but her death---When Amadis is free,
From hopes of her, there may be hope for me.

ARCALAUS.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno; fool, ſhall he
Who has lov'd her ever deſcend to thee?

ARCABON.

Much vainer fool art thou; where are thoſe charms
That are to tempt a princeſs to thy arms?
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars.

ARCALAUS.

But yet,
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counſel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman ſure, the man ſhall bleed.

[*Exit Arcalaus ſu*

ARCABON.

Firſt periſh thou; earth, air, and ſeas, and ſky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie;
And every other living creature die!
I burn, I burn, the ſtorm that 's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and reſentment, wiſhes and diſdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.

Fu

Furies, Alecto, aid my juſt deſign;
But if, averſe to mercy, you decline
The pious taſk, aſſiſt me, powers divine:
Juſt gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the man I love.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to a pleaſant garden. Oriana ſitting in a bower at the lower part of the ſcene, liſtening to ſoft muſic. Arcalaus enters bowing reſpectively; ſhe riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the ſtage in mute diſcourſe, till the muſic ceaſes.

ARCALAUS.

Of freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command where-e'er you come, you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon, but an empire find.

ORIANA.

Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy death; that freedom would be kind.

ARCALAUS.

Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch ills were meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves that they create.
We know the cauſe of this prepoſterous grief,
And we ſhould pity were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?

All hearts are yours, even mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, diſdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the ſavage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his chain for mercy dies.

ORIANA.

Reſpect is limited to power alone,
Beauty diſtreſt, like kings from empire thrown,
Each inſolent invades, regardleſs of a frown.
How art thou chang'd, ah wretched princeſs! now,
When every ſlave that loves dares tell thee ſo.

ARCALAUS.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
Blame them that wound, and not the ſlave that dies:
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah why are you ſo fair?
Who can behold thoſe lips, that neck, this waiſt,
That form divine, and not be mad to taſte?

ORIANA.

Pluck out theſe eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Diſfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may'ſt thou free thyſelf at once, and me.

ARCALAUS.

Such ſtrange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myſelf a gentler way.

[*Takes her by the hand, ſhe ſnatches it away diſdainfully, he turns ſurlily upon her.*

Some hope there is that you may change your mind;
Madam, you have not always been unkind.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my disgrace;
Save me, ye powers, from violence and shame,
Assist my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCALAUS.

Love with submission first begins in course;
But, when that fails, a sure reserve is force;
The nicest dames, who our embraces shun,
Wait only a pretence, and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, dishonour gains,
But she that 's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and slaves for favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave, or come again.
It shall be so--- [*Aside.*
Since softer arguments have prov'd in vain,
Force is the last, resist it if you can.

[*Seizes her, she struggles and breaks from him.*

ORIANA.

Help, help, ye gods!

ARCALAUS.

Who with such courage can resist desire,
With what a rage she'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquish'd minion lies,
And, if for nothing but this scorn, he dies.

[*Amadis faſt bound in chains. Oriana and Amadis at ſight of each other ſtart and look amazed. Arcalaus advances to ſtab him. Arcabon in the inſtant enters, ſeizes Oriana, holding a dagger at her breaſt. Arcalaus with-holds his blow.*

ARCABON.

Strike boldly murderer, ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers every wound;
Drink deep the blood from the moſt mortal part,
I'll do thee reaſon in Oriana's heart.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?
When by Oriana's death debarr'd of bliſs,
Then triumph in the fate of Amadis.

ORIANA.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly ſtroke;
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet methinks I might that victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to Amadis.*

AMADIS.

Burſt, burſt theſe fetters, that like Perſeus I
May to the ſuccour of the charmer fly;
My ſoul till now no dangers could affright,
But trembles, like a coward's, at this ſight.

ARCABON.

So paſſionate! But I 'll revenge it here.

ARCALAUS.

Hold, Fury, or I ſtrike as home; forbear.

[*She*

[*She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis, both with-hold their blow.*

Had I enjoy'd---A curſe on the reprieve!
Thou might'ſt have ſtruck, and had the lover's leave.

Trumpets ſound, enter haſtily URGANDA, with a numerous Train of Attendants.

URGANDA.

To arms, to arms, ye ſpirits of the air;
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

[*Thunder, trumpets, kettle-drums, and other warlike inſtruments. Spirits deſcend in clouds, ſome continue in the air, playing upon inſtruments of war. Others remain ranged as for battle. Others deſcend upon the ſtage, and draw up in order of battle by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, preſenting him with a ſword. Arcabon and Arcalaus look aſtoniſhed, and retire to the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.*

ARCABON.

Fly quick, ye Dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on Arcalon's ſide, which are anſwered on Urganda's. The grove appears in an inſtant all in a flame. Fountains from below caſt up fire as in ſpouts; a rain of fire from above. The ſky darkened the while. Thunder and lightning. Dæmons range themſelves on the ſtage by Arcalaus; other dæmons face Urganda's ſpirits in the air, Arcalaus advances before his party with his ſword drawn to Amadis.*

ARCALAUS.

Let heaven and hell ſtand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two ſhall die.

[*Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties: a fight at the ſame time in the air, and upon the ſtage a martial muſic the while, mixed with inſtruments of horror: thunder and lightning. The dæmons are overcome; Arcalaus falls.*

AMADIS.

Thou might'ſt have learnt more policy from hell,
Than tempt the ſword by which thy brother fell.

[*To Arcalaus falling.*

URGANDA.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants loſt the day.

[*The ſky clears, and tunes of triumph reſound from all parts of the theatre. Amadis approaches Oriana, bowing reſpectfully. Arcabon the while ſtands ſullen and obſerving.*

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

While Amadis Oriana's love poſſeſt,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was bleſt.

ORIANA.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to diſtant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

AMADIS.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe powers by whom ſhe falſely ſwore,
She to Conſtantius would thoſe charms reſign,
If oaths could bind, that ſhould be only mine.

ORIANA.

With a feign'd falſehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by ſuch ways you'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left is Shame.

[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMADIS.

But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you reject
Prove true, all what return might he expect?

[*Approaching tenderly.*

ORIANA.

Though brave Conſtantius' charms, with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether ſhe ſhines for glory or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the ſight;
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a deity for him.

AMADIS.

Adjourn theſe murmurs of unquiet lov
And from this ſcene of rage and fate re
Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this l
Short is the date of all flagitious power
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'ſt livi
The torments of the damn'd in thy deſ
Where Zephyrs only breathe in myrtle
There will I lead you to debate your lo

[*Urganda takes Oriana's hand, leading her is following, Arcabon takes him by the rob*

ARCABON.

What, not one look! not one diſſembli
To thank me for your life! or to beguil
Deſpair? Cold and ungrateful as thou a
Hence from my ſight for ever, and my h

[*Lets go her hold with a*

Back, ſoldier, to the camp, thy proper

Oh ſtay, come back---Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!---Return, return.
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear,
Vultures with endleſs pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! diſtraction! I am all deſpair.
Burning with love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at bliſs,
But thunder ſhake thy limbs, and lightning blaſt thy kiſs,
While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy:
Plague of my life! thy want of power ſhall be
A curſe to her, worſe than thy ſcorn to me.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

The battle 's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle 's done,
Let laurels crown
The heads that rugged ſteel did cover.
Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow
That bent beneath the warlike beaver.
Let kiſſes, embraces,
Dying eyes, and kind glances,
Let kiſſes, embraces,
And tender careſſes,
Give warmth to our amorous trances.

Let

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes
And let lutes
Our paſſions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's Bower of Bliſs; being a Repreſentation of WOODSTOCK-PARK.

Enter ORIANA and AMADIS.

ORIANA.

IN my eſteem he well deſerves a part,
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide,
When judgment thus perplex'd ſuſpends the choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice:
Much to his love, much to his merit 's due,
But powerful inclination is for you.

AMADIS.

Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Nor blooming laurels, nor victorious arms,

Should

Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORIANA.

Wrong not my virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love, what duty muſt deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, though by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I would die,
Nor can be yours, till duty can comply.

AMADIS.

Curſt rules! that thus the nobleſt loves engage,
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts
In parents wills, or in the forms of prieſts;
Such are but licens'd rapes, that vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happieſt bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree.

Enter URGANDA and CORISANDA, FLORESTAN and Attendants.

URGANDA.

Here faithful lovers to ſafe joys remove,
The ſoft retreat of Glory and of Love.
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
The Bower of Bliſs 'tis call'd, and is the ſame
Which mortals ſhall hereafter Blenheim name,
Delicious ſeat, ordain'd a ſweet receſs
For thee, and for a future Amadis.

Here,

Here, Amadis, let all your ſufferings end;
Before I brought a miſtreſs, now a friend,
The greateſt bleſſings that the gods can ſend.

[*Preſenting Floreſtan.*

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! there wanted but this more,
This ſtrict embrace, to make my joys run o'er:
The ſight of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
That ſcarce the eccſtaſies of love exceed.

FLORESTAN.

If beyond Love or Glory is a taſte
Of pleaſure, it is ſure in Friendſhip plac'd.

ORIANA.

My Coriſanda too!
Not Floreſtan could fly with greater haſte
To take thee in his arms: O welcome to my breaſt.
As to the lover's---

CORISANDA.

O joy compleat!
Bleſt day!
Wherein ſo many friends and lovers meet.

FLORESTAN.

The ſtorm blown over, ſo the wanton doves,
Shake from their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the fates are kind, without reſerve.
My joys are not ſo full; though Love would yield,
Fierce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field,

Nature within, ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wiſhes, Honour muſt condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

Enter ARCABON conducting CONSTANTIUS, her Garments looſe and Hair diſhevel'd, ſeeming frantick.

ARCABON.

This, Roman, is the place: 'tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.
Behold them at our view diſſolv'd in fear;
Two armies, are two lovers in deſpair.
Proceed, be bold, and ſcorning to entreat;
Think all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.
Not creeping like a cur that fawns to pleaſe,
Nor whine, nor beg---but like a lion ſeize:
Kill him, and raviſh her: for ſo would I,
Were I a man; or rather let both die.
The rape may pleaſe---
Each was diſdain'd; to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love; but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs, with joys as great.

[*A chariot deſcends ſwiftly drawn by dragons, into which ſhe enters at the following lines:*

Up to th' etherial heavens where gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy ſide.

[*Thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vaniſhes with her.*

CON-

CONSTANTIUS.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt abodes,
For know, where-e'er thou art, there are no gods,
[*Approaches Oriana, bowing reſpectfully.*
I come not here an object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life 's a burthen to himſelf and you,
Fate and the king all other means deny
To ſet you free, but that Conſtantius die:
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman's part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart:
I thank you, gods, nor think my doom ſevere,
Reſigning life, on any terms, for her.

UBGANDA.

What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Confin'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

CONSTANTIUS.

Make room, ye Decii, whoſe devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happineſs by death;
I come a ſacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the wound.
[*Kneels at Oriana's feet, ſhe ſeems concerned.*
Oh Love! with all thy ſweets let her be bleſt,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breaſt.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have ſcorch'd my joys, and in their baneful courſe
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every ſource;

Ah! to Oriana ſhine leſs fatal bright,
Cheriſh her heart, and nouriſh her delight,
Reſtrain each cruel influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[*Amadis addreſſing to Conſtantius.*

AMADIS.

Where fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert,
Love had been yours; to die, had been my part:
Thus fate divides the prize; though beauty's mine,
Yet fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.

[*Conſtantius riſes, looking ſternly upon him.*

Diſdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth has humbled to confeſs
In every thing, but love, he merits leſs.

CONSTANTIUS.

Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my ſoul, quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love.

[*Draws a dagger, and ſtands between Amadis and Oriana, facing Amadis.*

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight
Of burthening life----I could reverſe my fate,
Thus planted, ſtand thy everlaſting bar;

[*Seizing Amadis, holding the dagger at his throat: Amadis ſtruggles for his ſword.*

But for Oriana's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Looking back upon Oriana, ſtabs himſelf; all run to ſupport him.*

ORIANA.

Live, generous prince; ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

CONSTANTIUS.

I 've liv'd enough, of all I wiſh poſſeſt,
If, dying, I may leave Oriana bleſt:
Nor can I now recall my fate----
Th' invader has too ſure a footing found,
He ſpreads his troops, and covering all around,
He marches unoppos'd: In every vein
Fevers aſſault, and phrenſies burn my brain.
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart:
Oh Love! how ſure a murderer thou art! [*Dies.*

ORIANA.

There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMADIS.

Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the ſame.

FLORESTAN.

Oh emperor, all ages ſhall agree,
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

URGANDA.

No lover now throughout the world remains
But Amadis, deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.

[*Carry off the body.*

Ere

Ere yon' bright beam is ſhadow'd o'er with night,
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you deſire;
And honour, that ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Here an entertainment of muſick and dancing.

To be ſung.

Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum,
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum,
The gods of deſire take part in the fray,
And Love ſits like Jove, to decide the great day.
For the honour of Britain
This duel is fought!
Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in;
The challenger enters all glorious:
But Love has decreed,
Though Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum:
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.

SONG.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqueror cries;
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies.
Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
And weeps, alas! to find him dead.
Sound, ſound a charge, 'tis war again,
Again he fights, again is ſlain;
Again, again, help, help! ſhe cries,
He faints, he falls, help, help: Ah me! he dies.

Another.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Love inviting,
Souls uniting,
Deſiring,
Expiring,
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!

So

So divine is the bleſſing,
In the hour of poſſeſſing,
That one moment's obtaining
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!

[*Here enter two parties from the oppoſite ſides of the theatre, with lances in their hands, marching to a warlike meaſure of trumpets, &c. Then run a tilt, and, having broken or quitted their lances, form divers combats with ſword and buckler. The conquerors dance a meaſure, expreſſing their joy for victory.*

CHORUS to the Dance.

Amadis is the hero's glory,
Of endleſs fame a laſting ſtory:
Amadis is the hero's glory.

Oriana is the queen of pleaſure,
A light of love, to ſhine for ever:
Oriana is the queen of pleaſure.

[*The entertainment concludes with variety of ſongs and dances, after which the company riſe and come forward.*

AMADIS.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pains;
To heaven and love by ſuffering we attain.

URGANDA.

Prophetic fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming prieſt
Full of his god, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold,
On Britiſh ground, a future age of gold;
But leaſt incredulous you hear---behold.

[*Here a ſcene repreſents the Queen, and all the triumphs of her Majeſty's reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mien,
Surveying round her with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
In every line of that auſpicious face
Soft Mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with every grace.
So angels look, and ſo, when heaven decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.
Empreſs and conqueror, hail! Thee, fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign:
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great-Britain's queen, but guardian of mankind.
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſt become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt, to free;
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty;

The

The victor to the vanquish'd yields a prize.
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace for ravish'd fame you give,
Invade to bless, and conquer to relieve.
So the sun scorches and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be just,
Succeeding kings shall well fulfill their trust;
Discord and war and tyranny shall cease,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and states, like subjects, shall agree
To trust her power, safe in her piety.

If curious to inspect the book of fate,
You'd farther learn the destin'd time and date
Of Britain's glory, know, this royal dame
From Stuart's race shall rise, ANNA shall be her name.

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